7 August 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 35p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 70c Den Kr 14.50 Fr NF 7.50 Ger Dm 5.00
Malaysia $2.25 Spn 200pts IR 46p (inc. VAT)

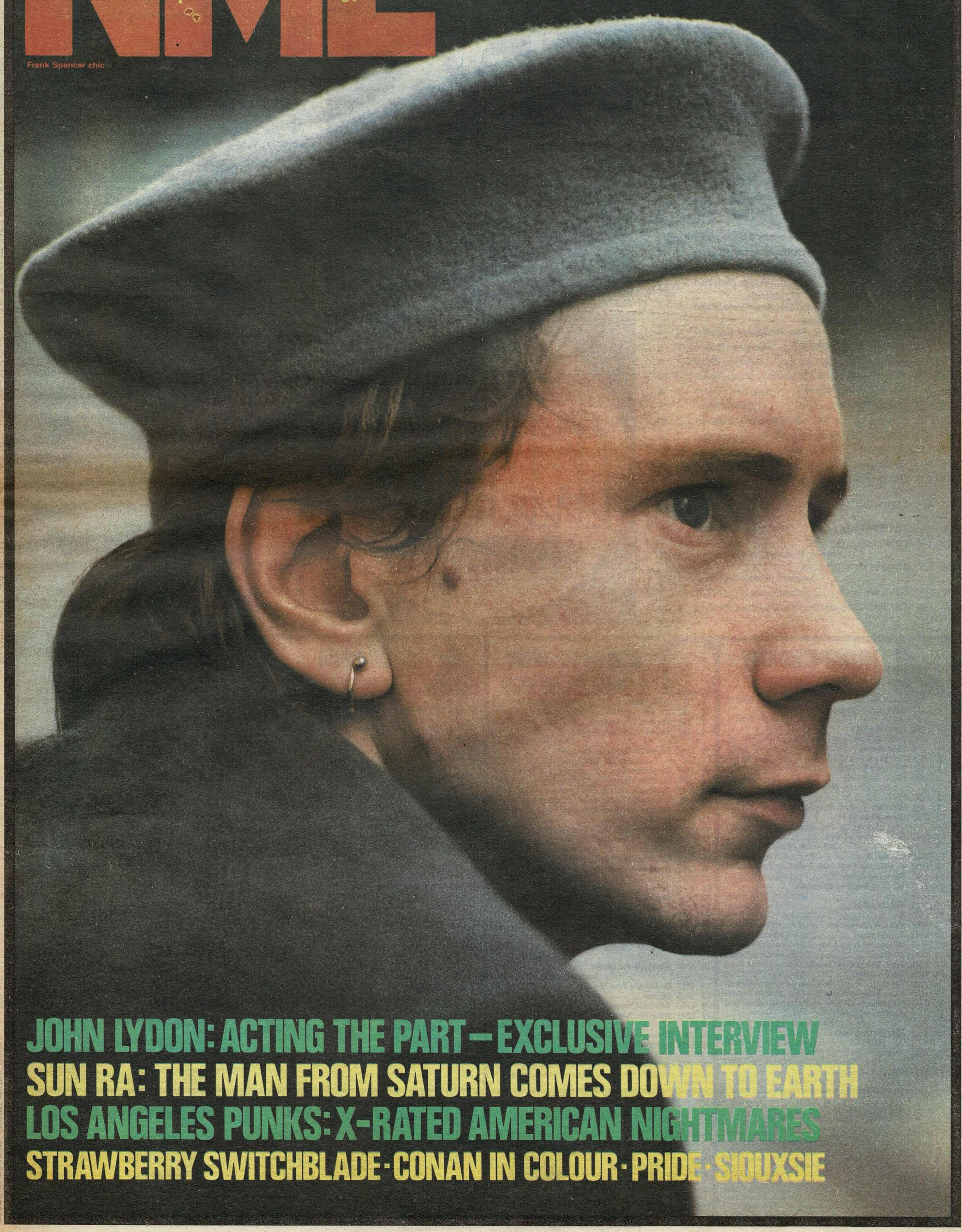
NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Frank Spencer chic

SOME MOTHERS DO HAVE 'EM!

John Lydon by Neil Spencer



Lydon in London. Photo: Anton Corbijn.

JOHN LYDON: ACTING THE PART — EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

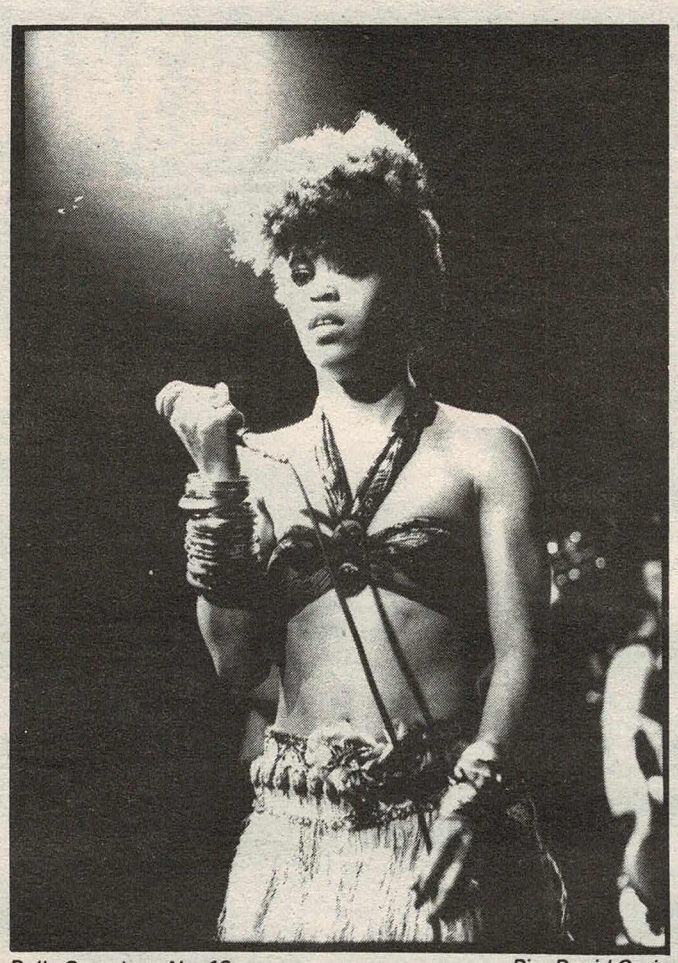
SUN RA: THE MAN FROM SATURN COMES DOWN TO EARTH

LOS ANGELES PUNKS: X-RATED AMERICAN NIGHTMARES

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE · CONAN IN COLOUR · PRIDE · SIOUXSIE

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Highest	Weeks in
	4	**COME ON EILEEN**	**Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury/Phonogram)**	3	1
2	1	**FAME**	Irene Cara (RSO)	5	1
3	2	**DRIVING IN MY CAR**	Madness (Stiff)	3	2
4	5	**DON'T GO**	Yazoo (Mute)	3	4
5	8	**IT STARTED WITH A KISS**	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	4	5
6	15	**STOOL PIGEON**	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	2	6
7	6	**SHY BOY**	Bananarama (London)	5	4
8	3	**DA DA DA**	Trio (Mobile Suit)	4	2
9	7	**ABRACADABRA**	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	7	1
10	12	**I SECOND THAT EMOTION**	Japan (Hansa)	3	10
11	9	**THE ONLY WAY OUT**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	9
12	10	**NIGHT TRAIN**	Visage (Polydor)	4	10
13	14	**ME & MY GIRL (NIGHT CLUBBING)**	David Essex (Mercury/Phonogram)	4	13
14	18	**STRANGE LITTLE GIRL**	The Stranglers (Liberty)	2	14
15	11	**A NIGHT TO REMEMBER**	Shalamar (Solar)	6	5
16	12	**INSIDE OUT**	Odyssey (RCA)	7	2
17	21	**TAKE IT AWAY**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	4	17
18	(—)	**THE CLAPPING SONG**	Belle Stars (Stiff)	1	18
19	24	**VIDEOTHEQUE**	Dollar (WEA)	5	19
20	28	**MY GIRL LOLLIPOP**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	2	20
21	(—)	**ALWAYS ON MY MIND**	Willie Nelson (CBS)	1	21
22	23	**TOO LATE**	Junior (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	22
23	(—)	**SUMMERTIME**	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	1	23
24	16	**NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6	8
25	(—)	**CHALK DUST—THE UMPIRE STRIKES BACK**	The Brat (Hansa)	1	25
26	(—)	**ARTHUR DALEY**	The Firm (Bark/Stiff)	1	26
27	(—)	**LOVE IS IN CONTROL**	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	1	27
28	(—)	**THE EYE OF THE TIGER**	Survivor (Scotti Brothers)	1	28
29	(—)	**LOVE MY WAY**	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	1	29
30	26	**THE HANGING GARDEN**	The Cure (Fiction)	2	26



Belle Stars in at No. 18 *Pic: David Corio*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Highest	Weeks in
	14	**THE KIDS FROM FAME**	**Various (BBC)**	2	1
2	2	**FAME**	Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	4	2
3	1	**LEXICON OF LOVE**	ABC (Neutron)	6	1
4	6	**COMPLETE MADNESS**	Madness (Stiff)	15	1
5	4	**AVALON**	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	10	1
6	7	**TROPICAL GANGSTERS**	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	10	5
7	9	**PICTURES AT ELEVEN**	Robert Plant (Swan Song)	4	5
8	3	**LOVE & DANCE**	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	4	3
9	5	**ABRACADABRA**	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	7	4
10	8	**THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK**	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	7	8
11	17	**FRIENDS**	Shalamar (Solar)	4	11
12	28	**TUG OF WAR**	Paul McCartney (EMI)	14	1
13	9	**STILL LIFE (AMERICAN CONCERT '81)**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	9	2
14	23	**SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE**	Judas Priest (CBS)	3	7
15	(—)	**DONNA SUMMER**	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	1	15
16	11	**MIRAGE**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	4	11
17	12	**ASIA**	Asia (Geffen)	2	12
18	(—)	**CAN'T STOP THE CLASSICS**	Louis Clark & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	1	18
19	15	**OVERLOAD**	Various (Ronco)	5	13
20	16	**HAPPY TOGETHER**	Odyssey (RCA)	3	16
21	21	**IMPERIAL BEDROOM**	Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat)	4	10
22	13	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	11	2
23	(—)	**WINDSONG**	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	6	9
24	(—)	**TOO-RYE-AY**	Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	1	24
25	21	**NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET**	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	6	4
26	20	**NIGHT BIRDS**	Shakatak (Polydor)	12	6
27	(—)	**PELICAN WEST**	Haircut 100 (Arista)	20	1
28	(—)	**ARE YOU READY**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	9	9
29	(—)	**I WANT CANDY**	Bow Wow Wow (EMI)	1	29
30	18	**THREE SIDES LIVE**	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	8	3

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(7)	**Asylums In Jerusalem**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(5)	**Run Like Hell**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
4	(4)	**Past Meets**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
5	(2)	**The Big Bean**	Pigbag (Y)
6	(3)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
7	(8)	**Night And Day**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
8	(9)	**IEYA**	Toyah (Safari)
9	(6)	**Woman**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
10	(25)	**Open Your Eyes**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
11	(14)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
12	(16)	**Guess Who**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
13	(10)	**The House That Jack Built**	Conflict(Cream)
14	(12)	**Running Away/Time**	Paul Haig (Twilight)
15	(13)	**Waiting For The Blackout**	Damned (Big Beat)
16	(17)	**Rub Me Out**	Cravats (Crass)
17	(18)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
18	(19)	**Take No Prisoners**	Red Alert (No Future)
19	(11)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
20	(—)	**Whatever Is He Like**	Farmers Boys (Back)
21	(24)	**Brixton**	Strapps (Doughnut)
22	(21)	**Fuck The World**	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
23	(27)	**No Solution**	Court Martial (Riot City)
24	(20)	**Farce**	Rudimentary Peni (Crass)
25	(23)	**Love At First Sight**	The Gist (Rough Trade)
26	(—)	**Bad Brains EP 12"**	(Alternative Tentacles)
27	(—)	**No One's Little Girl**	Raincoats (Rough Trade)
28	(—)	**The Mating Game**	The Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
29	(26)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
30	(28)	**Who's In Control**	Lunatic Fringe (Resurrection)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Junkyard**	Birthday Party (4AD)
2	(2)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
3	(3)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
4	(5)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
5	(9)	**Lords Of The New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
6	(4)	**Degenerates**	Passage (Cherry Red)
7	(6)	**He Who Dares**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
8	(14)	**Garlands**	The Cocteau Twins (4AD)
9	(8)	**Troops Of Tomorrow**	Exploited (Secret)
10	(10)	**Caution In The Wind**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
11	(19)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
12	(11)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
13	(13)	**Tench**	Shriekback (Y)
14	(15)	**Wargasm**	Various Artists (Pax)
15	(16)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
16	(12)	**Riotous Assembly**	Various (Riot City)
17	(18)	**13.13**	Lydia Lunch (Situation 2)
18	(—)	**Skidip**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
19	(25)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
20	(26)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
21	(22)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
22	(—)	**Two Bad DJ**	General Saint and Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
23	(24)	**Send Me A Lullaby**	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
24	(21)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
25	(—)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
26	(29)	**African Queen**	Allez Allez (Kamera)
27	(23)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
28	(30)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
29	(28)	**Skinhead Anthem**	Last Resort (Last Resort)
30	(20)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops.

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Chant It To The Rhythm**	Edi Fitzroy (Musical Ambassador)
2	**Population**	Sister Verna (Photographer)
3	**Bad Man Posse**	Junior Murvin (DATC)
4	**Confrontation**	Countryman (Jay Dee)
5	**I Won't Be Around**	Peter Negus & Waterhouse (Progressive)
6	**Follow Instruction**	Cornel Campbell (New Star)
7	**Give Love A Try**	I Benjahman & Earthman Tune In (Lion Kingdom)
8	**Ram Jam**	Mighty Diamonds (King's Crown)
9	**Sweetie Come Brush me**	Wailing Souls (Creole)
10	**Poliomyletis**	Squiddle Ranking (GG's Hit)
11	**Mr Babylon**	Robert French (Black Solidarity)
12	**Tek A Man Style**	Vibes Tone & Tapper Zukie (New Star)
13	**I Love The Way**	Tonals (Faithful Few)
14	**Crying In The Ghetto**	Kutchie (Western)
15	**Looking For A Home**	Sugar Minott (Future Times)

LPs

1	**Not Satisfied**	Aswad (CBS
2	**Operation Eradication**	Yellowman (Pama)
3	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A&M)
4	**Skidip**	Eek-A-Mouse (Greensleeves)
5	**Universal Message**	Sons Of Jah (Natty Congo)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

US SINGLES

1	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)
2	**Rosanna**	Toto (Columbia)
3	**Hurts So Good**	John Cougar (Polygram)
4	**Hold Me**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5	**Abracadabra**	The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
6	**Hard To Say I'm Sorry**	Chicago (Warner Bros)
7	**Don't You Want Me**	The Human League (A & M/Virgin)
8	**Even The Nights Are Better**	Air Supply (Arista)
9	**Only The Lonely**	The Motels (Capitol)
10	**Keep The Fire Burnin'**	REO Speedwagon (Epic)

US LPs

1	**Asia**	Asia (Geffen)
2	**Always On My Mind**	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
3	**Mirage**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
4	**Toto IV**	Toto (Columbia)
5	**Still Life**	The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
6	**American Fool**	John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
7	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)
8	**Pictures At Eleven**	Robert Plant (Atlantic)
9	**Good Trouble**	REO Speedwagon (Epic)
10	**Special Forces**	38 Special (A & M)

Courtesy Billboard

WEST GERMANY

1	**Maid Of Orleans**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)
2	**Ich Will Spass**	Markus (CBS)
3	**Da Da Da Ich Weiss Bescheid**	Frank Zander (Hansa)
4	**Ebony And Ivory**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (EMI)
5	**Da Da Da Ich Lieb Dich Nicht**	Trio (Phonogram)
6	**Carbonara**	Spliff (CBS)
7	**Ein Bisschen Frieden**	Nicole (Jupiter)
8	**Rosemarie**	Hubert Kah (Polydor)
9	**Heat Of The Moment**	Asia (CBS)
10	**Sommerpsrossen**	UKW (Teldec)

Courtesy Der Musikmarket/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**I Feel Love**	Donna Summer (GTO)
2	**Angelo**	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
3	**Ma Baker**	Boney M (Atlantic)
4	**You Got What It Takes**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
5	**Something Better Change**	The Stranglers (United Artists)
6	**We're All Alone**	Rita Coolidge (A&M)
7	**Float On**	Floaters (ABC)
8	**It's Your Life**	Smokie (Rak)
9	**The Crunch**	Rah Band (Good Earth)
10	**So You Win Again**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**School's Out**	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
2	**Puppy Love**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
3	**Seaside Shuffle**	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
4	**Popcorn**	Hot Butter (Pye)
5	**Breaking Up Is Hard To Do**	Partridge Family (Bell)
6	**Silver Machine**	Hawkwind (United Artists)
7	**Sylvia's Mother**	Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
8	**Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
9	**I Can See Clearly Now**	Johnny Nash (CBS)
10	**Mad About You**	Bruce Ruffin (Rhino)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**San Francisco**	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
2	**All You Need Is Love**	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	**I'll Never Fall In Love Again**	Tom Jones (Decca)
4	**Death Of A Clown**	Dave Davies (Decca)
5	**I Was Made To Love Her**	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
6	**Up Up And Away**	Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
7	**It Must Be Him**	Vicky Carr (Liberty)
8	**Just Loving You**	Anita Harris (CBS)
9	**She'd Rather Be With Me**	Turtles (London)
10	**Alternative Title**	Monkees (RCA)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**I Remember You**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	**Speedy Gonzales**	Pat Boone (London)
3	**I Can't Stop Loving You**	Ray Charles (HMV)
4	**Guitar Tango**	Shadows (Columbia)
5	**Picture Of You**	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
6	**Don't Ever Change**	Crickets (Liberty)
7	**Things**	Bobby Darin (London)
8	**Little Miss Lonely**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
9	**Roses Are Red**	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
10	**Let There Be Love**	Nat King Cole/George Shearing (Capitol)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

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VIRGIN BOSS AND POLICE CHIEF IN FRESH FIGHTING

WAR OF THE WORDS

COPELAND: incredulous

Pic: David Arnoff

The battle of Sting's contract claims rages on out of court . . .

Lynn Hannah stands in the firing line as two music biz moguls exchange verbal missiles.

BRANSON: furious

Pic: Anton Corbijn

A FURIOUS row broke out this week between two of rock's most powerful tycoons following a three-year battle over superstar Sting's song publishing rights.

After an out-of-court settlement — which both sides are claiming as a victory — Virgin's millionaire boss Richard Branson accused The Police manager Miles Copeland of arranging some "very questionable" contracts. Copeland angrily retaliated by claiming to be "horrified" at the way Virgin did business.

From his luxurious houseboat moored in the tranquil waters of London's Little Venice, Branson fired the first broadside.

Watched by the odd whimsical garden gnome from amongst the potted palms and floral fabrics, he branded Copeland as a "despicable character". He claimed that not only had Copeland encouraged Sting to challenge his contract with Virgin, but that his actions were "hypocritical" — because many of Copeland's own publishing deals were much harder on the musicians.

Branson claimed, "Sting said in court that up until the time Miles Copeland got involved, he was very happy with the contract, both with the terms and with the way Virgin publishers were performing it. Miles Copeland told him that he should try and break it off.

"What has come out in the last month is that Miles Copeland had entered into a 50-50 publishing deal with Squeeze," he alleged. "There was no advance in the contract, it wasn't negotiated by lawyers, it was for a minimum of five years with no improvement in royalty terms. Plus it could have been extended indefinitely if Squeeze hadn't written the specified number of songs.

"Before that, Miles had entered into a management agreement with the group, who again had no legal advice.

"So you have the situation where a manager then enters into a publishing agreement with himself, for a deal that was far more onerous on Squeeze than the Sting contract. We despise the hypocrisy of advising Sting that the deal he entered into was in any way unfair."

Virgin's deal with Sting, said Branson, was signed in 1976 when Sting was still a humble Newcastle schoolmaster, gathering the raw material for his later hits. It consisted of a 50-50 deal for the first three years of a five-year contract. For the last two years it changed to 60-40 in Sting's favour, which also applied to his original songs so he had an increased percentage on all his big hits.

"In those days it was quite unusual," said Branson. "These days it's much more usual. It was negotiated by lawyers on both sides. We did pay an advance and we

■ Continues over

Minds set dates

SIMPLE MINDS have now lined up a string of dates to accompany their Edinburgh Rock Festival appearance, announced last week — and at the same time, to promote their new Virgin album 'New Gold Dream (81-82-83-84)', due out next month.

Originally set for two nights at Edinburgh Coasters, they've now added a third because of heavy ticket demand — so their full schedule now reads Edinburgh (September 8, 9 and 10), Sheffield Lyceum Theatre (11), London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (12), Reading Top Rank (15) and Brighton Top Rank (17).

Prior to this burst of activity, Minds have a new single released on August 20, 'Glittering Prize' / 'Glittering Prize (Theme)' — it's available in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring a club-mix of the A-side. Towards the end of September, they begin a world trek — taking in North America, the Far East and Europe — returning to the UK towards the end of the year.

Futurama line-up

NEW ORDER have been ocnfirmed as first day headliners at this year's Futurama Festival, which is to be held at Deeside Leisure Centre on September 11 and 12. Though some bands have yet to be confirmed, including the headliners for the Sunday)12), *NME* understands that the likely line-up for the Festival will be:

(September 11) New Order, Durutti Column, Thomas Dolby, Three Courgettes, A Flock OF Seagulls, Cook The Books, Dalek I, Blankmange, Blue Poland, Icicle Works, Three-D. A Fish In Sea, Sleeping Figures and German band Ideal.

(Septmber 12) Dead Or Alive, Southern Death Cult, Sex Gang Children, Danse Society, The Room, The Farmer's Boys, March Violets, gene Loves Jezebel, Teh Decorators, Work Force, Zantee Misfits, Disc Obelisk, and The Membranes Vending Pact plus the as yet unnames headliners.

Promoter John Keenan, who has held previous versions of the Festival at Leeds and Stafford, said: "The first day's music is dedicated to Jean Paul Stre and Gracie Fields, while the second day is in honour of William Burroughs and Tonto!" Keenan began the Futurama fests in 1979, initially to promote Northern bands, and has since seen some of his lower order bands, such as Joy Division, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Altered Images, Soft Cell, The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen move on to become headline acts. Tickets for the 1982 Festival are set at £6.00 per day or £10.00 for two days ("The same prices that have been set at the past three Futuramas," claims Keenan) and postal orders whould be made payable to John Keenan and sent to P.O. Box HH9, Leeds 8, LS8 1AN. Cheques are accepted but will take 10 days to clear.

Other Tour News — page 31

SPARE 5p GUV?

OK. Now that you've just nutted the newsagent for short-changing you . . . As of this week, the *NME* goes up from 30p to 35p. We're sorry. You wouldn't *believe* how sorry we are. But being sorry doesn't pay the rent, right? Right. But that's your hard luck. What can we say? The rise has been forced on us by all sorts of economic factors, too complicated to explain here. Even if they were true. So we'll just point out that the change takes us into line with what the lesser weeklies have been charging for months already. And that we won't let it happen again. No, *never* again will *NME* go up from 30 to 35p. We also feel it important to mention that, even at 35p, your weekly *NME* is still cheaper than many well-known makes of lemon meringue pie.

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Zig Zag closes

☐ London's Zig Zag club in Great Western Road has temporarily closed its doors. Extant since April, the venue has hosted acts such as **Dennis Brown, Steel Pulse, Rip Rig & Panic** and **The Modettes,** and was due to feature the first London appearance by **Ruts DC** in more than a year last Monday when the announcement was made.

"It is closing down at the moment," Zig Zag manager **Dave Leitz** told *NME,* "but it's going to reopen again I should imagine in September. There are reasons why it is closing but these can't be printed."

Meanwhile, Ruts DC — "we're well pissed off about it, obviously" — can be seen in the capital at Brixton's Fair Deal on August 20.

Sunsplashdown

☐ Reggae Sunsplash 82 is being staged this week in Jamaica at Montego Bay's Jarrett Park, and this year's event — the fifth — is a special tribute to the late **Bob Marley**. Among acts involved are **Peter Tosh, Toots & The Maytals, Deniece Williams, Marcia Griffiths, Aswad** and **Steel Pulse**. It seems there's a good chance of Britain eventually seeing the event, as it's being filmed for both TV and the cinema.

Be a video star

☐ Wanted: One queen bitch and one cutesy pie. If you're female and don't mind owning up to either — or at least the ability to play the part — then you should contact TV And Video Connection, who are currently casting around for two female singers for a hard-hitting (it says here) TV film about the music industry. The company is also looking for three bands and many extras, including new romantics for a nightclub scene. Groups and girl singers should send photo, demo tape and info to TV And Video Connection, Priory House, Kingsgate Place, London NW6. Prospective extras should send SAE for application forms from the same address.

Welcome to the Reel World

☐ *UndeRage,* **Lizzy Lemon**'s film about Coventry, plus various jazz shorts featuring **Leadbelly, Big Bill Broonzy, Meade Lux Lewis** and others, will be screened at View From The Reel World, a new London music, dance and film venue, which opens above the Gargoyle Club, off Soho's Dean Street, on August 9.

Future programmes will include various **Don Letts** shorts, **Franco Rossi's** *Dread, Beat And Blood,* rare three-minute 'soundies' by **Louis Jordan, Hoagy Carmichael** and **Mahalia Jackson,** plus screenings of films on **Sun Ra** and **Dexter Gordon**.

The new venue opens from 11 pm to 3 am and tickets — which will also gain punters admittance to Gaz's Speakeasy Jam Session in the basement at Gossips — are set at £3. The club is still searching for interesting film footage and any contemporary film-makers or archivists are asked to contact **Spencer** on 01 735 4416 or 01 737 2886.

Smart art

☐ **Larry Smart,** whose work has ranged from designing murals for **George Harrison's** home through to masterminding **Hawkwind's** Atom-henge lighting rig, presents an exhibition of his paintings at the Pentonville Gallery, Amwell Street, London, from today (5) till August 28.

OBITUARY

Death of a Be-Bop giant

SONNY STITT, one of the best of the bebop saxophonists, died last week at the age of 58.

Born in Boston in 1924, Stitt began playing in the big bands — Billy Eckstine's, Dizzy Gillespie's — before leading his own small groups in the late '40s and early '50s. He was a premier bebopper, and recorded with like-minded pioneers Bud Powell and Max Roach. But it was his misfortune to evolve, quite independently, a style similar to Charlie Parker's. The result was that he lived in Parker's shadow for many years, and for a time even switched from alto to tenor sax to shake off the 'imitator' tag.

He visited England with Miles Davis in the early '60s, recorded prolifically — including sessions with Roy Eldridge, Sonny Rollins, Howard McGhee and Art Blakey — and toured as one of The Giants Of Jazz with Blakey, Dizzy and Monk in the early '70s.

Nicknamed 'String' because he was so thin, serious illness had troubled Stitt in recent years — though he was enjoying a comeback, playing mostly with hornman Red Holloway, in the months prior to his death.

A brilliant player, Stitt was revered by his fellow musicians for his peerless technique, while his quicksilver bebop and delicate blues also made him a popular favourite. I saw him only once, at the first Capital Jazz Festival in Alexandra Park in 1979, but I still remember his frail, lanky figure hunched around the mike; how he'd wriggle, stamp his foot and laugh as he blew a sublime solo of 'The Shadow Of Your Smile'.

His death is a great loss to jazz lovers.

— GRAHAM LOCK

STING WARS

From previous page

agreed to provide studio time."

NEEDLESS TO say, Copeland's version of events with both Sting and Squeeze are different.

"The allegations are horseshit," he claimed.

"Sting was tantalised by a record deal by Virgin, and when that fell through he was persuaded to sign a publishing deal. When Sting was broke I tried everything I could to renegotiate with Virgin. They were totally unco-operative. They objected to me getting involved with Sting.

"I'm not saying they did absolutely nothing for him. They did make a few phone calls to try and get him a record deal. They did make an investment in recording of about £200 (a figure which Branson refutes, saying it was much larger). But it was only when there began to be a buzz about him that they made an advance."

Virgin, however, claim that the advance was due to be paid on release of the first album, although other payments were made before.

Miles' own 50-50 deal with Squeeze, from whom he has since split, was — he claims — "different from the 50-50 deal Virgin originally gave Sting. It's different if one party is enabling the other party to get out and have a career."

Copeland alleges that when Squeeze signed his publishing contract the document was looked over by their then manager, Laurence Impey. When Copeland later became their manager he treated the publishing side of their affairs as a separate concern, he explained.

"It wasn't a bad deal," he claimed. "I laid out a lot of money on the group. The publishing company paid the rents on their flats for two years. I tried every way to get the group a deal and finally succeeded with A&M. It took a long time for the group to make money. The publishing company was the only area in which I made money from them, and even that lost for two years. I've yet to make money on the record side and the management, although I expect to recoup that in the next six months."

"I HAD nothing against Miles up to about four weeks ago," stated Branson as his office on the top deck rocked gently on the quiet canal. "Then when this lot came out, I just couldn't believe what kind of individual had put us through six months of absolute hell.

"Somebody closely connected with Squeeze told me that when the group went along to make alterations to one of their contracts with Miles, he turned on them and told them to take any alterations out of the contract and said there were thousands more bands where they came from."

"That's a load of crap," Copeland commented about this allegation.

But Branson had more ammunition. He alleged that as manager of Wishbone Ash, Copeland negotiated a 50-50 deal with the publishing company Feldman's. Copeland then did a deal on the side in which Miles Music — Copeland's own company — received half of Feldman's share.

"Because Wishbone Ash were reasonably well known," Branson claimed, "he could have arranged a 75-25 deal in the group's favour. Instead he gave them 50 and took 25 himself."

Another allegation made by Branson was that when Copeland managed Caravan, they were met at the Holiday Inn, Atlanta, by a messenger from Copeland who told them that he had financial troubles and asked them to sign a 50-50 five-year publishing deal with Chrysalis Music that day. Although the group had no lawyer to represent them, they signed it, Branson claimed, and the 50,000 dollar advance on the deal went straight into Copeland's company.

Branson also alleged that when Copeland managed Rennaisance, the group had a 50-50 publishing contract with Big Ben Music. Pytheon Music — a company half-owned by Copeland — again took 50% of Big Ben's money in the deal.

"That was the first publishing deal I'd ever done in my life," said Copeland of his Wishbone Ash involvement. "It was a co-publishing deal for 75-25. I took 25% commission and gave the group the balance. That continued for the five or six years we were together. Once we separated that changed so the group got 50% of the overall percentage and I got 25.

"Caravan at that time were 30 to 40,000 dollars in debt and were collecting £800 a week in advances from me. I was going broke fast, I'd handed out a fortune, and they'd got to pay their way. Renaissance made a loss, although they signed to me again eight months ago and I'm now waiting for their second album.

"You can't just single out publishing, you've got to take the entire relationship into account. There were some 50-50 deals in the past, but in those cases I was always investing in the group in some other way. All my deals now are 75-25, plus I pay advances.

"I've never stolen off a group. I don't care much about the money. It's the excitement of making things happen. But it is a risky business and if you are creating value for the group, it is rightful that you get a fair return.

"It's absolute horseshit to say I was hypocritical. Virgin never helped Sting's career so their returns were unfair. Branson was never at risk himself, whereas I was at risk in every way. No group should do a publishing deal without a lawyer. If I'm doing a publishing deal I pay for a lawyer if the group can't afford one; if I'm negotiating with another publishing company as the group's manager then our interests should be the same. Even when Sting did have a lawyer Virgin told him to fuck off almost literally." (A statement which Branson absolutely refutes.)

"I'm horrified at the way they do business, Copeland continued. "It's deals like Sting's that bring the business into disrepute."

And Sting's role in the whole debate?

"An innocent victim," said Branson.

"For Chrissakes, there's got to be some honour in this business," declared Copeland.

And that's the one statement neither side seems to be disputing.

"Miles, quick, behind you." *Pic: Brian Aris*

Jett tour gets set

JOAN JETT, whose British appearances with The Blackhearts have so far been confined to guest spots on Queen concerts, returns with her band in the autumn for a headlining tour in their own right. At present, 19 concerts have been set, but it's likely that one or two more will be slotted into interim dates in the schedule. To coincide with the tour, Epic re-release the album 'Bad Reputation' on October 8.

After a show at Dublin Francis Xavier Hall on October 8, the UK itinerary gets under way at Belfast Ulster Hall (9), followed by Bristol Colston Hall (11), Cardiff University (12), Poole Arts Centre (13), Leeds University (16), Glasgow Tiffany's (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Nottingham Rock City (20), Lancaster University (22), Liverpool Empire (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Norwich East Anglia University (27), Dunstable Queensway Hall (28), Oxford Polytechnic (29), Leicester University (30), Sheffield Lyceum (31) and London Hammersmith Odeon (November 2).

Ticket prices are £4 and £3.50 (Hammersmith); £4 only (Belfast); £3.50 and £3 (Bristol, Newcastle, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham); £3 only (Glasgow and Leicester); and £3.50 only (all other venues). They should be available by this weekend at all box-offices.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

JOE BOWIE
of Defunkt

Pic: Adrian Boot

ALBUMS
Chasing The Trane ..... John Coltrane
In The Beginning ..... Jimi Hendrix (with The Isley Brothers)
Live At The Apollo (Vol 1) ..... James Brown
Up For The Down Stroke ..... Funkadelic
Live Evil ..... Miles Davis
There's A Riot Going On ..... Sly And The Family Stone
In A Mellow Mood ..... The Temptations
Live In Seattle ..... John Coltrane
People In Sorrow ..... Art Ensemble Of Chicago
Songs In The Key Of Life ..... Stevie Wonder

SINGLES
Tighten Up ..... Archie Bell & The Drells
Do I Do ..... Stevie Wonder
You Caught Me Smiling ..... Sly And The Family Stone
Superbad ..... James Brown
Standing On The Top .. Rick James & The Temptations

PERSONS
Natora Bowie
Sharon Bowie
Malcolm X
Miles Davis
Lester Bowie
Mr William Lester Bowie Snr & Mrs Erxie L Bowie

BOXERS
Thomas Hearns
Sugar Ray Leonard
Marvin Hagler
Michael 'Dynamite' Dokes

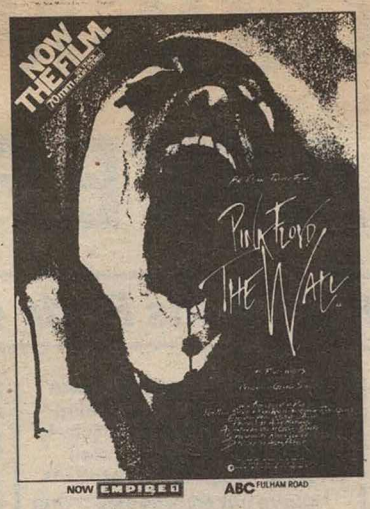
MOVIES
Apocalypse Now (1979)
Stir Crazy (1980)
Quest For Fire (1981)
Caligula (1977)
Deep Throat (1973)

ACTORS
Bela Lugosi
Boris Karloff
Clint Eastwood
Richard Pryor

ACTRESSES
Bette Davis
Olivia Newton John
Joan Crawford

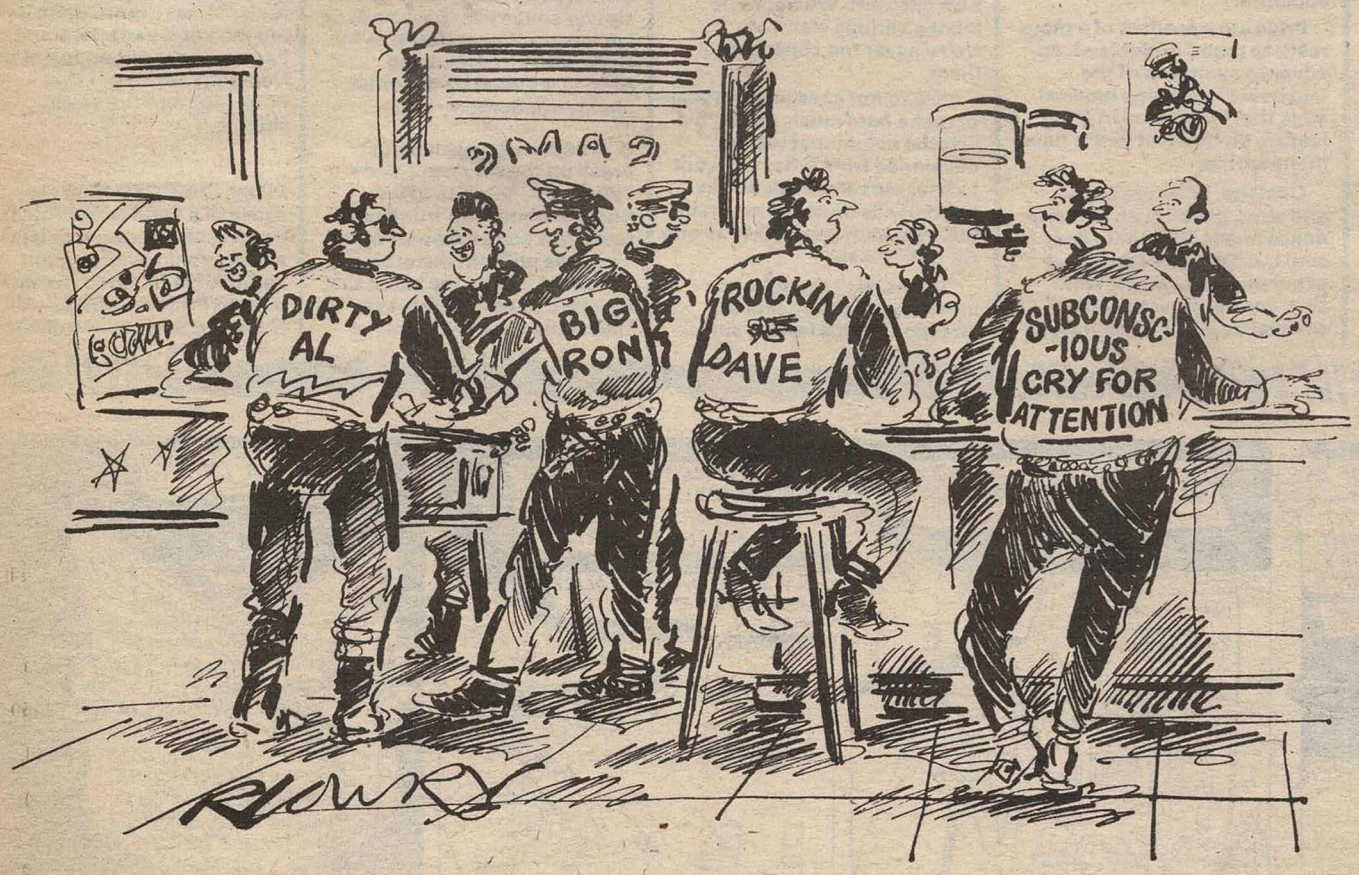
JUST FANCY THAT!

"It's spot the difference time!" writes mad artist George Snow, who designed the 999 sleeve on the left some five years before Gerald Scarfe's 'Wall' drawing (right) saw the light of day. 'Spose great minds just think alike . . .



Will Sting sue again? Uh, seems unlikely — considering this ad was spotted in a February 1962 back issue of NME . . . Sighted by Fred 'Elephant's Memory' Dellar

lowry



"The trouble with you is, you're too damn sensitive for your own good!"

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THE RADIO 1 BEACH PARTY
SHAKATAK
Carlisle Market Hall – Friday 6th August
Radio 1 D.J. **Steve Wright** + GUEST BAND

GARY GLITTER
Tiffany's, Great Yarmouth – Friday 13th August
Radio 1 D.J. **Dave Lee Travis** + GUEST BAND

BOW WOW WOW
Southampton Top Rank – Friday 20th August
Radio 1 D.J. **Peter Powell** + SUPPORT

Doors open: 7.00 pm Show: 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.50 in advance.
Tickets available at usual outlets

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BOLP 4
an album of dance music

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august
6th. zig zag london
13th. the regal hitchin
14th. jb's dudley
18th. warehouse liverpool
20th fair deal brixton
21st sea cadet hall cambridge

new single
whatever we do
BO 2
Bohemian
THRU' SPARTAN

Lennon play fracas

A ROW between British and American Equity has upset plans for the New York launch of the musical *Lennon*.

The play was a sell-out in Liverpool and is now due to hit New York in September. But the British actors, including a striking John Lennon look-and sound-alike, have been told by the Entermedia Theatre in New York: "You can't play here". Instead, the four Beatles will be played by American actors.

Writer and producer of the show Bob Eaton, 34, said: "I am very upset at the decision. We have been organising the opening of *Lennon* for months and American Equity dropped this bombshell only in the last few days.

"Now I've got to re-cast. It's absurd."

And the actor who played Lennon at Liverpool's Everyman Theatre, 21-year-old Mark McGann, is shattered by the decision. He said: "It doesn't make sense — an American playing a Liverpudlian. I really was looking forward to playing Lennon in New York."

The man responsible for the rights to the show, which charts Lennon's rise to fame from the back streets of Liverpool to world superstar, is Brian Epstein's brother Clive. He said: "I am happy that the show is going to New York — it's a great tribute to John and the other Beatles. But it's a real shame that Liverpool actors have been left out in the cold. They would have given the show an extra special flavour.

"This drama in itself would have certainly appealed to John's cynical sense of humour."

The British version of the show is now moving to the Sheffield Crucible Theatre and on to London in the autumn . . . *with* Mark McGann and the other snubbed actors.

— PETER GRANT

Ivor dread

SADLY, this summer's "White Dreadlocks" craze is fast dying out amongst the young and would-be young-at-heart — to be replaced, if my club research last week was anything to go by, with flocks of White Hindus and White Zen Buddhist Monks (the pebble rakes *can* be clumsy when manipulating the Beat Route's stairway; and bar staff tend to be unimpressed by begging bowls). But before those raggle-taggle '80s gypsies leave for good, take one last lingering gaze at its original exponent, a giant amongst men who at least one Hazy crazy kid has been heard to say: "It was him. He was there when we were still reincarnating the French Revolution in our Oval squat. Rolf Ha-." Yes, Ivor Cutler, seen here posing untouchably (and by all accounts unwashed) in heavy "dreadee" style "locks" and ragamuffin "Beat" style shirt. Even the album's title looks forward to a day when people in their late twenties could scavenge in a dustbin, wear things they found, and get a hundred thousand pound advance apiece from at least three record companies. "Who tore your trousers?" . . . a feature *New Sounds New Styles* would surely have written were that noble publication still with us. Next week: "Who pulled your chain?"

— RASTA RIZZO

PRIDE: Front row: Nick Moxham, Sade Adu, Barbara Robinson. Back row: Stuart Matthewman, Ray St. John, Paul Cooke, Paul Denman.

ROCKISM RULES AFTER ALL

Adrian Thrills finds Pride comes before fashion.

ONE COULD be forgiven for thinking that things had come full circle; three years on from the blitz and all that, a dressy contingent of London night owls are standing shoulder-to-shoulder *not* in some clinically cool and comfortable private club, but behind the more pedestrian Wardour Street portals of the Marquee.

They are there to witness the West End debut of Pride, a soulful septet currently vying with an improved Animal Nightlife for the position of the hottest new live band in town during what has generally been a slow, sleepy summer back on the London stage.

The Marquee was one of the last places Pride would have been expected to play their most prestigious gig to date, but this return to rock roots was inspired by motives other than elitist perversity, as guitarist and songwriter Ray St John explains.

"I always feel that we play better in hot, sweaty clubs, We wanted to play somewhere really accessible in the West End. We could have chosen somewhere like Legends, but that wouldn't really have suited our music. The other thing is that it is a rock club and we're not really a rock band. It's a challenge to play to different audiences. We don't want to end up being bracketed as just appealing to a certain type of audience."

Pride are a product of a more restless mood in clubland, an advance symptom of the inevitable hardening musical edge that I predicted in a feature on the Beat Route back in the spring.

Onstage, Pride are urgent — and alive, planting an abrasive dance music with roots deep in soul but branches just about everywhere, swinging from curt, concise funk to softer, sensual balladry. Of course, all this 'amalgam of ethnic dance genres' business is beginning to look rather tired, particularly in print, but Pride seem well aware of the potential pratfalls.

"We're not consciously trying to bring about a fusion of anything," says male vocalist Nick Moxham. "I think that's one of the things that makes us a bit different. We might be mixing various elements, but we're never too conscious of them,

"We're not specifically trying to make *hard* music either. It's just the sound that we've developed from what we want to hear ourselves. We all like good dance music so naturally our own stuff has a fairly strong rhythmic base."

"We haven't thought too much about a fixed musical direction," adds female singer Sade (pronounced *Shar-day)* Adu. "We just want to develop the sound that we've got. When you've got seven people contributing, there's never going to be one really strong single direction."

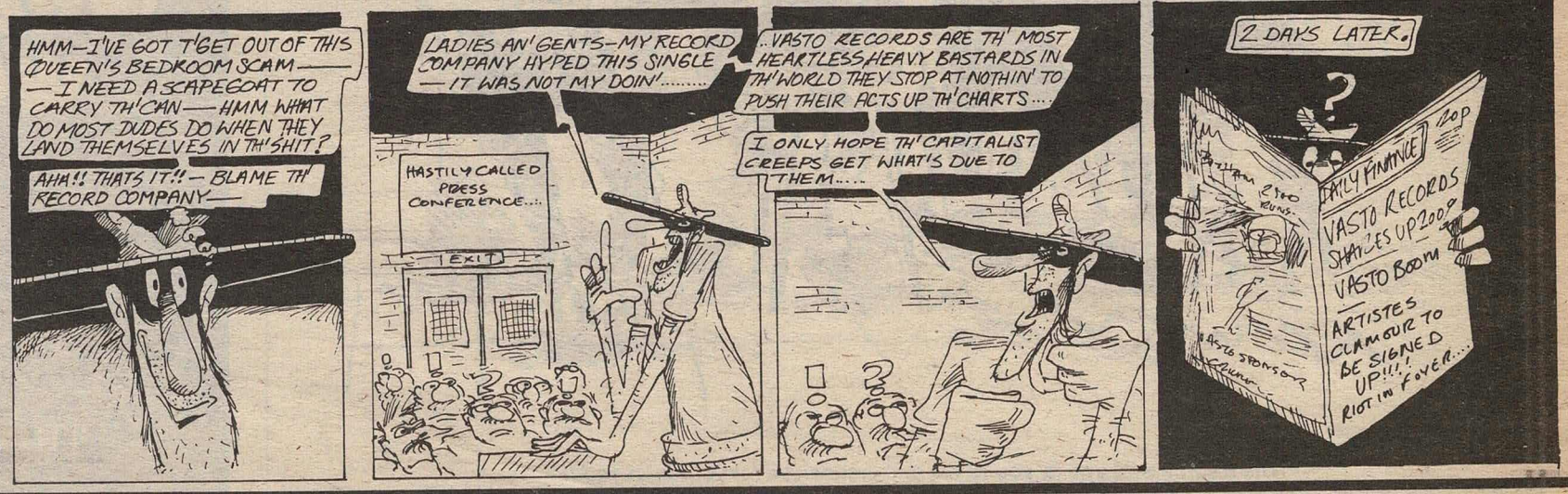
Pride realise the importance of *pacing* their show, straying from a strict dance groove on slower songs like 'Diamond Life', sung almost deadpan by Sade, and 'Sweet Loving Music', crooned by the other chanteuse Barbara.

"The slow songs help to break up the set," says Sade. "When you listen to a Ray Charles album you'll find one really fast song followed by a slow one without disturbing the blend. That's the blend that we want to try and achieve. One of my main criticisms of the recent Kid Creole show was that there wasn't enough variation in the set. Visually it was great entertainment, but musically it was a bit monotonous."

"I think there are a lot of groups gradually moving towards the sort of harder sound that we've got," adds Nick. "What a lot of them lack are the vocal variations and harmonies to put on top of that. Hopefully we've got that — the hard edge and the sweet singing."

PRIDE EMERGED from the ashes of a band called Ariva, a fleeting afterthought to last summer's flurry of London Latin. Ariva featured the three current Pride vocalists — Nick, Sade and Barbara — but were

the lone groover benyon


HMM—I'VE GOT T'GET OUT OF THIS QUEEN'S BEDROOM SCAM——
—I NEED A SCAPEGOAT TO CARRY TH'CAN—HMM WHAT DO MOST DUDES DO WHEN THEY LAND THEMSELVES IN TH'SHIT?
AHA!! THAT'S IT!!—BLAME TH' RECORD COMPANY—
LADIES AN'GENTS—MY RECORD COMPANY HYPED THIS SINGLE—IT WAS NOT MY DOIN'.....
HASTILY CALLED PRESS CONFERENCE...
EXIT
..VASTO RECORDS ARE TH' MOST HEARTLESS,HEAVY BASTARDS IN TH'WORLD THEY STOP AT NOTHIN' TO PUSH THEIR ACTS UP TH'CHARTS....
I ONLY HOPE TH'CAPITALIST CREEPS GET WHAT'S DUE TO THEM.....
2 DAYS LATER.
DAILY FINANCE
VASTO RECORDS SHARES UP 200%
VASTO BOOM
ARTISTES CLAMOUR TO BE SIGNED UP!!!
RIOT IN FOYER....

really the brainchild of Ray St John, who takes up their short, sharp story.

"Ariva came about just after I'd returned from a year travelling around the West Indies. I came back to get a band together with Nick and Barbara and some other people out in Barnet. In the West Indies I'd been writing vaguely Latin songs, so the band were in that vein and we predictably got labelled as a Blue Rondo rip off."

Ariva fell apart at the end of last year, leaving Ray and the three singers to return to their North London rehearsal room, where new songs were written, musicians auditioned and a new group formed.

The three new members, drummer Paul Cooke (no relation), bassman Paul Denman and saxophonist Stuart Matthewman, were located via Musicians Wanted ads. All three hail from Hull, the saxman and drummer having previously played together in a local Talking Heads-influenced band calling themselves The First Third after the Neal Cassady book.

Pride's fusion of the Barnet bop and Humber rhumba was first wheeled onto a stage at the end of April. A series of dates in North London over the past few months have ensured them a strong local following, a solid foundation on which to fuel the forays further afield that they are now undertaking.

Despite their bond with the London club scene, Pride are building their reputation through live work rather than hype. Their touring plans even include a scheduled trip to New York's Danceteria in September, rather an ambitious project for a raw unsigned band, but one which they feel confident enough to tackle.

"It's just a holiday really," says Stuart. "It's not a big tour with lots of promotion money behind it, but it's a viable trip because we will be staying with friends and the gig money is enough to cover our travelling expenses. It's not our big bid to *crack* America, although it will be interesting to see how an American audience react to a British band like us."

The band also have plans to expand their live show to take in a short subsidiary set of more spartan sounds from the quartet of Sade and the Hull boys. Songsmith Ray is also in the process of concluding a film score in which the band feature heavily. There certainly seems to be a greater depth to this Pride than initially meets the ear and eye.

"The film score is set in London as opposed to one of those Americanised *West Side Story* style musicals. It really bugs me that no-one ever seems to write the British equivalent of that sort of musical, so I've decided to have a go.

"I always try to give the band's songs a realistic edge. I carry a pen and notebook around with me everywhere to write down new ideas as they come into my head. I find that travelling a lot and meeting different types of people helps my songwriting. I don't want to be pinned down as someone who only writes about certain subjects. There's a whole world out there to write about."

"It's just like the band name," finished Nick. "It's not a name that ties us down to any era in particular. Whereas Ariva had immediate Latin connotations, Pride is a name with no direct musical significance whatsoever.

"Pride is simple and timeless and that suits us fine. We should be fed up with young depressives. We're proud of what we're doing."

Will you give them the chance to Say It Loud?

ARCHIVE FUN

TO CELEBRATE the current clamber of the Bad Mannered combo up the national 30, *Archive Fun* deem it fit to publish a photograph of one of the column's favourite '60s pin-ups Millicent Small, seen here alongside bluebeat cohort Prince Buster.

It was in the spring of 1964 that Millie took her boy lollipop to the one but top position on the *New Musical Express* chart with the first ever Jamaican ska record to register, paving the way for the likes of The Migil Five, Buster himself, Desmond Dekker, Harry J's All Stars, Yellow Man, Purple Man and other consistent reggae hitmakers of these times.

Prior to her hit, she earned some small acclaim in the Isle of Springs as one half of duets featuring Jackie Edwards, Roy Panton and others. Presently, she is to be seen making the hearts of regular visitors to workingmen's clubs in the Northampton area go giddy up, as the latest edition of *Clubland* testifies.

— SCOTTY BENNETT

FANCIERS WMC

July
3 main bar: Page Three (trio). Concert room: Classic (group) plus Popeye Promotions Disco
4 Kevin King
10 Country & Western Night with Warren Reeves, Clarkeburg Express and Tania Lewis
[illegible] Francis
[illegible] Main bar: Little Milli[illegible] of 'My Boy Lollypop' fame
17 [illegible] Sugar Candy
18 Main bar: Barcardi (duo)
24 Main bar: Cannon

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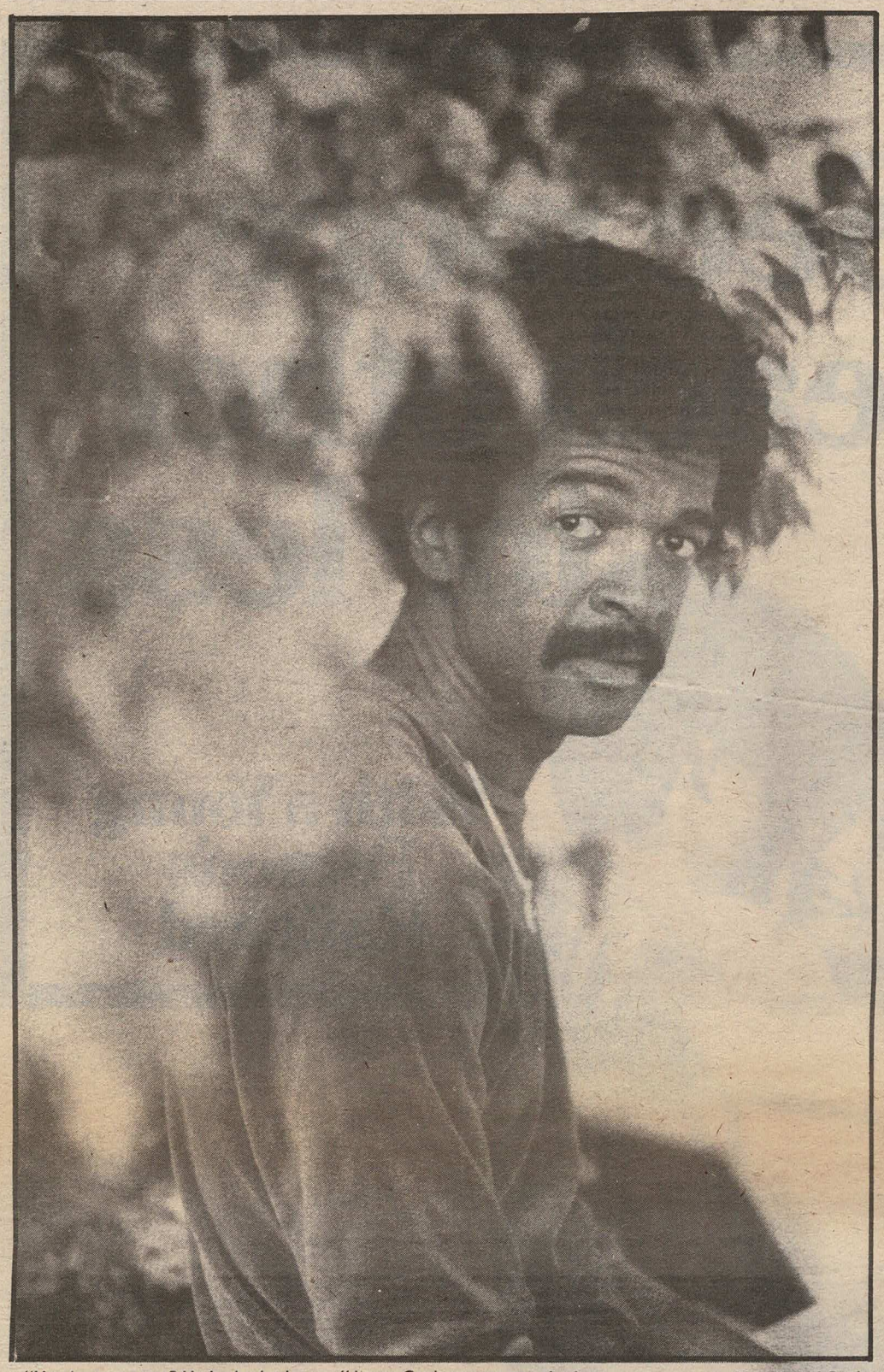
This is the age of the train



"Has he gone yet? Ha ha ha ha ha . . ." Larry Graham proves elusive. *Pic: David Corio*

ANDY GILL talks to Larry Graham, pioneer of the drum machine and slap-and-pluck funk bass, and the first man to have his records produced by God

The Sly sound of success

THE SOFA is sumptuous, the clothes casual; Larry Graham sits swathed in both, the epitome of affluent black America. We're in a hospitality suite in WEA's Soho offices, and Larry is being really nice. He's on automatic pilot. I wish he were on drugs.

Larry's been in music for a couple of decades now, first with his mom, Dell, a nightclub singer, when he was in his teens, then a lengthy spell as bassman with Sly And The Family Stone, followed by some years as front man with seminal funksters Graham Central Station.

More recently he's found solo fame and fortune Stateside as a balladeer, releasing a series of albums — 'One In A Million You', 'Just Be My Lady', and the newie 'Sooner Or Later' — on which his dark-brown vocal tones have assumed prominence over his distinctive 'thump and pluck' bass style. I know which I'd prefer to hear, but money makes its own demands.

In my book, Larry's been responsible for two great formal innovations in modern pop and soul, one being the use of drum machine, aptly renamed 'funkbox' on the first (and favourite) GCS LP in '73; the other being that bass sound and style which crops up everywhere these days, from funky white-boy soul to boho jazz, to rapping tracks and fuzak slush. Most bassists I know idolise this guy, and rightly so; he is an origin, a source, not just a player.

LARRY FIRST developed the 'thump and pluck' style at the age of 15, whilst accompanying his mother in her club act.

"What made me start playing with my thumb and fingers was that whilst everybody else converted from upright bass to electric bass and kept the overhand style, I wasn't interested in being real technical or playing the correct, orthodox way, 'cos I wasn't going to be a bass player.

"This was temporary, and I played guitar with my fingers and thumb — I didn't use a pick — so when I played the bass I went right to that same style of playing.

"After a while, my mother and I decided we were going to go duo, just piano and bass; so when we got rid of the drummer, to make up for not having the bass drum I would thump the strings, and to make up for not having the snare drum back there doing the backbeat I would pluck the strings. And so I developed this thumpin' and pluckin' style, and there was nobody around to stand in my way and tell me I shouldn't do it, 'cause the nightclubs we played weren't the ones musicians would come along to, they had a clientele that would just request songs, old standards and so on."

One of the club-goers happened to be a fan of a black DJ on Station KSOL, and she knew this DJ was trying to get together a new kind of soul band. She persuaded him to come down and check out this amazing young bass player.

Sly was, to put it mildly, impressed.

"If you know anything about Sly, you'll know he's an *unusual* person, so he was looking for unusual people to put in his band. When he heard my style of playing, it was like I was *perfect* for the group!

"So I joined Sly And The Family Stone, we came out with 'Dance To The Music', our first hit, and from then on my thumpin' and pluckin' became real popular all over the world."

'Unusual' is perhaps not the most appropriate epithet that springs to mind when one thinks of Sly Stone. Besides being an undoubted visionary genius of black music, he earned a reputation second only to Miles Davis for being a fully paid-up Difficult Bastard. Was he really as difficult to work with as reports suggest?

"Well . . . um . . . when everything was going well, the whole thing was just a *beautiful experience*. We were truly like a family — which is why it was called Sly And The Family Stone. Of course, when it was down towards the end, when the whole thing was drifting apart, then . . . ah . . . it wasn't as beautiful — huh! — as it started out to be.

"It's like a marriage: in the beginning, it's all beautiful, and all you see are the good things, and only good things happen; but over a period of time, if there's gonna be any bad that's gonna surface in a relationship, of course you slowly start to drift apart, and you no longer can remember all those beautiful things."

Yes . . . there was that song on the second Graham Central Station album ('Release Yourself') that a lot of people thought was about Sly — the one that went *"Today's the first day of the rest of your life"*. . . (For the record, the song continued *". . . With your new wife / You have the nerve to pity me"*, and contained a verse as virulent as anything by Dylan: *"You live a nightmare not a fairy tale / But it helps you sell / 'Cause all you want in life is gain of fame / I wish you filthy rich / And as for your new hitch / Music is the only love"*)

"Oh, *yeah.* Yeah. A lot of people ask me about that. Yeah. Actually, in your subconscious, you write about so many things, a lot of times, and a lot of it is intentional and a lot isn't. And if you're writing about your own life experiences, sometimes things come out that later on you look back at 'em yourself and say, Oh! Wow, that kinda *slipped out* there, didn't it! — Ha ha ha ha ha!

"Really, you know, when you're writing, you're writing from things stored up in your own little computer, your brain, y'know, these things come out . . . sometimes you don't understand 'em till later. You have a little reserve of notes and words back there just waiting to come out, about things and places and people and events — ha ha ha!"

Larry is obviously a trifle discomfited at my raking up this particular aspect of his past, and keeps giving me this larger-than-life uncomfortable laugh that translates — in the *nicest* possible way, you understand — as "lay off". I could be wrong, of course. He might always laugh that way. I just get the general impression that, y'know . . . *no go*. I elect for a different, more homely line of questioning.

In those days, you used to give production credits to 'God'. . .

"Yeah."

You don't do that any more . . .

"Ha ha ha ha!"

Presumably you're still fairly religious, though?

"Yeah."

Yeah. I've blown it now, I realise. The interview drifts on. I ask about drum machines. Did he, a multi-instrumentalist, latch on to them as an easy way of laying down a rhythm track over which he could dub the other tracks? No, he just liked the sound of 'em.

I ask about a track on the new album called 'Don't Stop When You're Hot', parts of which bear an uncanny resemblance to the Sly and Robbie cut 'Hot You're Hot'. He's never heard of 'em. I ask him what he thinks about the new generation of funksters. He likes 'em. And so on, and so on. I ask, he's nice.

Well, middle age encroaches on us all some day, I guess.

Ringing the cash register again

PRINT

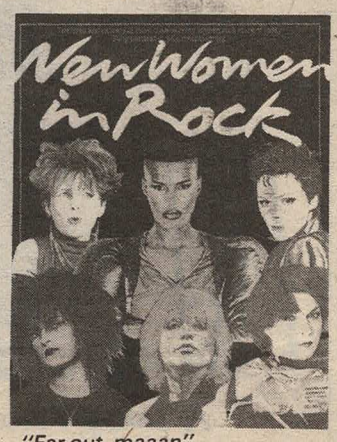
Is women's rock all mouth and trousers?

IF YOU happen to be a woman musician/vocalist serious about your work, tomes like Omnibus Press' just-released *New Women In Rock* (£4.95) might well be the bane of your existence. Dedicated to the proposition that "the rock music of the Seventies . . . proved women could rock and roll as well as their male counterparts", it is a compendium of female faces associated with rock within living memory. A loosely feminist analysis has been tentatively imposed on all of these — even the ones, from Carlene Carter to Wendy O Williams, who *enjoy* selling explicit sexuality.

Much of the text of *New Women* comes from people who obviously couldn't have less interest in the relationship of women and music and whose enthusiasm for the whole project extends no further than the cheque for their potted biog. Perhaps most ironic is the way these evaluations of the 'new woman' (Heart? Cherry Vanilla? Susan Fassbender?!) consistently slip right into the corniest cliches of both bad rock journalism — Joan Komlosy on Lydia Lunch: "She's at her happiest when she is ill and has written songs about her physical condition" — or run-of-the-mill sexism (any articulate woman who delivers herself of an opinion is classified as "fairly aggressive").

If you want the comfort of the familiar, just flip to any one of music's recent major figures. You'll find Marianne Faithfull's "chequered career" alright ("more heavens and hells than anyone could possibly expect

■ *Continues page 10*



"Far out, maaan"

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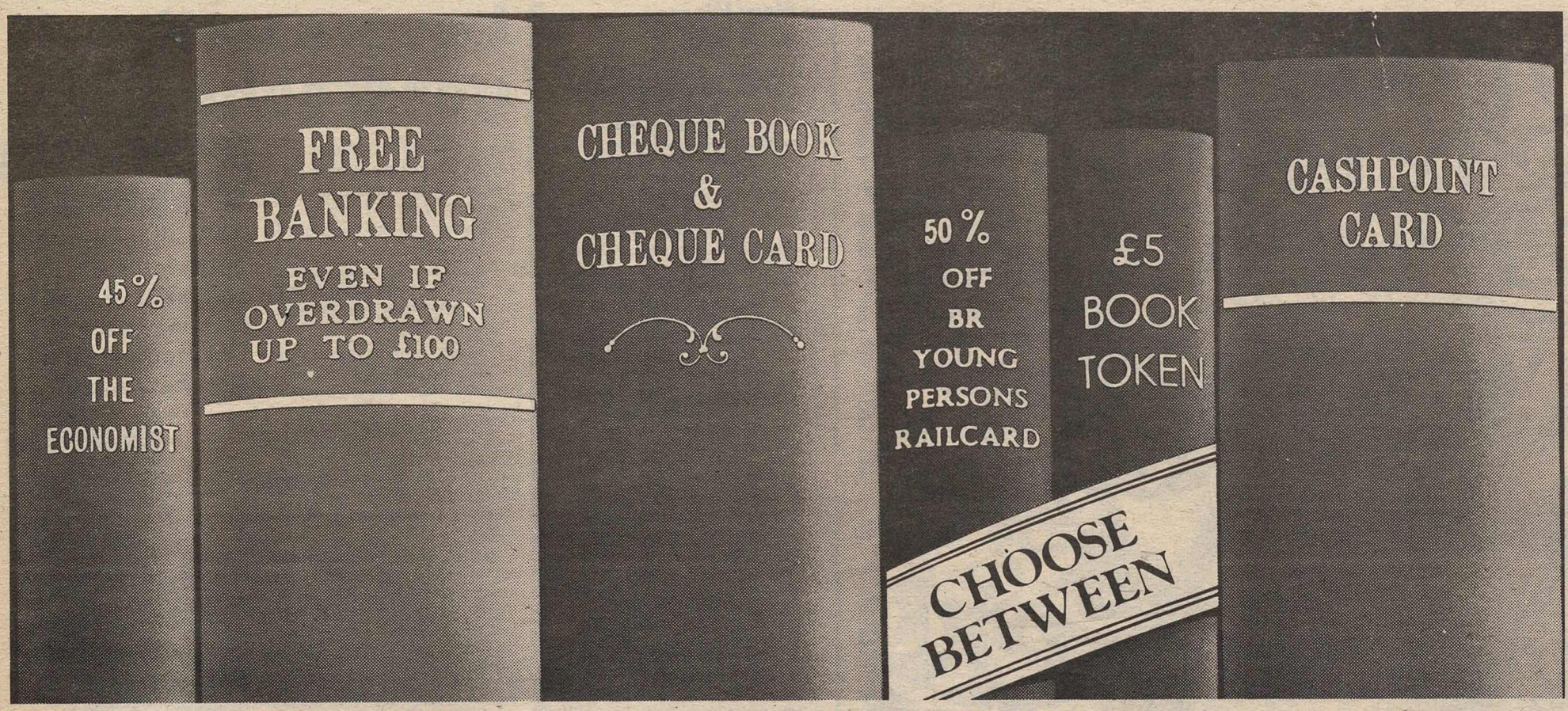

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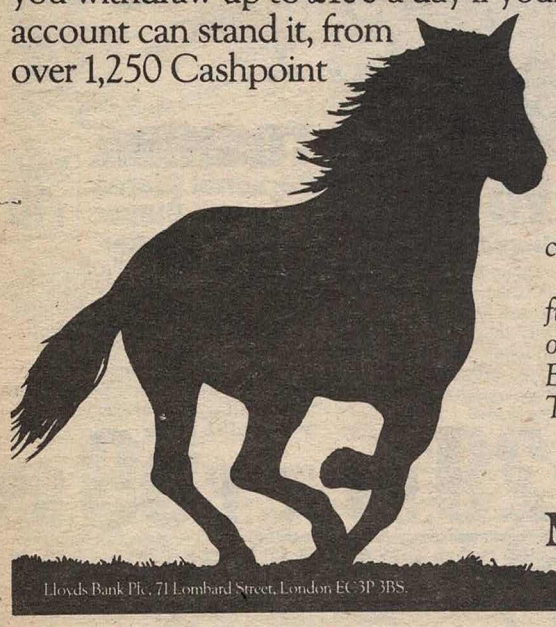

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New Women

■ From page 8

to survive"); and also discover that Siouxsie Sioux is "one of that new breed of female singers that puts forward political opinions (when she's asked)", that Deborah Harry "sang the American Dream in one of its oldest and purest forms" and that Chrissie Hynde is "a human being who's spent enough time in the gutter to have developed a genuine and enduring humility which has survived even the gross temptations to arrogance which a flyaway success like that enjoyed by The Pretenders brings in by the truckload". Yes, this artefact represents eminently fruitful ground for anyone recruiting press officers.

For all the baloney in the intro about women bringing new gifts to rock, these pieces pay virtually no attention to the actual music they've made — preferring to dwell on the details of their pasts and wardrobes. (Clare Grogan, we find, "looked as though she was having fun — and that's what rock should be about".)

What rock books should be about, of course, is *not* recycling the same old info, inaccuracies and rumours *(rigor mortis* having set in on most of them by now) or the same old pictures. The visuals in *New Women* are largely composed of free press pix, and a small but telling note in the frontspiece reads: "It has been impossible to identify or trace the photographers responsible for some of the pictures in this book. A special thanks to you all, and apologies for omitting your credits which hopefully we can correct with the reprint."

I'd recommend *New Women* to any photographer who thinks he might find an uncredited example of his art inside. Few others will profit much from its purchase.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

Losers will get trashed...

PRINT

NME checks out the new would-be best-sellers, both fact and fiction. The problem is, which is which?

Simon sez

AFTER VENTING 500-plus pages of written spleen on the music business in *Platinum Logic,* Tony Parsons subjects the fashion business and the professional tennis circuit to similar treatment in his new novel, ***Winners And Losers*** (Pan, £1.75).

Parisian *haute couture* is sick, if not quite dead yet. Emaciated mannequins, looking like death cooled-down, peddle clothes which are desperate to be innovative, and which less and less people actually want to buy. (One who does is a famous female tennis champ, lapsed communist and a lesbian to boot. Guess who?)

Le Style Anglais faded away with the Swinging '60s, and now *"if you bought one copy of Vogue, Caesar's Things or Harper's & Queen it would last you a lifetime."* English girls are still the most beautiful girls in the world though. *"Fashion used to be dictated from the top — now it's dictated from the bottom, the street, and that's the way it'll always be."*

The worst, of course, is America. Differing in emphasis from Paris, 'health' is the selling point: 'health', post-hedonism, as something for its own sake, not as something to be *used* (except for corporate profit). The idealised image gets blander and blonder, all distinguishing characteristics erased. Another death-mask, in other words.

But pro tennis is a different ball-game, so to speak. Almost a meritocracy, rewards for success amid the toughest competition are immense, and time at the top likely to be short and the sweetest. Any resemblance to pop music at any time is coincidental. The winners abuse the racket, the losers are abused and forgotten, megabucks are commonplace to all.

Tone intones

Through this graphic scenery Parsons plots the pilgrims' progress of his ciphers, Thorn Sayre — wilful Southern Belle and Garbo-esque *"last beauty of the twentieth century"* — and Johnny (who/what else?) Sangster — public-park brat and *"always a poor-boy in his soul"* — through success and

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Bolan with his dog, 'Simon', January 1972. Pic: Syndication

Dead men tell no tales...

A VILE item of innuendo and invective is Simon Napier-Bell's *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me* (New English Library, £1.50), purporting to portray "'60s British Rock — Back Stage With Its Trousers Down" and penned by the erstwhile manager of The Yardbirds, John's Children, Marc Bolan briefly and, following a long sabbatical away from the music industry, presently the man behind Japan's behinds.

Writing in a flip, chatty style, Mr Napier-Bell attempts to lay bare the seamy side of swinging pop, though out of the slime that emerges the reader is perhaps even more enlightened at the workings of its author's sordid soul.

This, however, is presumably Mr Napier-Bell's intent, as the book's title implies. One example being how he came to compose 'You Don't Have To Say You Love Me' for Dusty Springfield, adapting an Italian melody in the company of Vicki Wickham.

"I said, 'It's from Italy. The words have got to be romantic. It ought to start off "I love you".'

"Vicki shuddered at the thought. 'How about, "I don't love you"?' she suggested. I thought that was a bit extreme.

" 'No, it's going too far the other way. Why not: "You don't love *me*"?'

"That was more dramatic, more Italian, but a bit accusatory. So we softened it a little: *'You* don't *have* to love me'.

"But that didn't quite fit the melody, so we added two more words: 'YOU don't HAVE to SAY you love me'.

"Great. That was it. We could do the rest in the taxi.

"When we got to the Ad Lib club the song was all but finished, yet we only arrived ten minutes later than usual. Even so, I remember telling Vicki, 'I don't like this lyric writing business; it messes up the evening.' "

Or the way in which he promoted a record by a duo named Diane and Nicky by phoning radio programmers and saying: "Listen you, you're just prejudiced, aren't you? You know quite well the song's a smash. It's just because she's black and he's white, isn't it? If you don't play the record I'm going to call the *Sunday Times* and *Observer* and tell them the whole story. You're a bloody racialist."

The trouble is, Napier-Bell portrays himself as such a hypocritical liar that by the end of the book the reader is left in doubt as to the veracity of its entire content. The suggestion made by Philip Norman in his Beatles book *Shout* that Brian Epstein fancied John Lennon develops here as a fully-fledged homosexual relationship. He even has Epstein confiding in him about "the first time I got to kiss John after I'd been crazy about him for ages".

In fact, most of Napier-Bell's more salacious stories involve Epstein, Lennon, Bolan, Moon, Kit Lambert ... none of whom are around to deny his assertions.

Burn it.

— PENNY REEL

failure, as winners and losers. The definitions of course are made by the most powerful, mainly media moguls, who can bestow ecstasy when everyone's definitions coincide, agony when they don't.

Ultimately though, Authority overrules; like *Vanity Fair Revisited* by Jackie Collins.

Parsons' prose-style — first honed in these pages at the height of punk rock — has its most obvious prototype in Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*, both *tres* purple and 'deadpan' at the same time, oscillating between disdain and disgust. The sharpest dialogue is 'hard-boiled', Chandler-style, the *bon mots* tossed back and forth with the fluency of a speed-driven typewriter in a bright artificial light. Parsons also has the smartest way of incorporating the ceaseless exchange of cliches and the characterising influence of lines from popular songs, with an added twist of lime and a dab of camphor. Asking for directions of passers-by in London, Thorn Sayre states blandly: *"I want to go to Chelsea"*.

There's an almost surreal, and highly probable, episode in a Hollywood brothel, and an entertaining cameo of punk has-been Percy (onomatopoeic clue) Street, in which the pathetic yob is ridiculed with considerable relish. Consistently, *Winners And Losers* trashes on hypocrisy, abdication of personal responsibility, lack of imagination, and all manifestations of a reduction to the mean. All of which are identified by Parsons as effects of an essential moral, intellectual and emotional bankruptcy.

Exalted in opposition — impossible to define, not easy to hint at — is *star quality*, unique individualism, glamour. One component is the quality of *alone-ness*, a self-reliance essential to a tennis player, for instance: *"Nothing good can come of team games"*, as it's succinctly expressed. The top people's drug dealer Roche is, for this reason only, made quite a sympathetic character.

Moral uncertainty, though, is not Parsons' most distinguishing feature. He writes a fast read, which merely demands that you agree with it. As it happens, I do agree with most of the boldly drawn conclusions, and his leading characters, if not mysterious, are more ambiguous than anything in the rather laborious *Platinum Logic*.

But will it, unlike its predecessor, make The List? Trimmed to 300 pages, Parsons has also cut down on the number of sex scenes — his prose is never erotic — which makes for a smoother read, but doesn't entirely square with the voyeuristic profit principle of exploiting what one ostensibly disapproves of, upon which the best-seller usually relies. But I hope it's a hit, if only to finance the next one, which apparently takes the axe to the publishing business — and the normative values it encourages through books like his.

— MARK CORDERY

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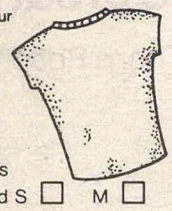

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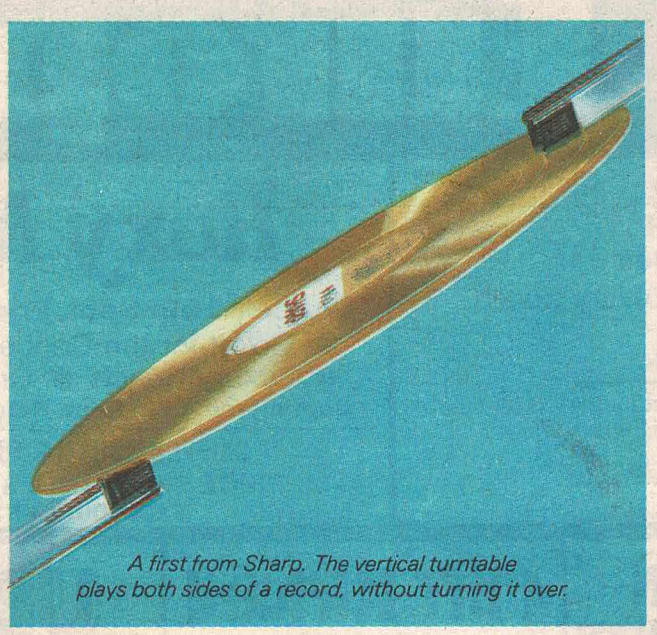

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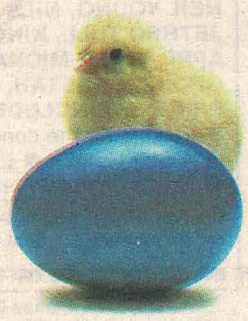

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THE LETHAL CHARMS OF THE STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE

GLASGOW DURING the fair. And nothing disturbing the quiet, lazy Sunday in my street . . . until, that is, Rose and Jill walk down it.

I shut the windows to exclude the draught from a flurry of neighbouring net curtains, and turn to gaze on a dancing mass of black and white polka-dots, ribbons, buttons and bows. One of Rose's obsessions: "I've got polka-dot cups, glasses, teacloths, curtains . . ."

The other obsession is Strawberry Switchblade. Formed jointly by Rose and her friend Jill, the group has already produced some of the most hauntingly sad melodies that I've heard in a month of Sundays. And people are talking. Their manager Barbara reports a constant flow of inquiry. It started with a name . . .

"Rose had the wonderful name for a group from James Kirk, and she just had to do something with it, so she said to me, Right Jill, friend from punky days . . . The first time I saw Rose she was a wee punkette with a wee spike sticking right out of her head and a wee yellow and brown striped trouser suit, and I just thought Oh my God!

"I used to call her Bumble-Bee. We really enjoyed going to see groups then; there weren't many people there just to pose — everyone just looked a bit silly. You couldn't buy the clothes or the pointy shoes: you had to go down Paddy's and get horrible things. I suppose we were influenced by the motives behind the music: it just took us a while to get started!"

Following the departure of their drummer and bass player to a demanding job and Boys At Sea respectively, Strawberry Switchblade are now reduced to a duo : singer Rose and guitarist Jill. It's an arrangement that they obviously find completely satisfactory, and they are planning to work with tapes for a while. The absence of external influences and interference has had the very positive effect of heightening their own enthusiasm, while at the same time uniting them strongly as a songwriting team.

"Rose and I totally agree on what we think are the best songs. We're not taking into consideration complicated bass lines or whatever, and we can do exactly what we want. Actually it's just because Rose is totally dominant and I'm totally submissive! I'm scared of Rose — she may be half the size of me, but she can boss me around anytime.

"We wrote the music and lyrics for 'Seaside' together, which was so much better: we screamed and screeched till we got a bit that we liked! It's really difficult to play because it's got these bar chords . . . I used to go and watch people playing guitar to see what they were doing. I'm a bit scared to learn new techniques in case I get all flashy."

"I'd soon let you know if you were," retorts Rose.

Confident in the quality of the songs they are currently working on, Rose in particular is quite adamant in the refusal to over-complicate arrangements or bury the songs under 'busy' productions. "We definitely don't want a 'full' sound. We like it basic — you can hear everything. If you put too much in, everything gets lost, and our songs would sound terrible if they were all cluttered up. In fact, what we'll do is get simpler!

"But I wouldn't want the songs to become distorted — they must sound the way *we* want them to sound, and we don't need anyone to say, Do this, do that. We know exactly what we want to do; it would, however, be good to have some technical help in achieving it."

Close enough for claustrophobia . . . Strawberry Switchblade (Jill, left, and Rosie) compare polka-dots. Pic: Peter McArthur

THEY DESCRIBE the soft, almost wistfully unspecific nature of their music as a 'folky-pop' sound; for which Rose's detached, quietly rich vocals are a perfect match. Particularly so on 'Trees And Flowers', with the sad, simple lyrics exploring and explaining an inordinate fear of open spaces. Jill has had agoraphobia for years, and I wondered how it affected her when she's on a stage.

"Somehow it doesn't seem so acute — I'm very very nervous; very scared. But I'm so busy thinking about what chord comes next that I don't have time to think about anything else. Sometimes I feel I've got to run off the stage, and my knees are shaking too much . . . but as long as I'm actually inside, it's not so bad. I just like showing off!

"It used to be much worse: I've had it on and off since I was about 15. Feeling tense or depressed can bring it on — and then I don't want to go out at all and I can't go out; and if I am out I feel really scared, and just want to get back home.

"But it was a lot more scary when I didn't know what was wrong with me — I thought I was going mental. When I found out what it was, and a lot of other people had it, it seemed much better — and I knew I wasn't going crazy. I met some women who had been in the house for about twenty years, virtually never going out at all. It can get out of control sometimes: at one point I couldn't go out unless my Dad was with me — and even then it was only down the path and into his car or something. Sometimes, especially at night, I feel that everything's made of plastic; it's all some kind of Lego-land!"

Can you define the fear?

"It's really giddy. And you feel totally panicky, and think you're going to black out — and the only thing you can think of is you've got to get back inside somewhere. I always think, well, I can run into somebody's house and hide under something, and they can phone for someone to come and get me. But sometimes when you get in it doesn't help; it's rotten, because you can't run out either — you don't know where to go. You just have to bang your head against the wall . . .

"But Rose just hits me and goes, Shut up, I can't be bothered with idiot neurotic fools like you!

"So Jill calms down, and everything's back to normal . . ."

As she sits grinning broadly under an over-sized polka-dot bow, her face framed with huge red pom-pom earrings and yards of spotted ribbon, it's rather hard to believe that Rose has the born ability to terrify and intimidate strangers.

"Well I don't know how, I really don't : I mean I've frightened big neds before!"

"Rose thinks she looks like a bad fairy," says Jill. "I remember in Maestros, the second time we'd ever played, there were these heavy metal fans standing right down the front, and when we walked on stage they were in fits of laughter, shouting, God, are you the lead guitarist, hen?

"And when I started playing they just collapsed about the floor. So I scowled the whole time, and everybody thought I was a really moody nasty bad fairy — but I'm really quite pleasant . . ."

Rose butts in with cries of "Kill the hippies — stiletto meets nose!"

"I would have done that," Jill goes on, "but I would have fallen over — my guitar's too heavy. I get chronic lumbago from it; I wish I was the singer!"

Their euphoria is obvious and infectious . . .

"We're really excited. At one point we were rehearsing every day, but it was exhausting. We nearly died, so we had a weekend off. Rose had to be carried home to Darnley on a stretcher! I'm always meeting people who say, You're in that group Strawberry Switchblade — you're not very good are you?"

"That never happens to me; but then they're probably so scared of me they daren't say."

'Obviously it doesn't work with me. I must look too much like a good fairy."

"Try a big boil on your chin . . ."

Before disappearing to make last minute adjustments to the polka-dot trouser suit she was still sewing up on the bus on the way in, Rose totally dispels the slightest hint of any cutesy-ness, by making her voice slip into a quite disgusting Derek and Clive-type croak. (The hoarse, pervy wheeze, with some gutteral Glaswegian thrown in for good measure.) Jill says she can't do that one . . .

"The only voice I put on is when my cats talk through me — it makes my voice go funny, doesn't it, Peter?"

Peter, their photographer, fiddling with lenses and moving furniture, nods in complete agreement.

"Right I'm ready — now where's posey Rosie . . .?"

Strawberry Switchblade are two Glasgow ex-punkettes who sing about trees and flowers and scare their audiences. KIRSTY McNEILL finds out why

X MARKS

RICHARD GRABEL investigates the sleazy side of Sunset Strip, Hollywood, and sees X, THE BLASTERS and THE PLUGZ.

Photos: JOE STEVENS

X

THE PLUGZ & LA FRIENDS

THE BLASTERS

A LOT OF Los Angeles music deserves its bad reputation.

The singer/songwriter hangover still prevails in many LA major-label releases, and the Rondstadt/Browne sensitive types with beachfront property show no sign of rolling over and playing dead.

The independent labels there flood the market with a dizzying array of crap, from limp powerpop like The Plimsouls to obsessive horror-show nonsense like Christian Death. Hardcore? Lots of energy (that great rock critic buzzword), and a true youth following. But songs? Black Flag, the best hardcore band, have only recorded two good ones, one of which was a cover of 'Louie Louie'.

So when Dave Alvin of The Blasters, backstage at the Roxy one night, turned to me and said, "This is the best music scene in the world right here. The *best,*" I thought to myself, sure, sure. But I soon began to think he might be, if not right, at least not that far wrong.

The occasion that night was an X gig, the last of three sold-out nights. The crowd that came out for X was about as wide a range of California youth types as you could hope to assemble — from skinheads who claimed the area in front of the stage for slamming, to dating couples and students keeping a safe distance towards the back. Yet never have I seen an audience more united in enthusiasm for a band or more emotionally involved in the songs being sung.

X are LA stars, a local group gone on to a national following and a major-label recording contract. So I thought this reaction in the Roxy might be put down to hailing the Conquering Heroes. But then I saw the same kind of response repeated with almost the same intensity at the Whiskey for The Plugz, a band practically unknown outside of LA.

In fact, every band I saw in LA, whether good or bad, played to packed houses of fans. *Fans,* not people who happened to be in the club for a night out, as often happens in New York. And I started to realise that LA audiences really support their bands. Which can be a crucial thing.

And every LA band I met mentioned some other LA band they admired. Exene of X made a point of telling me that The Plugz are "the most overlooked band in the world", and that *I* should be sure not to overlook them. The Blasters and The Plugz credit X with getting them important support slots on early gigs and press mentions. Top Jimmy and the Rhythm Pigs tell me to be sure and catch Phast Phreddie. Phast Phreddie tells me to be sure and catch The Flesheaters. And so on.

More than in most places, there is a community of musicians and fans in Los Angeles; a community formed of shared histories and common adversities. Of course, one person's community is another person's clique. One woman, a singer for an LA band I happen to be unable to stomach, told me, "Sure, all those people are real helpful to each other, as long as you're part of their group. If you're not then forget it."

But beyond any debate between back-slapping and back-biting, there *is* some great music being made in LA. The three Los Angeles bands I most care about happen to all have started out together playing at the now-gone Masque. They have all grown well beyond the "Hollywood scene". They are worlds apart stylistically. What unites them is that they each speak from the heart.

X: A passionate and personal band, one whose music is a real window on their lives, and whose lives are worth knowing. Probably the most inspiring American rock band today, X have signed with Elektra and released 'Under The Big Black Sun' — a worthy follow-up to their big-selling Slash Records LPs 'Los Angeles' and 'Wild Gift' — it shows them expanding their musical range without sacrificing the intensity of attack.

THE BLASTERS: Drawing on rockabilly roots to create a mythology of American spaces and possibilities all over again, but reinterpreted in the light of modern realities. The first band to pick up the ball from Creedence Clearwater and run with it — and the first band on Slash to have their records distributed by Warner Brothers, as part of a new deal between the two labels.

THE PLUGZ: A view of the world from a Catholic, Mexican-American perspective. Visionary moralism put across with stomping Texas R&B fervour. After casting around for the right personnel for two year, The Plugz have settled on a powerful line-up, and are talking to several record companies.

Three bands of different concerns and styles, all really saying something.

X ARE A seamless design, a lucky combination that works beautifully. Husband/wife team John Doe and Exene Cervenka provide the lyrics, the obsessions and the spiritual guidance. Guitarist Billy Zoom and drummer DJ Bonebrake (Bonebrake is his real name, Zoom isn't) provide the musical power, the swing and the push. But it is John and Exene's lyrical appraisal of love and life and loss that makes X unique.

Rock music has usually dealt with only the high and low peaks of sex and love — the search, finding and loss. What has rarely been dealt with are those areas in between — the problems and rewards on the long haul of a sustained relationship.

X sing about marriage, adultery, forgiveness, frustration, the whole drawn-out dance of two people falling in and out of grace with each other and balancing the needs of the love-bond with the demands of work and other distractions. These topics have been the main fodder of some very popular American entertainments — country music, soap operas. But they rarely turn up on rock albums.

Until X. And X, being clear-eyed, stoked-up and unafraid, treat these topics without sentimentality. X aren't confessional weepers, but they do share their private joys and doubts and hopes in a way that is unashamed and unembarrassing.

The last time I spoke to X over a tape recorder, they were in an LA rehearsal studio, preparing to record 'Under The Big Black Sun'. I asked them whether their old fans weren't accusing them of selling out for signing with a major label.

Exene: "We haven't heard that. That is something I worried about, and it didn't happen at all."

John: "I think everyone pretty much understood it. Even Slash."

Exene: "We heard that when we put our first record out on Slash and I was just amazed. People would say, Oh, how can you do this, and I was just, well, what are we supposed to do? Make cassettes in our garage and hand them out at gigs? At that point I realised that statements that bands are selling out are usually made by people who don't want to let go of you as being a personal band that belongs to them."

Does your signing mean anything to the "scene"?

John: "I think more than us signing to Elektra, it's the record labels understanding things better that's important. They are finally realising that they can't just keep holding on to the same people, that there has got to be a new music coming up somewhere or they'll die."

But aren't they still just using the independent labels as a kind of free market research, testing the waters and then jumping in only when they see something has a proven audience, as you showed with your Slash albums?

John: "That's true, they do that. But at least they're starting to wake up. Joe Smith, the president of Elektra, told us that if he had had the 'Los Angeles', album he wouldn't have known what to do with it. And he admired us and Slash for what we did do with it.

"But they are realising they need new music. They're also realising for the first time that the radio situation is hurting them, the fact that they can't get any new bands played on the radio. And for the [redacted] that is the first step [redacted]

THE PLACE

EXENE OF X — WITH THE DASHBOARD SYMBOLS OF 'RIDING WITH MARY'.

"Obviously, even though we've been signed to Elektra, the labels are not as responsive to new bands as they should be. The Plugz should be signed to a major label, a lot of groups. Even Black Flag — there are a lot of fucked-up angry teenagers all over the United States, all over the world, not just in Los Angeles."

Does having a bigger recording budget change things for you?

John: "We're not going to use the money to make more of a production. We'll use it to get stronger performances, getting the right vocal take with fewer punch-ins from one line to the next."

Exene: "We've been pretty rushed in the studio in the past. Getting all those mentions as best record of the year for 'Wild Gift' just seemed so funny because when we're in there we think, God if we can do this now what about when we get some money to work with?"

John: "I'm from Baltimore, and last Christmas we went there, and we met John Waters (director of *Pink Flamingos, Female Trouble,* etc), who's also from there, at a party. And he said to us, We're at the same point in our careers. You want to take your review from the *New York Times* down to the bank and ask them if they'll accept it as down payment on a house."

Finally, apropos of nothing, John declares he's figured out X's image.

"Everybody says, well what is X music, what is the image?" he says.

Exene: "You figured it out?"

John: "What it is, is driving through the downtown of a city in a car and looking out the window and seeing this doorway with a bunch of garbage in it, seeing a really beautiful woman waiting on the corner, seeing two kids fighting, seeing a dog pissing. It's cinema."

Exene: "Yeah, but look at that image. The image you came up with is no less abstract than the lack of an image. It's still not a single set image; it's still very complex."

But then X do deal in complexities. Their refusal to reduce complicated emotions to simple slogans or to take clear sides in their own emotional debates might put off those who expect the attitudes of pop songs to be clearly committed.

There is a song on their new album called 'Riding With Mary' that illustrates just how X communicate an uncommon wisdom. The song deals with the recent death of Exene's sister Mary in an auto accident. The Mary of the title is both Exene's sister and a dashboard figurine of the Virgin. The song suggests, without stating explicitly, that Mary was 'cheating' on her husband at the time. It neither approves nor condemns. It alludes to Catholic faith, but also ridicules that dashboard icon as *"a powerless sweet forgotten thing"*. In both words and music it creates a gripping, unresolved tension, its story left still unfolding.

X were in New York again recently to play the Palladium, a bigger venue to go with their bigger commercial status. X have always got an incredible reaction whereever I've seen them play, and now that they were in a theatre instead of a club, nothing had changed. The crowd was as involved as ever, the band as passionate and as natural as they'd always been.

At the party Elektra threw after the show, John Doe beamed pride and introduced me to his parents, who'd come up from Baltimore to see him play. It was a crowded and happy affair, and there were a lot of people trying to get a piece of John and Exene's time.

Now that I've heard 'Under The Big Black Sun' there are more questions I'd ask John and Exene. But no matter. The record is out there and shares its secrets well enough.

WHERE X look inward at their own lives for song material, The Blasters usually observe the scene around them. They are story-tellers, and most of their stories deal with the peculiarly American problem of space, distance and its effect on people's lives. In 'Border Radio' a woman thinks of a lover who is far away, and tries to send him a message by dedicating a song to him over the "border radio" — the pirate stations broadcasting out of Mexico using an illegally powerful signal. In 'American Music' a soldier stationed in Germany feels his homesickness relieved by hearing some rock and roll on the radio. In 'Marie Marie' — a hit for Shakin' Stevens in the UK — a guy offers a girl his version of paradise *("Two weeks of back pay/There's gas in my car")*, but she'd rather cling to the comfort of her back porch.

The Blasters are a team built around the nucleus of the Alvin brothers, Phil and Dave. Phil plays guitar and sings in a quivering, emotion-charged voice that calls up memories of many singers, from Carl Perkins to Fats Domino, without imitating anybody. Dave plays guitar and writes the songs. They are big, friendly, matter-of-fact sort of guys. Like most brothers they have their disagreements, but their familiarity gives the band a warm personality.

Their music is suffused with a sense of place, of the American Southwest, a place of vast open space and R&B roots music blaring from juke-boxes that haven't been serviced in 20 years.

Phil: "The words of, say, 'Border Radio' do speak very specifically to a place, even though it's a place like the whole west side of the United States — Texas, Arizona, California — all those places get border radio. Other songs, like 'No Other Girl', hanging out in a coffee shop, that could be anywhere. But when I think of a cafe it's a place with a parking lot, and not a lot else going on around it. Where someone from New York would have a more active image of a cafe, so their voice might treat those words differently. What matters is the kind of images you're going to have in your head when you sing that stuff."

The Blasters get tagged a rockabilly band, a description which is just an easy way out. The

M·O·R·E

L·A·X
C·O·N·T·I·N·U·E·D

Alvin brothers are avid fans of rockabilly, but also of Texas blues, R&B, cajun music and just about anything else you could think of, and they let all these influences seep into their songs.

And then they make all those influences work. Onstage the band puts over the music with a ferocity and power that their album doesn't even hint at. Last time they recorded they figured they had to tone it down, and they were too subdued. So for now you have to see them working and sweating in some club, charging up kids young enough to have never heard of Carl Perkins or Fats Domino, getting those kids jumping and dancing and really excited and moved, to know that The Blasters belong strictly to our time, and speak to us.

"Ya gotta remember that California is very much filled up with people from Texas and Louisiana," Phil says. "Guys like Clifton Chenier were comin' out there. There are whole communities of Okies and people from Louisiana in LA."

Dave: "But so much of what we got came from records. Basically what we did was listen to records. And the thing that helped us out was Phil being able to hang out with people like T-Bone (Walker) and Big Joe (Turner). When that happened to a young white kid, that's . . ."

Phil: "When I was 16 or so I had a band and I was known and I could hang around with those people. My head was spinning. But the weird thing was, in my peer group, with the other high school kids, it didn't mean anything to say, Hey, I was with T-Bone Walker last night."

Dave: "A lot of our audience is young. They've never seen Chuck Berry or The Beatles. That's another world to them, and our records are a link to that. Also we play it honestly. It doesn't sound like Las Vegas."

The Blasters often tour and record with Lee Allen, who was the saxophone soloist on most of the 1950s hits by Little Richard and Fats Domino. Having him around is far from a nod to nostalgia — he's an aggressive player who helps spark the whole band.

"Lee was one of the biggest influences on us," Dave says, "because he taught us the value of the song. The song's the thing. Not showing off the guitar solo or the drum solo. The song. Keep it two or three minutes, and make it count."

MISINFORMED HACKS keep calling The Plugz an "East LA band", so in front of a Whiskey full of fans Tito Larriva is trying to set the record straight.

"We're not an East LA band. I'm from El Pasa, Texas. Chalo (Quintana, drummer) is from El Paso. Steve (Berlin, sax player) is from Philadelphia. Nothing wrong with being Mexican though."

The Plugz are another band that has yet to be properly represented on record. They were the first LA punk band to release an album, back when they were a standard thrash-and-speed power trio. Their second album, 'Better Luck', begins to chronicle the band's present direction, where Tito has let his Texas R&B roots mix up with his punker's instinct for directness and simplicity. But it's only a sketch of what's possible.

"It was just me and Chalo," Tito says. "We didn't have a band when we did that. We needed to have that record. The intention was, get the songs represented, and worry about the performance later."

The Plugz are a band now, and the night I saw them they were hard, confident, full of fire. The basic punk thrust of the rhythm section is tempered by classic honking and shouting sax from Steve Berlin (who also sits in with The Blasters) and Peter Bradford's roadhouse piano. And Tito (who turns out to be a trained mime artist and who once hosted his own TV show in Mexico City) uses his very expressive face to make each song an involving drama. The Plugz are not like anybody else.

"I was very confused as to whether I was Mexican or American," Tito tells me about his years in Mexico. "A lot of Mexican-Americans go through a crisis like that — am I brown or white or what am I? So I went to Mexico City with my aunt and ended up staying four years. I did mime, I danced in a modern dance company, I had a TV show."

Your face onstage is very expressive.

"That definitely comes from having been a mime. It's all those face exercises. I try not to overdo it."

Plugz songs take a moral stance. Not puritanical righteousness but a defence of honesty propelled by an aching for love. 'Shifting Heart' protests the way love changes to a desire to hurt when it goes bad. In 'Touch For Cash', Tito watches prostitutes on an LA boulevard and says *"I wouldn't be caught with a girl like that in my bed."*

Tito: "There is a thing like that . . . Maybe it's my Catholic background. I'm kind of like that, and even within the group, it has to be fair, it has to be real as opposed to Hollywood, that pretentious kind of thing. I write about something that happened to me, or something I've seen, and then I expand it and make it less personal. Nobody's ever said it quite like that before, but yeah, there's a moral statement of some sort in almost all of the songs. It slips in there somehow."

All of the LA bands I like make music that is very personal, as opposed to theatrical.

"Coming from the Masque days, X and bands that don't exist anymore like The Germs, there was a lot of very personal music going on down in that basement. People just pouring their guts out. These musicians hung out together and had a similar understanding. We all wanted to do that. There's a lot of hokey stuff going on now, but I hope there's going to be a surge of consciousness about that."

THREE BANDS. The sources in their music — punk, rockabilly, R&B, blues — are tools they use, not definitions of what they are. What they are, is three bands being true to themselves, telling us with unusual honesty about their lives and the lives they see.

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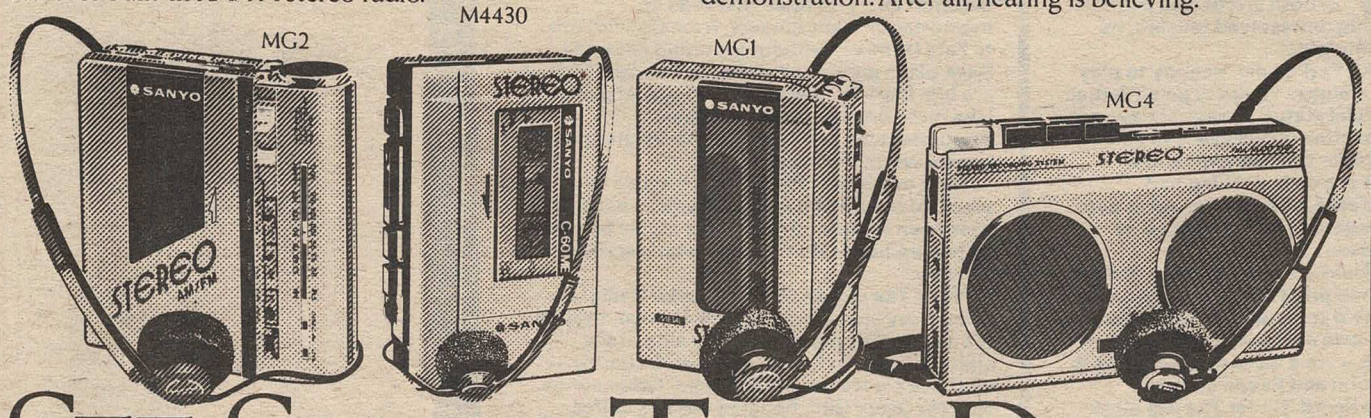

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Next week in NME

PRANCE!

Lynn 'lithely up yourself' Hanna does the California stretch at dance exercise class.

PREEN!

Richard 'guest list' Grabel gets a date with Haircut 'we're in the top' 100 as they follow the Human League up the US charts.

SCREAM!

Monty 'notorious' Smith goes funny all over as he traces the career and films of Alfred '39 stones' Hitchcock.

(And that's only the stuff we're telling you about).

JUST FINISHED YOUR A LEVELS?

If you have just finished your 'A' Levels and are not quite sure what to do next, NME will be carrying a series of features showing the availability of courses at different colleges commencing next week for 5 weeks.

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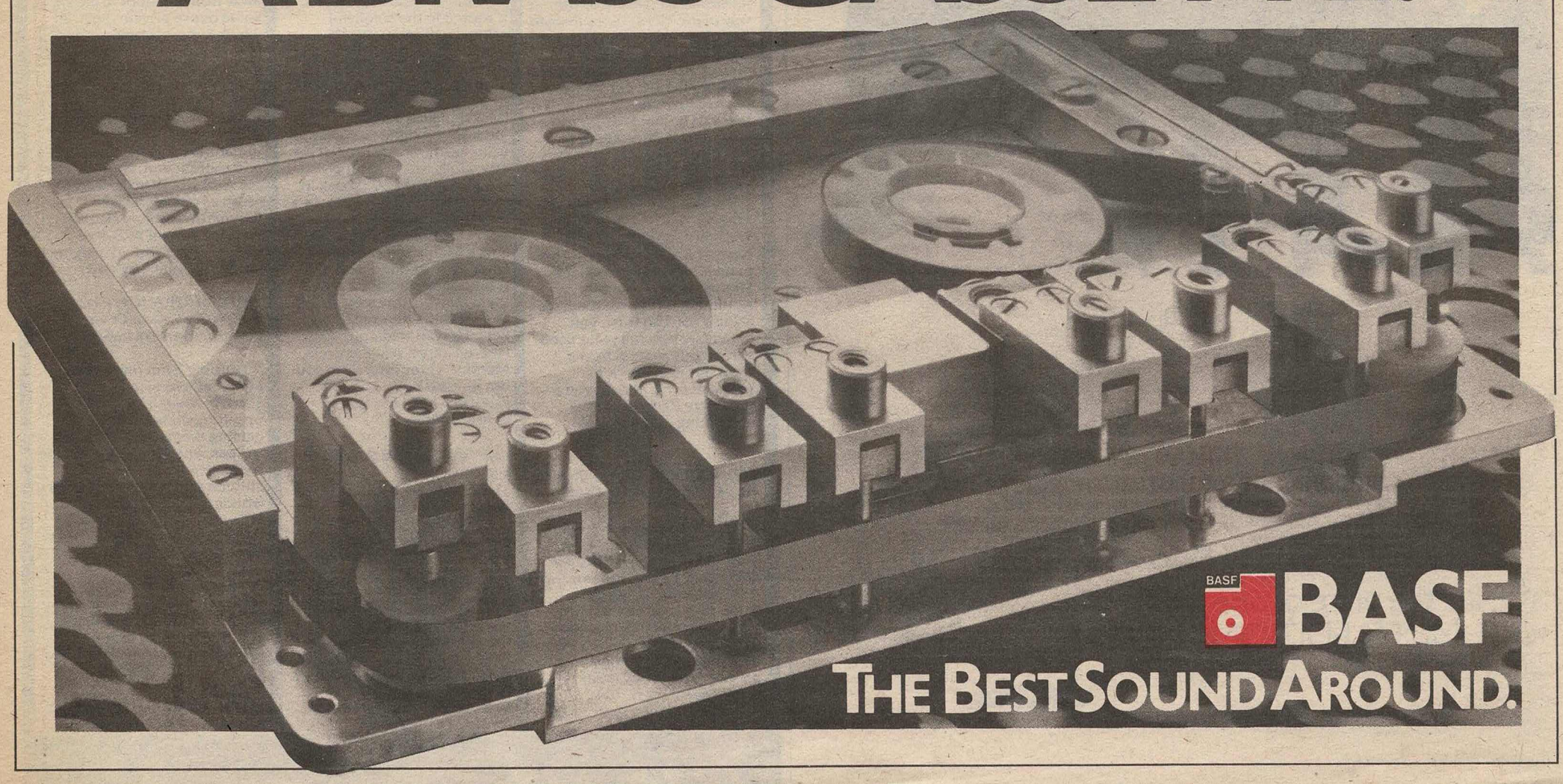

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SUNSHINE STATES

JOSEPH BEUYS: Sonne Statt Reagan/Sun Instead Of Reagan (Musikant/EMI Electrola 12" — German import)

How to explain paintings to a dead hare — or how to slip Joseph Beuys, German artist, landscape gardener, environmentalist, clown, nuisance, educator into the material world of British pop? Easy! Can't picture a better listener than a dead hare myself, one infinitely more open than the insular British, but if you're about erecting barriers that's your problem not mine. So: Hey Joe, where you goin' with that pot of lard in your hand? *"Gonna change me some shapes/Alter the face of the world!"* 61-years-old Beuys, founder of Fluxus, pioneered art as a continuing idea, not a finished product. The bane of the collector mentality, he leaves behind smears of grease and a smudge on the memory all the more difficult to erase because of his work's refusal to be framed and filed away. Just so he doesn't see any contradiction in an artist *getting involved;* he's often challenged politics and its practitioners with puns — the title's a German word play on Sunshine State Reagan — planting germs of doubt, but he's never talked so directly before as here: *"From the country which destroys itself/And dictates to us the way of life/Here comes Reagan bringing weapons and death/When he hears peace, he sees red/As president of the USA he says/Atomic War — yes please, here and there'/Whether Poland, the Middle East, Nicaragua/He wants final victory, that's for sure!/But we want sun instead of Reagan/A life without arms/Whether West or East Missiles must rust!"*
The words and showband clavinet funk aren't his — love to hear him cover a Richard Strange song — but the sentiment is his own. Beuys is a voice you can trust, you should let him sell you a used car. I'd buy canned hot air from this man! With that proposition in mind, even a mediocre Beuys record is something to think about.

THE DEAD KENNEDYS. Bleed For Me/Life Sentence (Statik)

In California where the state of punk art is sickness itself, The Dead Kennedys' jokepuke and plastic turds count for little more than a quick giggle at some co-ed's expense. Still, nice to hear Jello Biafra's not getting any more reasonable and his capacity to hate is as pronounced as his ability to score well on easy, but justifiable targets. The crucial difference between his stance and '60s civil rights movements is that he's not hamstrung by their feelings of guilt and self-loathing. Probably aware that it's their (now middle-aged) consciences he should be tweaking, I'm surprised his Dead Kennedys are as bullheaded as ever, thereby limiting themselves to an audience that agrees with them. If Biafra had Beuys' access the nose rubbing intent of 'Bleed For Me' would've been realised. The flip's 'Life Sentence', however, is probably as neat a summation of the last five Jam LPs as you're likely to get. But, given the choice between spiteful Biafra and the comfy Jane Fonda axis, I'd ultimately choose Non.

. . .THE TEEMING PATHWAYS WE CALL 'STREETS'

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK: The Heavens Are Crying (Diab Le Noir/Virgin 12")

Continuing the Chigago Story with Chris Sullivan recast as The Hoodlum Priest and The Blue Rondos as Amboy Duke delinquents. Hour after hour they stand on corners, jeering and spitting at strangers, only speaking reverently to real mobsters, their slick vaselined hair shining in pools of light. *"The crime rate is rising daily"* reads the newscaster's rap and no matter how much the Priest exhorts them not to become another crime statistic, he knows as well as anyone else where these boys belong. Despite their dubious clothes horsey beginnings, The Blue Rondos blood themselves good and proper with 'The Heavens Are Crying' and their excellence should no longer be denied. 'The Heavens . . .' is rooted in the colourful grimed realism of '50s US melodrama, where the wrong side of the tracks always seemed by far the better place to be; the Hoodlum Priest/Sullivan's well intentioned signposts away from the inner city broil of sin and soullessness naturally tempt the Turks right back in. Horns smirk behind his back as they mark out familiar mean street territory, but they still check for his compassion, while racing congas and rebounding rhythms keep them dancing one step ahead of the Heat. This time. If, in keeping with tradition, 'The Heavens Are Crying' ends in Momma's mournful tears you can be sure The Hoodlum Priest will be at her side to console her.

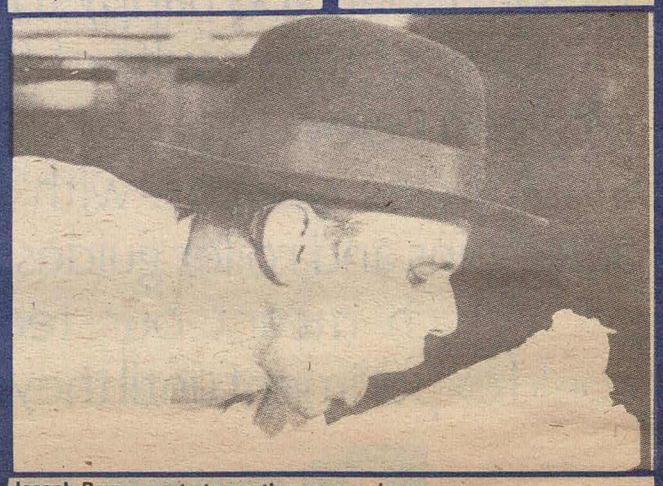
CAPTAIN SENSIBLE: Wot! (A and M)
STING: Spread A Little Happiness (A and M)

Not such unlikely bedfellows. Though Sting might fancy himself as Steve Martin's brazenly optimistic sheet music salesman from Dennis Potter's *Pennies From Heaven*, his contribution to the same writer's *Brimstone* movie soundtrack comes out more like Captain Sensible's 'Happy Talk'. Cardboard beauty he might be, versatile vaudeville card he definitely ain't. Neither is Captain Sensible. Then, so long as he got his A and M money upfront he shouldn't have to worry. The Dolly Mixtures bite the dust on a Chic/Queen riff while the Captain endorses the work ethic, inexplicably sniping at Adam Ant partway through.

SHOW YOUR WOUNDS

PAUL HAIG: Justice/Chance (Operation Twilight)

Paul Haig doesn't need a lexicon to understand the more intimate notions of love as a means of escape from sobriety. Haig gets drunk on love's richer fluids, even when he floats his romance on deceptively light electronics, like on 'Justice'. But his commitment is so obvious he doesn't have to scream it: Love unto death, or at least as long as it lasts. The dark voice coasts it, embodying emotions that words alone can only playfully suggest: *"Beyond the law so I — Way past reason, oh my— I get away — I get away — from it all — tonight."* If there's any left in the world, 'Justice' will be the word on everybody's lips, thereby vindicating Paul Morley's faith. And mine.



Joseph Beuys reacts to another rave review

A CERTAIN RATIO: Guess Who? (Factory Benelux 12")

The increasingly arid ACR don't so much produce records anymore as present us with stark negatives of the finished thing. 'Guess Who?' is the dark shadow of a disco 12" that substitutes dominance and submission for joy and release through movement; it's about stealing dancers away from the floor to attend some dense private ritual. At which Simon Topping (I think) calls the shots, demeaning the dancer with his demands to keep it up, to use his vernacular, forcing it — the dancer is no longer allowed a will of its own — to turn unnatural tricks for the group's grim satisfaction. Nobody else but ACR would make a cruel fetish of common disco innuendo. Nobody else would want to. As ever ACR are unique and, I should imagine, not a little lonely by now.

TRUMMERFRAUEN: Glass Eyes/Work/Yellow Cross (Zensor - German import)

Nothing if not ungrateful, Mannheim female quartet Trummerfrauen begin by upsetting their elders in naming themselves after the women who toiled through the rubble left by the war. The attitude persists through their wonderfully arrogant, not a little unreasonable post punk songs. The best 'Yellow Cross' disinters a few taboos, stirs them in with some contemporary ills such as pollution, Berufsverbot and the fear of Russia, and then, with engaging sarcasm, presents itself as evidence of a society on the verge of hysteria. (Zensor, Belzigerstrasse 23, 1000 Berlin 62.)

PARTY DICTATES FINALLY CONQUER

THE BEAUTIFUL AMERICANS: Parts One and Two (The Compact Organisation)
UROPA LULA: Our Love Has Just Begun (Arista 12")
SCRITTI POLITTI: Asylums In Jerusalem/Jacques Derrida (Rough Trade 12" remix)
ORANGE JUICE: Two Hearts Together (Holden Caulfield Universal/Polydor)
MODERN ROMANCE featuring JOHN DU PREZ: Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White (WEA)
QUEEN: Back Chat (EMI)

'Taint what you do with the way that you do it has become the first and only law of pop. Form and style are now its sole aesthetic. Today the greatest stars have a critic's rather than an artist's sensibility and, like the movie brats, those biggest at the box office are those who closely study form and furnish the right set of references.

Increasingly self-referential, pop is becoming a hermetically sealed academy and though the new icons — ABC, Human League (Soft Cell are way up there on their own, so I don't count them here) — are intuitive enough to survive but the others might well be struggling when the sources run dry and they are forced to turn in on themselves. Still, it's a good game while it lasts — I recognise that reference! — if a bit smug and self congratulatory. Ultimately, all this signifying rather than plainly being or doing places the listener at one remove from the direct, felt experience pop has always purported to be. Consequently its chief practitioners will be rewarded by a lack of commitment when the day of reckoning comes . . . Scritti Politti are the most accomplished and stunning of the critics-turned-technicians. The 12" extended version — again sealed in fine art ad sleeve; last time for Dunhill, this time for Napoleon Brandy, not my idea of the good things in life, but . . . is, of course, part of the game. The alternative 'Jacques Derrida' mix, now bereft of its country backbone rhythm, is another lucid exercise in style. Very consummate, very clever. When it's over I'm left with the old science fiction impression of S.P.'s Green as a big, bulbous disembodied brain, brilliant and totally useless. All wired up and incapable of going anywhere.

Better Green than the pretty, pinky Compact Organisation, whose most conservative equation of pop and '60s quotation is here updated to mid-70s white soul. Thin White Duke vocal, lush production and limp satire of Beautiful Americana, as represented by the *Dick Van Dyke Show*. If I were The Dead Kennedys, I'd send Compact a stinking fish. What's more I'd leave off the stamp. Still new, Uropa Lula gamely avoid direct reference in favour of striking hidden responsive chords — Shirley Bassey? Carly Simon? — and the vocalist's mannered tenor at least has the depth to match his nerve. Now all they need is a song, If 'Two Hearts Together' is the limit of Orange Juice's ambition, they ought to be confined in the nursery with Holden Caulfield's kid sister Phoebe, who is infinitely wiser than wet Edwyn and if his luck holds out she might show him where things are. Though Modern Romance's Geoff Deane can righteously bleat about how his boys cross leads, jump trends and steal more openly than the rest, that just makes them more stupid than reckless and their leader's shamelessness doesn't mean their records are any less shameful. Neither ironic nor absurd, just ridiculous. Ditto Queen, to whom I nevertheless apologise for underestimating their contribution to last year's Bowie collaboration 'Under Pressure'.

ANTENA: The Boy From Ipanema (Operation Twilight)
BIG VIEW: August Grass (Point)
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: Night And Day (Cherry Red)

In which alternative has come to mean the soft option. The present enchanted garden consciousness was pioneered by the frail, yet inventive melodies of Young Marble Giants and the chronic croon of vacuous Vic Godard. All three fall on one side or the other, Antena arrive at the intersection of the two. Everything But The Girl's 'Night And Day' passes by harmlessly. I'd have liked to settle a long running feud with The Thompson Twins by liking the departed Pete Dodd's new group Big View, but . . . All three are as much fun as a wet Weekend, if you get my Gist.

REBBY SHARP: Green Street/Hollow Earth (Zensor — German import)

Virginian-born Rebby has all the natural charm the three above will never attain because they strain so hard for it. A Jonathan Richman-like writer, she accompanies her odd affecting stories alone on barely amplified guitar, with which she plays slightly askew melodies. 'Green Street' is a child's dream recalled, 'Hollow Earth' a wordless calypso.

SOUNDTRACKS AND HEAD: Rain Rain Rain/Ghost Train (Rough Trade 12")

Epic and Jowe, that is, formerly of Swell Maps, presently a far more purposeful duo. Self-discipline — a welcome new trend, according to Sun Ra elsewhere in this issue — isn't a quality normally associated with Swell Maps, but it's amazing how its application can improve focus. Which isn't to say they've lost any of the inquisitiveness responsible for their earlier odd devotions. Here sideways tacking guitar and piano support guest vocalist Carmel McCourt's mildly enchanted reading of a slight night time theme made special by the contrasting, terse rhythm.

ORCHESTRA MAKASSY: Mambo Bado (Virgin 12")
SCHLAFLOSE NACHTE: Drum Dance And Song/Mental (Red Flame 12")

You can see African pop's lure to a dedicated systems analyst like Brian Eno and his sidekick David Byrne. It goes round and round and round, at best to fervent, mesmerising effect. At its most mundane it sends you away bored and reeling. If Orchestra Makassy's easy fusion is representative of the upcoming Afro pop boom being engineered by Virgin and Island then don't be surprised when it passes quickly. Pardon me if I'm wrong, but going by the Orchestra's gentle sway, whoever picked them up didn't venture further than some plush, palmy bar. There's nothing inherently universal about massed drums, cute horn figures and Hawaiian guitars so, though there's enough subliminal association between African and Western pop to render it somehow familiar, I'd recommend a good guide to anyone wanting to go in further.

For the moment I'd rather be teased by the sparer electronic percussion tricks of the Dutch-based multi-nationals Schlaflose Nachte, whose excellent seething 'Mental' unsettles with a flat phased bass and beaten metal score shot through with scattergun piano and horns. But that could be something to do with the books I read.

URBAN SHAKEDOWN: The Big Bad Wolf (Respond/Polydor)

Once stated — *"The big bad wolf/knocking at my door"* — the obvious is echoed into a fierce bludgeoning instrument consisting of Dennis Morris' voice, M's rat-at-the-heels drum style and whatever synthetics they let Martin Hannett drop into the mix. They find a more individual voice in Morris' bilious state of the nation rap on the flip, the few snatches of which that can be heard amid wolf howls and horns suggest he might develop into a valuable, vitriolic commentator. For the present, they're not as exciting as I've just made them sound.

DAVE EDMUNDS: From Small Things Big Things Come (Arista)
BILLY IDOL: Hot In The City (Chrysalis)
FASHION: Love Shadow (Arista)
THE CARS: Think It Over (Elektra)
SUGARHILL GANG: The Lover In You (PRT)
JUDAS PRIEST: You've Got Another Thing Comin' (CBS)
JOHN COUGAR: Hurts So Good (Riva)
SNIFF AND THE TEARS: Hungry Eyes (Chiswick)

These people are so unimaginative it's impossible to envisage them doing anything else if the Good Lord — or good taste — ever prevented them making records. Not that it makes any difference, but Dave Edmunds' got a Bruce Springsteen song to whittle on this time. Billy Idol pouts like Sting, but he's got butterflies for the New Jersey Grease Monkey too. Fashion pick up the Budgie award for going three years before anyone noticed, eventually wearing down consumer resistance through dogged persistence (and a little encouragement from German producer Zeus B Held and Gina X.) The Cars do it because their contract commands them to. Judas Priest do it because they don't know any better. The Pete Wingfield written and produced Sugarhill Gang single has absolutely nothing to say, especially following Grandmaster Flash's extrardinary pacemaker 'The Message'. John Cougar's American success is the sort that took a multiplicity of failed images and a million dollars to buy, meaning he'll be paying it off for the rest of his life. His present looks very French and we all know how good the French are at rock. Sniff snooze at the back of the same class as J J Cale.

JA JA JA: Katz Rap/Mom (Atatak — German import)

Specially for cat lovers. Expatriate American Julie Jigsaw, now resident in Dusseldorf, wittily spiels off a boastful tribute to her boss cat at a frenetic pace set by a runaway rhythm. Her 'Mom' is treated a touch less lovingly on the flip's cutting of ties that bind too closely. Der Plan's Pyrolator produced. *(Atatak, c/o Das Buro, Furstenwall 64, D-4000 Dusseldorf 1, West Germany.)*

MAU MAUS: Society's Rejects EP (Pax)
CHAOTIC DISCHORD: Fuck The World EP (Five Past 1977) (Riot City)

The primitive wisdom of being — reiterated. Believe it or not the males of the Kenyan tribe from which the genuine rebel Mau Maus sprung had to consummate an act of love with a hole in the Earth as part of their adult initiation rites. You probably don't need telling this, but Chaotic Dischord's 'Fuck The World' is not an anthropological investigation of their Mau Mau (punk chapter) comrades' sleeping habits.

ASWAD Satisfy..!

The words have been tailored to Great Britain 1982, rather than some mystical never-never land...
NME – Lloyd Bradley – 17.7.82.

'Aswad's distinctive sound...full sturdy rhythms, lovely horn arrangements and the soulful voice of Brinsley Dan.'
KICKS – Harry Pink – July 1982

'A very good album, it surpasses 'New Chapter' – with some good lovers and also some good crucial roots music.'
PAPA FACE

'Marvellously moving pop music born of repression and struggle.'
'Not Satisfied' goes further than most in making satisfying music that matters.'
MELODY MAKER – Steve Sutherland – 24.7.82.

'Aswad's music is forever maturing into some of the most accessible reggae on sale.'
BLACK ECHOES – Jon Futrell – 24.7.82.

ASWAD

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CBS

Album: CBS 85666 Cassette: CBS 40-85666

AN ENGLISHMAN'S

INTERVIEW·NEIL SPENCER

On a brief visit to London en route from Rome to his New York loft, John Lydon talks exclusively to *NME* about his movie acting debut, the renewed activities of PiL, life in America and, of course, his first love, television.

ONE OF THE big drawbacks to sitting around watching TV all the time is that you can get awful fat. Ask John Lydon.

A long winter of 13-channel New York armchair stupor, the food a phone call away, and there he was, toting 50 pounds of flab and shaping up as a stand-in for Robert De Niro in the latter stages of *Raging Bull*.

"I lost it all in Italy," he says, waggling the loose waistband of his trousers. "I've gone from 36 to 32 . . . on my way back to my customary 28. It's all that New York food, it's so fattening."

The offending pounds were sweated off in the hothouse of a Rome film studio where Lydon has recently been making his cinematic debut opposite American actor and star Harvey Keitel, a leading light in such modern classics as *Blue Collar, Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*.

Lydon describes making the film as "Six weeks of torture — and I loved it."

He's clearly elated by his plunge into the giddy world of acting and movie making, which has seemingly snapped the former Sex Pistol and his cohorts in Public Image Limited out of their moribund Stateside torpor.

Even now Lydon is only back in his native London fleetingly, en route from Rome to Manhattan where he's awaited in the studio by partner Keith Levene and the hired hands of drummer Martin Atkins, already working on the next PiL record; Jeanette Lee, the third member of the PiL triumvirate, having accompanied Lydon on much of his European expedition.

Then there's the series of forthcoming PiL concerts to attend to, Lydon having lost his long-held aversion to public performance along with excess pounds. "I just started to miss it," he shrugs.

It will be the first time the group have deigned to play in public since their abortive and shambolic performance at New York's Danceteria last autumn, a show which ended in a hail of bottles, abuse and bad temper after the group had failed to emerge from behind their video screens after some 20 minutes or more.

"It was never meant to be a gig at all," says Lydon now. "We agreed with the club that we'd do their videos for them and they went and advertised it as a PiL show. Then they completely over-reacted to the trouble — there was no audience riot. It was all so over-played."

These are the first real stirrings from the PiL collective since the corporation shifted its centre of operations from London to New York 12 months ago. For many, certainly for some of the punk diehards with a PiL logo stencilled on their leathers, the decampment was little short of betrayal, a final confirmation that the former icon had quit their cause. Others merely recalled with bitter relish the proclamations at PiL's outset, the loud talk of videos, films, alternative strategies, breaking the stranglehold of rock on musical creativity, that kind of thing.

Instead, since the departure of bass maestro Jah Wobble and a succession of drummers, there had been mostly silence, punctuated only by the release of 'Flowers Of Romance' last summer, the third PiL studio outing, itself met with widespread indifference by press and public alike.

For all its daring, its stark, revolutionary production, its electronic alchemy and aerobatic vocal performances, 'Flowers' seemed to accumulate to something far less exciting, and ultimately *playable*, than the milestone of 'Metal Box'. There were the missing Wobble bass lines for one thing, and there were whiffs of confinement, of a sour domestic introversion, amid Lydon's vocal and lyrical savagery. (For all that it remains one of '81's more inspiring quests.)

As the grey Thatcherite winter unravelled at home, Lydon Levene and Lee took the airs of New York (there being few graces in that particular city) and Rotten drew hard words from those back in Blighty for "getting fat, doing nothing and rolling round New York clubs getting fat" — as Joe Strummer put it from the midst of an arduous Clash world tour.

People expected more. Lydon himself evidently relished the freedom life in the Big Apple allowed him after a London where the pressures of Pistoldom had never quite vanished. There was, for example, the matter of an unprovoked dawn raid by police on the singer's flat which had failed to yield any justification beyond an absurd charge for possession of a Mace gas spray of the type on sale in America to ward off muggers.

Then there was a disturbing weekend spent in Dublin's Mountjoyjail staring the wrong way down a three month prison sentence before an appeal brought release.

When people stopped Lydon on the streets of London, it was usually to harangue him. In New York they tended their admiration . . . Lydon and Lee both maintain the value of the inactivity as a period of gestation, re-orientation, and getting to understand the American process — the group have just completed a new American deal for their own label — but still, the film role, fiercely contested, with both Sting and Bowie considered for the part according to Lydon, came at the right time.

FROM THE gossip I'd half expected Lydon to be sporting an almost Orson Wellesian girth, so it's a relief when he bounds into the living room of his familiar West London flat looking much the same as ever. He's dressed in a slightly oversize grey suit, grey leather shoes and a collarless shirt and carrying a large carton full of Foster's six packs. Only the barnet looks different, unspiked, uncoloured, and parted matter - of - factly. He's on good form.

He immediately rattles into a detailed breakdown of the state of the British TV soap operas after a year's absence, feigning shock at the emigration of *Crossroads'* Meg Richardson and, on mention of *An American Werewolf In London*, a favourite movie, insists on rendering a full length version of the yankee TV's *Dr Pepper* (soft drink) advert jingle, for which he assures me, Werewolf star David Naughton was principally known in the US of A . . .

Lydon's humour — arch, satiric, with an unerring ability to search out the weak spot in the foe, or friend — is perhaps the quality most under-represented in his music. It's the way he tells them, the voice and face at times bewilderingly mobile. Small surprise that acting, even at the upper level suggested by the presence of players like Keitel, should be so natural a development on the man's career.

He remains an imposing presence, radiating the self - assurance of a man firmly in touch with his own identity and experience and devoutly confident of his own considerable talents. There are times when the confidence overspills into a stubborn fixation, but the self - mockery is never far from the surface.

Despite his Rotten public persona — or perhaps because of it — he's essentially a private person, not given to analysis of his make-up or motives by outsiders, particularly the press. He still smarts from the treatment handed out to him in Pistols days, and consideration of his time as shame and scourge of the nation is not of especial interest. Of those who still hold up the Rotten as a holy incarnation of the true anarchic spirit of punk, he says, "Those people never understood what I said at the time, which was to do your own thing, not just copy other people."

Still, a cursory look over contemporary acts proves that Lydon's vocal and stage originality are still as widespread a source of inspiration as ever.

Half a decade on from the Jubilee celebrations, and 'God Save The Queen' at the top of the charts cocking a snook and we have another summer of Royals and Union Jacks, much more a real summer of hate than anything conjured up by the punk poses of '77. (Dole queue rock? We had no idea.)

Most of Lydon's contemporaries from the early days are now slogging it out on the rock and roll circuit, parading meekly on *Top Of The Pops* with the rest of the marketing campaigns, or quietly in abstention. John Lydon continues to evolve — erratically, inconveniently, but still guided by the most valuable commodity in the artist's reservoir — integrity.

Unlike most of the celebrities cast up by the music scene it's hard to imagine he won't always be around in one guise or another. I hope he is.

WE ADJOURN to the local Indian restaurant where the waiters greet John like a long lost customer. He is. Where has he been?

"I been ill . . . Royal Hospital Chelsea. Trouble with a wisdom tooth."

No, says the waiter, he has been in New York. And what has he been doing there?

"I've been getting into real estate."

What's that?

"I just went down and looked at a real estate." (Collapse of party.)

Spencer: What's your current legal status in America?

Lydon: We now carry business permits, which means we can work in the USA or anywhere in Europe.

You don't have green cards (resident status)?

Definitely not. This is another myth. *(Stresses)* I do not ever want to be an American citizen. I carry a Union Jack in my passport and it will stay that way. I don't particularly like the tax system here, and it's much better to earn your money abroad and live here, than earn your money here and live abroad.

Does that make you a tax exile?

No. What we earn in England, fine, we'll pay on that, but what we earn outside will be under different tax regimes and that's something most bands don't seem to be aware of.

Lee: The business permit means we've non-resident status, but with the right to run a business.

Lydon: You see we're setting up our own record label — P.E.P. — Public Entertainment Productions. That's the official American name and under that we'll be hiring American citizens to do various jobs. And that allows us to set up a company there.

We'll be going through Stiff for distribution and possibly marketing. They've actually got a very good marketing system, and distribution — well, they're one step away from RCA and the like.

And you're able to do this because your contract with Warners in America expired?

Yes. Warners offered us a real shit deal which was like, Give yourselves up to us so we can manipulate you. It was a, We'll make you stars if you don't ask for much money situation.

The point is we've *always* said, No, we will not let a management dictate to us. We do our own artwork, write our own songs, produce ourselves. All these things to the likes of Warners are poison ivy. Virgin are not too hot on it either. And how *that* particular situation will end up God only knows.

They're both contracts from Pistols days, how come the Warner one's up and the Virgin one isn't?

Because we signed a contract with Virgin since. The original eight LP deal was too stifling to both sides. Also what we thought we were signing proved not to be the situation. It's amazing how British law can change the meaning of wording in any particular fucking way they like. It's more like semantics— is that the art of emphasis on different words? — well, it's just a power game.

That's something Joe Bloggs isn't aware of— you can sign something that makes it sound *sooo* great, but you wait for one hell of a prick to read it out in court!

This is the running of British law; it's the confusion that keeps them all in office.

Lee: *(changing subject)* I was reading an old *Face* round a friend's place and I came across Julie Burchill's piece on the Falklands. Did you read it?

I always read Julie's stuff, she's terrific.

Lee: Didn't you think it was a bit . . . *(laughs)*

Lydon: She is amazingly predictable. You just change the names round different weeks.

Sounds like British Communism in action.

Lydon: I won't have communism.

It's pretty obvious it doesn't work when you

look at all the countries that have it.

It's a joke. Like Italy— the most penny-pinching country in the world, a race of thieves without a doubt, they steal each other's pyjamas before they go to sleep — and they're *sooo* in love with Communism.

Where I was staying they had a really big rally the day *before* Reagan arrived. Because Reagan arrived on Saturday, and that's their day off and they don't demonstrate on their days off. So Friday afternoon, 300,000 of them — it was like Fiorucci, a parade of Fiorucci. And pink in Rome I do believe is the colour this year . . .

Lee: Or candy stripes.

Lydon: Oh, and frills if you want to be slightly *suggestive* . . . They all had hammer and sickle banners they were waving like that . . . *(strikes arty banner waving pose)* . . . and shouting, REAGAN GO! Then there was a load of old eejits bashing drums to old Italian folk hymns . . . and he hadn't even *arrived!* It was all so typically over the top Italian.

The joke doing the rounds during the Falklands war was that Italy had surrendered just in case.

It's like the Italian salute *(raises arms in surrender)*.

Oh God, Harvey (Keiter) one day . . . there was this particular scene when we got blind drunk, cos if you're gonna act drunk you might as well be drunk for real. For a joke he said, Have you ever seen the Italian salute? And put up his arms and the entire film crew just walked off the set . . . 12 hours a day we worked in that fucking studio . . .

I was going to ask you about your daily routine as an actor.

Incredible. Preposterous people actors, I tell you.

It must be very hard work. What time did you start?

Six, arrive at the studio seven, an hour for costume drama — where did I leave that white shirt nonsense? — and make-up, which I refused to wear.

Surely you have to wear it?

Yeah you do. My face was so white it reflected the lights, because it's a very darkly lit film. I was allergic to the stuff they tried first. This is all 100 degrees in the shade and no air conditioning because it's a direct sound studio. Usually they dub the sound on later. So you're literally baking alive in this damn studio.

It would go on until eight, nine in the evening. Go to the nearest restaurant, eat, and get up next morning and do it all again. Six days a week. There's no such things as tea breaks in Italy, you're allowed one hour off at midday and that's it.

Tell me about the director.

Roberto Fienza. He's apparently famous for one particular picture — *Escalation*, which no one outside Italy has ever seen, but everyone in Italy never stops raving about. It's very trendy for that particular time — 1968. You know, Keep the red flag flying, that kind of stuff.

He's also famous for a book about video replacing cinema, and two books about the Red Brigade and what a jolly bunch of chaps they are. All in all a very typically confused Italian. Like he'll wear that — ugh! — awful style of Italian raincoat with a split V at the back that goes into a bell at the bottom . . . they're so fashion conscious, the eyeties.

Was the film his idea?

No. The idea for the film came from an English author called Hugh Fleetwood. Apparently *The Times* for the last 15 years has been writing nothing but rave reviews of his books. I don't know him from Adam. But this *was* a good part. I could behave as sickeningly as I liked . . . and did!

What about the book?

It's called *The Order Of Death*, came out in 1975.

What's it about?

Guilt. I just think it's about this swine who was in England for his education because his Bostonian parents are so bullshitty that they couldn't have anything but the best for their son. And he comes back far from the best; English public school left its mark and he's very much into masochism.

So have you got star-billing?

No.

But it's not a subsidiary role?

I hope it is. I'm in the film three quarters of the time, but the point is these are all professional actors and I didn't want to argue about billing, slightly from a conceited point of view I'll admit. If you push yourself too far upfront it's demanding too much attention and

C·O·N·T·I·N·U·E·S O·V·E·R

HOME IS HIS HASSLE

PHOTOGRAPHY·ANTON CORBIJN

LYDON

C·O·N·T·I·N·U·E·D

I don't want that. I just want it to be either a film you go to see or don't, and I'm either good or bad. It's not a Dave Bowie or Sting epic. I wanted to break right out that mould. And I think I have, because I think I'm a far better fucking actor that either of those two could ever be.

We shall see. A lot has to do with editing . . . *(resigned)* as I found out.

OVER DINNER we haggle about cinema, Lydon pulping German and Australian movies, while conceding *Picnic At Hanging Rock* and *Devil's Playground* ("one long pisstake of the paddies"). He likes New York cinema audiences, hates American films, *American Werewolf* aside, and thought *The Long Good Friday* was the greatest.

Britain, he says, could make more good films — "but no one's prepared to invest. So what happens? We get Canadian film after Canadian film."

We do? You mean documentaries about Montreal?

"You mean you couldn't recognise a Canadian film? It's like a very bad porno film without the bare tits — that level of acting, usually about bike gangs."

In general, he finds German cinema obsessed with guilt, American cinema with morality, "and the Eyeties will do anything they're asked. They're the bastards of the cinema, they really are."

You seem to have it in for the Italians.

The hatred for foreigners is so intense. They cannot stand the English, but they hate the French more, everyone except the Germans. Rome was bloody crawling with them.

I've never been there, but I'm surprised.

English tourists behave disgustingly abroad. When a coach-load of English pull up the piazza clears instantly. Pigs. But I don't fully understand the Italian hatred of the English cos they got no culture of their own to offer the world. Nothing. Zilch. All their music is English . . . Oh, and by the way they *still* love The Rolling Stones. Every single club I went to, Rolling fucking Stones.

One thing they do follow is English fashion. Even then they get it screwed up. Like you'll follow a guy with all the skinhead clothes down to the last detail and then a mass of curls up here and parted on the side like that, uuuhhh . . .

I tell you what, there's a very weird law here relating to the EEC, that when a continental comes here and causes trouble, the law is they have to be shipped back. But if an Englishman goes to Europe and is caught for a misdemeanour that's prison, they can get jail. It's very peculiar. It's something I wasn't aware of until I went to Italy and met a lot of English people who had decided to live there and found it so bloody impossible . . .

Did you do much in Rome except work?

No, it was 12 hours a day six days a week. I've seen nothing of Italy. I know nothing about Italian people. I might well have been in bleeding Bayswater.

What about everything we hear about pirate TV and radio?

In Rome they have 90 channels.

Good stuff or what?

Good films. Lots of Bruce Lee and Kung Fu films. *(Intones)* The Bruce Lee news went that way! Then a lot of Italian horror films — nuns castrating priests, that kind of thing.

How do they regard Britain in Italy?

They don't. Everywhere outside of Britain regards Britain as a very small island of no significance whatsoever. Take the American market — they don't care what sells a million in Britain. What's the point in caring? Tinpot little country . . .

It's like this East versus West armament thing. You know Europe is the target. America and Russia don't aim their bombs at each other, they aim them at their European fucking controlled satellites. That's the attitude . . . Oh, and you know, they just *love* your accent. You're so quaint. You're a creature from the 15th century, an evening's entertainment for them, that's as far as it goes.

There's no such thing as friendship in that country. You can only be friends with successful people.

Everyone is judged in terms of money, huh?

Everything is based on the dollar. The only prejudice when you get right down to it is money. All colour bars mean nothing if that person has money.

For all its crassness America is a much more open, mobile and egalitarian society.

It's to their blessing, but they haven't really bothered to advance that attitude properly. It's like — oh, gawd, I'll probably be hated by the likes of Joe Strummer for saying this — but you only stick in the gutter if you got nothing to offer.

When people think of New York they always aim in on the black ghettoes and how bad it is there, but the ghetto is a ghetto there and you'll get Irish, Jew, Italian, Puerto Rican in equal proportions. But these are the parts that are not trendy. The main areas are the Bronx, the Puerto Rican areas. And ABCD, which is heavy junky . . .

But in America if you've got something and stick to it there's always someone there with a cheque book at the end of it . . . But even at their most squalid they're not as squalid as a Londoner can be *(laughs)* . . .

You mean, like British violence in America has a reputation for being brutal?

That's not true. British violence has a reputation for being entertaining, they don't take it as strictly serious.

Lee: It has a reputation for being quite frightening.

Lydon: In as much as they don't understand it. There it's one against one with guns . . . er, English violence has never made sense anyway. It's like football violence, when they show the FA cup finals and the camera shows a massive great ruck going on, and they're going *(American accent)*, My God, those limeys, they take their sport so seriously. *(Laughs)*

But they think we're toy town.

It suits you to live there . . .

Here, I get bothered all the time, I can't go nowhere. There, it's so lacksadaisical it's easy to do nothing at all . . . 15 or 16 channels of TV going 24 hours a day, *uuuhhh* . . .

Paradise eh?

You know me and my TV? And a radio you can listen continuously to. . .

It drove me crazy. Getting back here to World Service and *Gardener's Question Time* was like — civilisation.

I've been there a year and I've got over that, uh, sickness, and after the first six months I was really homesick.

Why did you stick it out?

I really wanted to suss out America and the way it works, even down to how to park your car, and it takes that length of time. They work very differently, but they are basically people.

And the PiL strategy now that it's sussed?

Because it's a different country it's easy to look at things more clearly. Here we're still obliged to Virgin contracts. We're selling each territory separately. I know Virgin are very interested to find out what we're doing but sorry Simon (Simon Draper — Virgin MD) we're not saying anything.

Is Reagan more popular or disliked now?

Absolutely no attitude to him at all. Just, like what a bad actor, what a waste of time. He arrived back from Europe, got off the plane, got into his limo and they did a motor tour through New York. No one clapped, no one waved a flag. Just stood still and watched the limousine with 1500 security cars behind. That must be frightening if you're the President of The United States, that's worse than them booing at you, just no attitude, just acknowledging what a nice big car.

BACK CHEZ Rotten Lydon is re-discovering the old reggae tapes that he left behind in the PiL exodus: collections of hit tunes from '77 and '78 by Heptones, Junior Byles, Doc Alimantado and the like, back when the music was hot.

Lydon doesn't listen to reggae these days — "It's gone so far downhill," he says truthfully. Mostly, it's now funk he enjoys. "I think she's a very good singer," he remarks as Odyssey's 'Inside Out' booms out. "One of the very few acts to take over *Top Of The Pops*. Such confidence.

"I'll tell you what I did in New York for a year," he says, gleefully pulling the ring-cap off another Fosters. "Sat and watched American TV. And I loved it."

What happened to your projected collaboration on the soundtrack to *Wolfen?*

We wanted to do that soundtrack a lot, all of us. Warners wanted us to share the soundtrack with Tom Waits and other people on the Warners label and we wanted the whole deal. We wanted a deadly serious soundtrack. That film started out as a 13 million dollar production and they cut it. It was the producer and editor who wanted us to do the soundtrack. What was his name? . . .

Michael Wadleigh (Director of *Woodstock*).

Yeah, he ended up with something like 13 hours of footage and then condensed it to an hour and a half. He had it planned as a three-hour epic, segmented with documentary footage, but Warners, Naaah, can't sell that to the public man, and they done it a death. Because, some of the footage . . . when I saw it I went, Wow, let me start the soundtrack immediately. But none of that was in the film, they cut out all the really good bits, like that episode in the high rise with all the mirrors.

Will PiL do the soundtrack for this new one?

Probably us. It's under negotiation; they wanna hear what we got to offer.

Have you been in the studio? Is there a new LP?

On and off we've been recording over the year, yes. We started on an album before this film came up.

What do you think of 'Flowers Of Romance' now?

It sounds very odd to me now, but I like it a lot. Certain tracks make me sick. 'Under The House' I really love, 'Banging The Door' I really like . . .

How about 'Go Back'?

Too throwaway, not good enough. I came straight out of jail in Dublin and came to London and recorded instantly. Hopeless. That's the way I was feeling at the time, and it shows badly. It's horrible to listen back to that kind of paranoia.

What about 'Metal Box'?

I always liked 'Metal Box'. We recorded it over a year, no two tracks at the same time but it has one sound, all definite to one area.

What about new stuff?

It's been difficult because I've been away two and a half months and that's a long time to be separated. Keith's been at work because we have a very good studio deal with some people we might be amalgamating with. He's been banging down rough ideas and I been sending over lyrics. It's a joke cos I'm the only one who can read music.

When did you learn that?

A late night course at a school down Liverpool Road when I was at school. I was hopeless.

Do you write melodies then?

Oh yeah, give me a piano and I'll bash it out. It's a joke because I'm either getting very talented or music is getting very dull cos in less than three fucking notes I can bash out any tune in the top 30, it's so easy it's sick. They're all the same.

You know that Human League song, that big hit of theirs? The other week we went to an Irish pub and an Irish showband did a version of it and it was *so* much like an old Irish fucking dismal tune it was perfect! It fitted in so well with 'Take Me Home Country Roads' and 'I'm A Rhinestone Cowboy'. Perfect!

Having been away on this film for so long I really do not know what sells anymore. Not in this country. Watching *Top Of The Pops* I'm embarrassed by half of what's selling and I laugh at the other half. I *cannot* understand how people can buy a Steve Strange record. What are they buying? The image is so wallysville, and the music is non-existent . . . maybe I'm getting too old and cynical.

Do you think you are cynical?

No, just honest. Oh, let's talk about cynical. Joe fucking Strummer. When he went missing that time and they cancelled the tour and they found him in parlez-vous francais having a holiday with a young kitty. How lovely! Joe, the kids are where it's at right? Hypocrite!

What makes PiL not a rock and roll band? Apart from the fact you don't do live performances? But then neither do The Moody Blues or The Pink Floyd.

Rock and roll is all about . . well, marketing, selling an image. Not something you can listen to a couple of times a year or so later. Our friend Stevie is very much rock and roll.

Stevie?

You know, that Strange boy from Wales. God I was so surprised how *(Northern accent)*, 'Don't You Want Me Baby' can be so easily converted to an Irish pub song.

Why don't you use some Irish folk songs in PiL music?

Why should I?

Well, it seems to be a source of continuing fascination to you.

No. I'm Irish and Ive been brought up in that environment. It's not a source of fascination. There's nothing brilliant about the Irish I can tell you that. Being one of them I can tell you, they've nothing to look forward to. I am not a potato farmer and never ever wanted to be.

A CALL FROM Keith Levene in New York. He's in the studio and insists on playing back his latest creation over the phone through an open studio door. It sounds like Dr. Feelgood on a bad night. "Terrible Keith, get back to work," chortles Lydon.

A change of videotape to *Raging Bull* brings forth groans from Lydon. "Apparently Scorcese's new film *King Of Comedy* is so bad that the financiers are thinking of withdrawing support and cutting losses." I offer a groan back about *Raiders of The Lost Ark*.

"It was film-quality people were watching in that. Not plot, cos there isn't one; special effects aren't that good, but it *looked* expensive.

It was pure tourism. All the Hollywood brats are blowing it at present. Next up is the Alien as Lassie in *ET*.

This is what's wrong with American cinema, that the directors don't know *nothing*. They buy up these cheap books sitting in their fucking flash Hollywood houses, and they know and do nothing. They try and be weird just for the sake of it. Nothing has any quality any more in America. It's the pits . . .

Oh, De Niro's doing this new film with Sergeo Leone . . . *(groans)*. It's done like in the style of a spaghetti western but about Jewish gangsters in New York running an opium den in the '20s . . . Awful . . .

Maybe I'm very wrong in what I'm saying, but De Niro's on the casting agency which means he handpicks who works opposite him, which doesn't sound good. Also It's taken six years to get into production. They've shot ten days of film and they're into this, Is this film worth going on with? nonsense.

Were they on the same set or something?

Yeah, Chinni Cheetah studio, we had 1 and 2, and they took 2 off us and 3 and 4 as well. They had all these Chinamen . . .

It must have been an eye-opener.

They got me this ballet teacher — right — to lose weight quick; that and the starvation diet. They made me do all the major scenes where I'm practically naked first, so I look fat and cruddy, and at the end of the film I'd lost something like 55 pounds, so there's no comparison. It really doesn't make much sense if you hold up the clips together, like, Look . . but . . UH? *(Laughs)* But the Eyeties won't have it.

Harvey said it was the worst set he'd ever worked on. For me it was . . . I thought, Oh, is *this* what it's like? No more for me. It was just *too* chaotic; it put us in a bad mood every morning.

They'd even pick us both up in the same car each morning. *Every morning* with the same face staring at you, then having to face the same face on set, and then having to have

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NME4

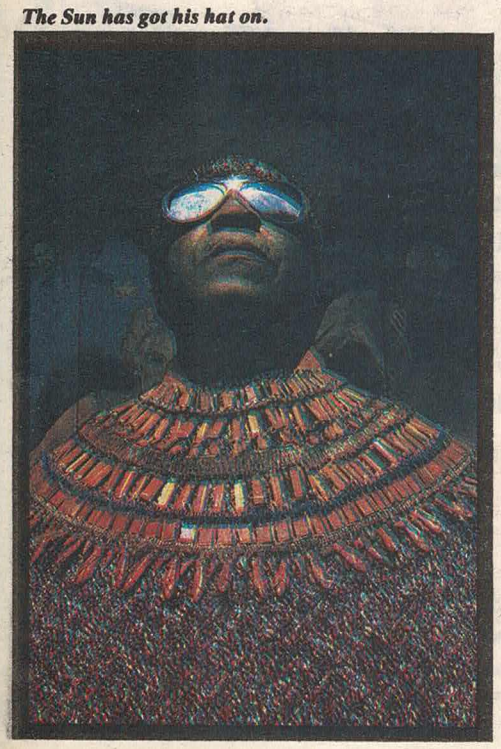
SPACE IS

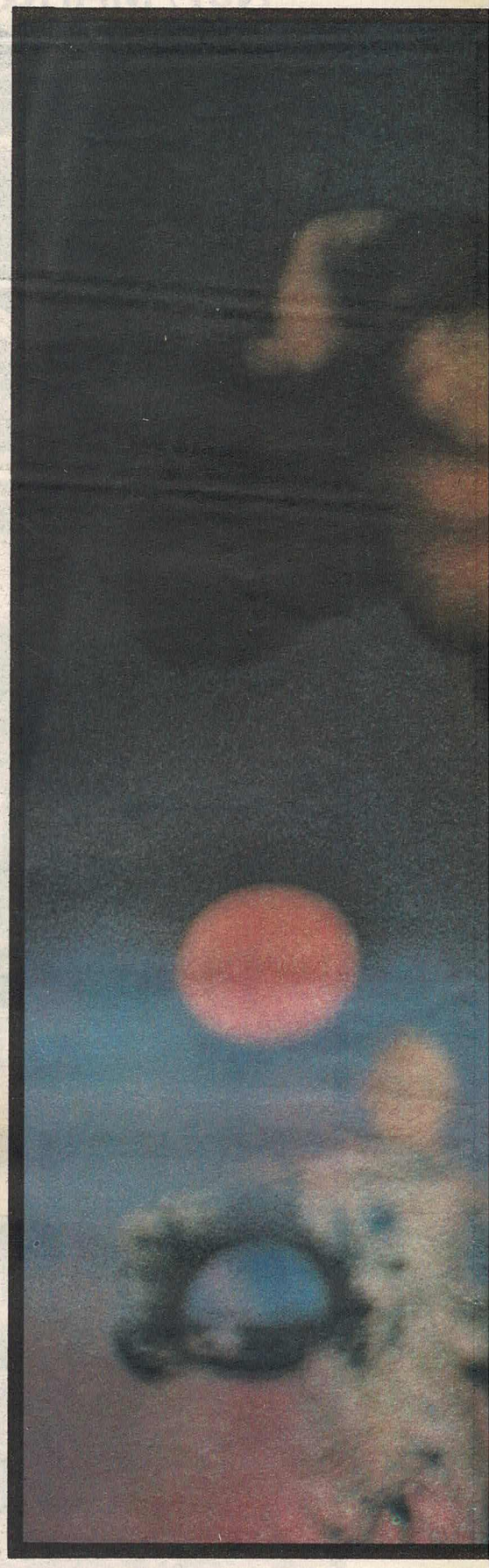
Last week the legendary SUN RA, who claims to come from the planet Saturn, beamed down to earth to play two sell-out concerts at London's Venue. Now in his 70s, the cosmic big band leader has had a colourful and extraordinary career: he formed his own independent label in the mid-'50s, at the same time championed black pride and interplanetary thangs, and has recorded over 200 LPs. A busy man, it is said he has no time to sleep.

ANDY GILL, his greatest fan, attempts to get a word in edgeways with Mr Ra.

ANTON CORBIJN indulges in some spaceage photography

The Sun has got his hat on.





"THERE's a book called *Jazz In The USA* put out by the United States Information Bureau, and it says my music is *the Ultimate.*"

Sun Ra clears his throat and continues. "Got a big picture in there. They got the whole history of jazz, from New Orleans. At the end of the book they got my picture, and they say, The ultimate in music."

He sits back, beams, and chews on the lemon from his umpteenth rum and coke.

He's chuffed to bits, and why not? Even the government's come round to realising there's more to his strange sounds than just plain weirdness.

SUN RA wears weirdness like a mantle, just as startling as the garish multi-coloured robes and shiny sequinned skullcaps he likes to wear on stage. He has done all his life.

Now hovering somewhere round his seventh decade, this benign despot and his army of an Arkestra have been confounding expectations and outraging tender sensibilities since he left Fletcher Henderson's big band to form his own in the early '50s. Even before that, he was confusing all but the most outlandish ears with arrangements hardened jazzers claimed were just unplayable.

They weren't, of course. You just had to hear them right, that's all. Though even today, with the benefit of a hindsight which could dismiss the early Arkestra recordings of the mid-'50s (locatable on albums like 'Sun Song', 'Sound Of Joy', 'Supersonic Sounds' and 'Angels And Demons At Play') as the demented ravings of a hard-bop big band — no mean feat in itself — there's something odd about the textures and rhythms at play beneath the surface "jazz" veneer.

The restrained processional rhythms of a track like 'Tiny Pyramids' (imagine camels dancing and you're halfway there) are still unique today for all but Ra himself, and his emphasis on drums in general — best represented on 1959's majestic 'Nubians of Plutonia' — is without parallel in western music. At a time when jazz was looking sharp and cool and taking dope, he alone was looking to his roots, to African drum choirs, Egyptian myths and strange philosophies of life.

And not just to the past. From the beginning, Sun Ra's had an obsession with space travel and the future that goes way beyond the bounds of NASA, linking those ancient myths and legends with celestial forces like some musical Von Daniken, and expressing his belief in writings as numerous and bizarre as the handles he gives his Arkestra: The Solar Arkestra, The Solar Myth Arkestra, The Myth-Science Arkestra, The Astro-Infinity Arkestra, The Intergalactic Infinity Arkestra, The Astro-Intergalactic-Infinity Akrestra, The Intergalactic Research Arkestra, The Blue Universe Arkestra, The Intergalactic Cosmo Arkestra, The Cosmo Jet Set Arkestra. . .

A typical Sun Ra writing chases its tail to infinity, like one of those self-devouring snakes seen in Eastern prints and Escher drawings.

Try *From Another Forever* for starters:

"Out" Is The Way Of The Outer End
"In" Is The Way Of The "Inner"
The End Of The "Inner" End Is Different
From The End Of the "Outer" End, Because
The Outer End Is The Outer On
Yes, Out Is The "Outer" And In Is The
"Inner".

Got that? Then how about *Sound Myth?*

After The Myth Comes The Origin Or
After The Origin Is The End
Comes The Myth.
This Myth is Descriptive.
It Is Either One Or The Other Except For
The In-Between, Which Is A Seeming
Neutral Point.

Right.

A lot of people get pissed off with Sun Ra's poetry. They think it detracts from the enjoyment of his music. A lot of people are just too damned serious for their own good.

How do you take seriously a man who comes from Saturn?

SATURN, ALABAMA, that is. Herman Sonny Blount was born in Birmingham, Alabama, sometime between 1910 and 1915, drifting north like many deep-south blacks in the '30s and eventually settling on the South Side of Chicago, where he adopted the name of Sun Ra.

There, after an apprenticeship in bands of varying styles and sizes, he started drawing together the musicians for the Arkestra, isolating them from the rest of the world in a sealed community where his desires held sway. Like some military commander, he built the band on discipline and practice, expecting them to be able to play at a moment's notice any one of a series of gruellingly difficult 'Disciplines' he'd written, and imposing a lifestyle of strict asceticism which many found impossible to take.

At an early age, he'd renounced organised religion for the way it helped keep southern negroes down, and whilst in Chicago he embarked upon a quest to raise the self-esteem of fellow blacks, forming an organisation which, years before James Brown tried something similar, encouraged young black kids to stay in school and study for jobs in engineering and electronics.

It's not something he talks about too much, but black pride's an obvious factor in what the Arkestra's about, providing by example a touchstone to African ancestry and a taste of future possibility. The nobility, precision and co-operation of a big band is, to Ra, a better way for blacks to operate than the ego-riddled ramblings of a small group. Besides which, it offers an incomparable palette of harmonic and textural combinations.

"You can't do too much harmony with just one or two people," he explains. "Armies have thousands, millions of men. Why shouldn't a band have millions?"

Over a hundred musicians have passed through his ranks since then, as the Arkestra has moved from Chicago to New York and latterly to Philadelphia, but it says something for Sun Ra's powers of persuasion and the apostolic reverence with which his band regard him that the two

Sun Ra in appropriate cosmic company.

mainstays of the Arkestra, alto and tenor giants Marshall Allen and John Gilmore — the latter a major influence on John Coltrane — are still with him after nearly 30 years, having foregone certain fame and fortune as solo artists in their own right just to keep on playing his music.

Still, what loss is that, they'd say. The recorded output of any of jazz's major figures — even Miles — dwindles to insignificance (in terms of quantity and variety of styles) at the side of theirs. Ra estimates that, to date, some 200-plus albums have appeared, the bulk of them on Saturn Records, the independent label he formed way back in the '50s.

Starting off with the big band arrangements mentioned earlier, the Arkestra repertoire has since expanded to encompass bouts of collective improvisation, synthesiser space-dances, chants, songs, and any number of curious one-off investigations of bizarre musical highways and byways, the band inventing instruments when necessary and adapting others to fit new needs.

No one LP — or ten — can give any but the most fragmentary, piecemeal impression of what Sun Ra's music is all about. All human life is there, and more besides.

THE BEST way in to Sun Ra is through his concerts, breathtaking displays of serious fun and virtuosity which can last as long as six hours, taking in the entire past history of jazz and throwing out pointers as to where it could be headed in the future.

Part of Ra's current purpose, like Ry Cooder and Taj Mahal in other fields, is to keep alive the music and traditions of an earlier age, and not just as dry history. Instead, old standards like 'King Porter Stomp', 'Yeah Man!' and 'Take the 'A' Train' are re-routed through the '80s, their original innocence and joy intact but coloured with the knowledge of what's happened since.

It's the spirit of the thing that counts, and that's present in abundance, overflowing physically into free-blowing dance sessions, mock trumpet duels and similar wildness. At one moment the dozen-strong Arkestra will be sat behind their music-stands, running through a complex Ra arrangement to the accompaniment of sundry mummers and dancers, the next a rude trombonist will be literally chasing a baritone saxist around the stage as a bass clarinetist lies on the floor, horn in the air, honking mournfully.

It's like some mad tribal version of a military tattoo, gold capes and brightly coloured costumes darting hither and thither, a flurry of confusion. At various points, the whole band will get up and dance around the stage doing a call-and-response chant with Ra, or give their versions of some cosmic dance as Gilmore sings *"Do the Thang! Do the Thang! Do the Inter-plan'try Thang!"* Then it's back to the seats, and a Ra synth-solo of rasps, whines, squeals and claps of thunder; then a cool blues boogie, then a frantic dash of bop. . .

. . . and all without a pause. As soon as one piece finishes, Ra's sketching out the intro to the next. A quick search for the appropriate chart, a couple of bars in, then *WHAM!* and the whole band's off again. The energy and endurance on display — not least by Ra himself — is quite astonishing, a dazzling testament to his emphasis on discipline and work.

For ears accustomed to paltry 50-minute sets, just *listening* can be exhausting. One gets the impression that the half-hour intermission is for *your* benefit, not theirs.

As if to prove the point, when I go to interview Sun Ra in the morning after the first of last week's four-hour shows at the Venue, he's in far finer fettle than myself. Do they always play as long as that, I ask?

"As *long* as that? We usually play six hours in New York. It's about endurance, y'know, about creativity and infinity, so you don't have any time limit. If you're creative enough, six hours isn't long enough. It don't make no difference to me — I lose track of time."

Much the same could be said for the way he approaches interviews.

YOU DON'T actually *interview*

CONTINUES

THE PLACE

SUN RA

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Sun Ra as such; what happens is that you pick out a suitable question from your list, ask it, and then sit back for ten or 15 minutes as he completely ignores your question and talks — *declaims* would be a better word — about what he wants to, which is odd stuff at the best of times.

You're left staring at your own reflection in his mirror shades, wondering where the sermon ends and the wind-up begins, and when there's a pause, you're just about to ask another question when he cuts in a split second before you and goes on for another five minutes. He's obviously had a lot of practice at this kind of thing.

I'm reminded of a Muhammad Ali press reception I once attended: there's the same qualities of dignity, arrogance and evangelism, only Ali's quicker on his feet and Ra's quicker on his brain. They're both black, too, something that's hard to overlook when you're surrounded by four or five members of his entourage all nodding sagely in agreement with everything he says.

What makes things even more difficult is that his Alabama drawl is so pronounced it's often impossible to make out what he's saying, and after the first half-dozen times you get a bit embarrassed saying Pardon? and just let it go. Resistance quite soon becomes futile; your questions go out the window and you let him run his course.

Here, then, is an edited version of that course. Readers of a tender liberal temperament are advised to have at hand a sack of two of salt. . .

You use a lot of references to the past and the future. What function do they have as regards your music?

"Well, that was in my celestial infant stage. I've risen up above the past, the present and the future, that no longer concerns me. Because it's not doing anything anyway — the past didn't really do anything for people; if it had, they wouldn't be in the cemetery. I'm off in something else, but since I'm not a preacher or a politician, it's difficult."

Well, why aren't you a preacher or a politician? Why be a musician if you feel you have something else to offer?

"Politicians are out to please people. I'm not interested in pleasing people. Politicians give 'em what they want, I'm gonna give 'em what they need. And preachers, righteous people, I'm not interested in that either. I'm interested in something that'll *work*. Death accepts everybody, so somebody's got to do something about it."

But isn't death inevitable, one of the immutable truths?

"Nobody ever tried to find out why. Einstein was tryin'. He said that equations was the way to immortality. He was right, he just didn't get the chance to do it. It all depends on equations, on blueprints. Somebody set the blueprints for people to die, and that's the only reason they die. It's a set-up.

"A lot of people end up in the kingdom of death — it's probably what they're lookin' for. But they don't know they're lookin' for it. Because certain words, y'see, trigger action. Certain words, and they use those words on this planet, and they are *good,* but they're DEADLY. Like 'Freedom' and 'Liberty' and 'Peace' and 'Justice' — deadly words to humanity."

Why are they deadly?

"You judge the tree by the fruit. If liberty and freedom and truth and justice and equality were any good for humanity you'd have a better world. But you don't."

Have you got any better words, then?

"Yes! I got some words that are not in the dictionary.

"Like *Omniverse*, that's never been expressed before, by no philosophers. It's a password to be part of something that's so great and splendid that man can never reach that level.

"Man's mind can never conceive of anything beyond the universe. And I'm not dealing with 'universe', that's a very small thing. I'm dealing with Omniverse now, and the Emperor of the Omniverse, who is a thorough dictator who sets up things according to what you desire. It's all according to what you desire.

"Things might seem very good, but I look at the end results. And the end result for all nations is death and the cemetery. It's not that I'm afraid of death, or anything like that, 'cos death sent me a personal message, and he's a much better friend to me than people."

DO YOU believe in the Buddhist theory of regeneration, that life and death are just parts of a cycle?

"A *cycle?* Death is not a cycle, death is an empire that is incredibly huge. Nobody's really dead, y'know. They over there in captivity. It's just like the man come along and put people in jail. The bible says so, but no-one believe that.

"I'm not tryin' to convert nobody, I'm not like a preacher sayin' come one, come all — I know everybody can't be a part of what I'm talkin' about, of an inner circle of the emperor. They gotta be pure hearts, and most people aren't, because they compromise. But if a person is thoroughly evil and never compromise, he's filled with it. A good person who's compromised is not suitable, but a bad person who never did nothin' good is quite suitable, because he got himself together.

"I'm not dealin' with *love* — I get millions of people talkin' about love, but love does not save you from dyin', so they be undecided and say, what will? And I'm sayin' that *hate* will, and they must hate themselves so bad until they change. If I can get people just to hate themselves, we can have a better world."

But hate is usually directed at someone other than the self. . .

"Well, you know, these are not my words. The bible says you must hate your life, and they talking about love, they preachin' that Jesus represented love.

" 'Hate' seems to be a bad word. It *is* a bad word, so what? People are bad, they born bad. Even sex is bad. Of course they have to have sex, and they have to be born, but it's a terrible bloody thing. So I'm not fixin' things up with romance and all that. I'm talkin' about the real truth.

"Fellah ask me, What about sex? I said, Sex? Sex is wrong, y'know? So he said, How can you say sex is wrong? That's how people come here. I said, Well, ain't no one no good, so sex just have t'be wrong, otherwise it'd produce some good people. And I have to judge the tree by the fruit.

"But this guy got me wrong, he say, How can you say sex is bad? I say, I don't say it's *bad;* it's *good!* That's when they do it. But it's still wrong! That wasn't what he wanted to hear . . !"

So would you say mankind is just a big mistake?

"Not a mistake. It's just like when the police put a person in jail. This is really a spiritual prison, y'know. That's why y'got all these nations, they're all jails. Like, England is a jail, you can't get out of here without a passport. France is a jail, every country in the world's a jail. You can't get out without comin' past the guard. And that's the same as any penitentiary.

"One time I made a movie before the White House (a scene in Robert Mugge's *Sun Ra: A Joyful Noise),* and I said the President of the USA is in a jail because he got the bars all round the White House, with guards 'n' everything. And really, he wasn't protected either, so I don't know what they was doin' with him.

"They have no protection for leaders, and I'm against that. I think the leaders spend a lot of time caring about people. They should not be assassinated. They might be bad leaders, but the people are bad too, so the pot can't talk about the kettle. They expect the leaders to be perfect, when 24 hours a day *they* do everything they want to do and everything they shouldn't do.

"Take the United States — they fired a congressman, a guy who's on all the committees, simply because he went out with his shake-dancing girlfriend. Now, every man go out with their girlfriends and they can be anything; but a congressman's a man too, so how come he can't go out with his shake-dancing girlfriend too, like other men?

"But they penalisin' leaders — don't do this, don't do that — and they run out and do everything they want to do, and nobody better say nuthin' about it. So people got the upper hand. In other words, if you're a leader you're a public servant. That's why I don't want to be one.

"I think it's wrong to have a government of the people, for the people and by the people and not have a government of the leaders, for the leaders and by the leaders, to speak up for leaders. People been sayin' that they be at the mercy of leaders, but it's a two-way thing.

"I know I'm a leader, but I've been watchin' these other leaders and they haven't been treated properly. That Moses didn't treat Pharaoh right. He went to school on the Pharaoh, was just like a son, and you mean to tell me he would cause an insurrection and cause all that struggle in Egypt, and lead all those people out into the desert, and all of 'em die, and yet the world respect him as representin' God?"

(Cries of "Ridiculous!" and much nodding of heads. The sermon drifts round to Ra's purpose here on earth.)

"I'LL BE DOIN' them cosmic things from now on, because God, or the creator, or whoever I'm dealin' with — it might be the devil himself — wants me to do somethin' about this planet. I'm just one person, I don't have no guns or atomic bombs, and I have no ambitions to be a leader here. I'm pure in heart, and sympathetic with humanity, the good ones and the bad ones. It's the only way it can be done."

So why play music?

"Well, music is the universal language. I can't speak all these languages. I could if I so wanted, but it'd take a long time, and even if I did that, I'd have to be part of the culture of whatever country I'm speakin' the language of, be on the same vibrational plane. And that is not what I want, 'cos if I start to speak in the same rhythmic vibrations as an Englishman, I'm going to *be* an Englishman, because the vibrations of the way you speak make you what you are.

"And the music I'm doin' is above all that — it's not a part of the cultures of the world, it's celestial . . . *skullduggery.* My job is to agitate on earth and make people hate themselves so they can change.

"If I played this music the way it should be played, millions of teenagers would leave home.

"This woman journalist prophesied ten years ago that I'm gonna get all the teenagers in the world, and I've been worried about it ever since. I don't want to be around teenagers, they're chips off the old block — and the old blocks ain't so good, so I don't want 'em.

"A lot of people say, Leave it up to the young people. They shouldn't put these burdens on them, pretending they can save the world. They can't be dealing with freedom, 'cos they don't know nothin' about what's happening out there. They need some discipline. Without discipline they're facing sure destruction, because there ain't nothin' but chaos, y'know? It's a big Omniverse, and people can't be left out there talking about freedom because they'll hurt themselves.

"I hate the idea of being on this planet. It's a terrible place, and I always knew when I first arrived here. But what can I do about it? I tried talking to black people, and they weren't listening. I told 'em about the space age, that man's gonna go to the moon, and they weren't listening. I told 'em about instruments that would be invented, electronic instruments that you'd have to blow, and they said, That's ridiculous, you'd get electrocuted. But I got six of 'em now.

"I tell 'em, but they don't listen."

So who do you tell next?

"I'm telling you now. You tellin' England. You're the pivoting point.

"I had an experience in Chicago where a black woman said she was astral travelling and she came into the kingdom of Satan and he told her, You got one split second to get out of here, I don't allow no women in my kingdom. I only allow Englishmen in my presence at this point. Nobody else. Get out!

"That's what she said. Satan said he only allowed Englishmen in his presence.

"When they had the Argentina thing, I said, Argentina can't win. They can fight all they want, ain't nothin' happenin'. England gonna win. What happen? England won. It wasn't because they was fightin' so hard, it's just that they got somethin' on their side.

"England got a lot of psychics. I'll probably meet some of them, 'cos they got to meet me now to see what to do. The sun never sets on the British Empire. I'm sitting right here now. I came to visit them.

"I'm doin' like Paderewski did. He gave up a whole career to save his people. He saved Czechoslovakia, the only man who could do it. And Albert Schweitzer gave up his career and went to Africa tryin' to develop some black people to be capable of steppin' into the white race's place when they've gone as far as they could go. That's what he was tryin' to do, but he wasn't successful because Africa's spiritually dead, and you can't do nothin' with people that's spiritually dead.

"So I'm gonna take this music and give people a touch of something else, to enlighten them, so they can see how insignificant they are, and how very important they are at the same time. That's all I'm tryin' to do, get them to see their place in the scheme of things. And when you get so you're in the scheme of things, you're not free.

"The sun's not free, it's been up there all these thousands of years and not demonstrated freedom. It's demonstrated precision and discipline. Humanity should take a cue from the sun and say, I'm gonna be precision and discipline too."

BUT IF there's no free will, why bother doing anything? If it's all determined, there's no choice involved.

"Well, there is such a thing as freedom, but I don't need it. I have to be up studying my music and writing while other folks is asleep if I want it to be correct. I have to check and double check on every note I write, 'cos I've a human form, and the human mind gets tired and makes errors. But the spirit does not, so I'm dealing with something I can trust."

Many thanks to Val Wilmer for the chapter on Sun Ra in As Serious As Your Life, *without which this article might never have existed. — AG*

(VERY) SELECTIVE DISCOGRAPHY

All the following are worth searching out for one reason or another, though none are remotely representative of Sun Ra as a whole.

Angels And Demons At Play. Saturn 1959? Impulse 1974
Art Forms Of Dimensions Tomorrow ..... Saturn 1965
Astro Black ..... Impulse 1973
Disco 3000 ..... Saturn 1978
Fate In A Pleasant Mood ..... Saturn 1959 Impulse 1974
Heliocentric Worlds Vol 1 ..... ESP-Disk 1965
Heliocentric Worlds Vol 2 ..... ESP-Disk 1966
Horizon ..... Saturn 1971
Lanquidity ..... Philly Jazz 1978
The Magic City ..... Saturn 1960 Impulse 1973
Media Dream ..... Saturn 1978
My Brother The Wind ..... Saturn ?
Nidhamu ..... Saturn 1971
Nubians Of Plutonia ..... Saturn 1959 Impulse 1974
Nuits De La Fondation Maeght Vol 1 Shandar 1970 Recommended 1981
Nuits De La Fondation Maeght Vol 2 ..... Shandar 1970
Of Mythic Worlds ..... Philly Jazz 1980
Omniverse ..... Saturn 1979
Other Planes Of There ..... Saturn 1966
Seductive Fantasy ..... Saturn 1979
Sleeping Beauty ..... Saturn 1979
Solar Myth Approach Vol 1 ..... Byg 1971 Affinity 1978
Solar Myth Approach Vol 2 ..... Byg 1971
Sound Mirror ..... Saturn 1978
Sound Of Joy ..... Delmark 1968 (rec. '57)
Space Probe ..... Saturn 1973
Strange Celestial Road ..... Rounder 1980 Y 1982
Strange Strings ..... Saturn 1966?
Sunrise In Different Dimensions ..... hat Hut 1981

THE HITCH-HIKERS GUIDE TO SPEED

Going to the Reading Rock Festival this year? If you're hitch-hiking we wish you luck and hope you arrive in time to catch your favourite bands. But before you slog the long hot road just think how convenient it is to travel with British Rail. Reading is under half an hour away if you travel on the frequent and speedy 125 from Paddington and there are many other fast Inter-City routes to Reading. And it won't cost a lot.

Do you know about the good deals we have to offer? If you have a Young Persons' Railcard you can buy a half-price Ordinary Single, Ordinary Return or Awayday Return ticket. Then there's the Party Size Awayday offer from stations in the South-East — one person pays the Awayday fare and then up to four others can travel for only £1 each.

When you arrive at Reading Station it's easy enough to get to the Festival site — just follow the signs . . . or ask a Policeman.

For full details of train services, fares and special offers, ask at your local station or appointed travel agents.

Have a good Rock.

Acknowledgements to the Pan Book Edition of Douglas Adams The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy published at 95p.

This is the age of the train

LPs

CALIFORNIA NIGHTMARIN'

WARREN ZEVON

The Envoy (Asylum)

OF THE shoal of eccentrics fortunately still swimming in American waters, Warren Zevon has always seemed one of the least comfortable. His vision darkened by every passing cruelty and haphazard blow in a community brooding behind locked doors — the labyrinth is Los Angeles, of course, but any urban sanctum of suspicion bears resemblance — Zevon's eyes turned to mercenary territory. It's done him no good. Searching for a code of honour missing in the deceits that blacken the foothills of home brings the realisation that (as recounted in 'Roland The Headless Thompson Gunner') things are no cleaner out there.

'The Envoy' is his fifth record. It follows a singularly awful live album which suggested that Zevon was, after all, quitting his idiosyncratic trails for the paunch'n'roll tedium of the regular rock show. So the excellence of the best tracks here, while giving no cause to abandon the nagging doubt that he's always under-achieving, is encouraging. I hesitate to applaud more because euphoria is no constituent of Zevon's scansion.

He steeps the songs in West Coast rock'n'roll, which is appropriate in a way most of his neighbours cannot fully grasp: Zevon's acid diagnoses have to embrace the sunstruck muscularity of this sound to function effectively. In 'The Overdraft' and 'Ain't That Pretty At All' the sheer punch of LA studiology carries its own particular power to affect — there is no sense of spontaneity, but it suits the cold rage that sleeps in Zevon's best writing.

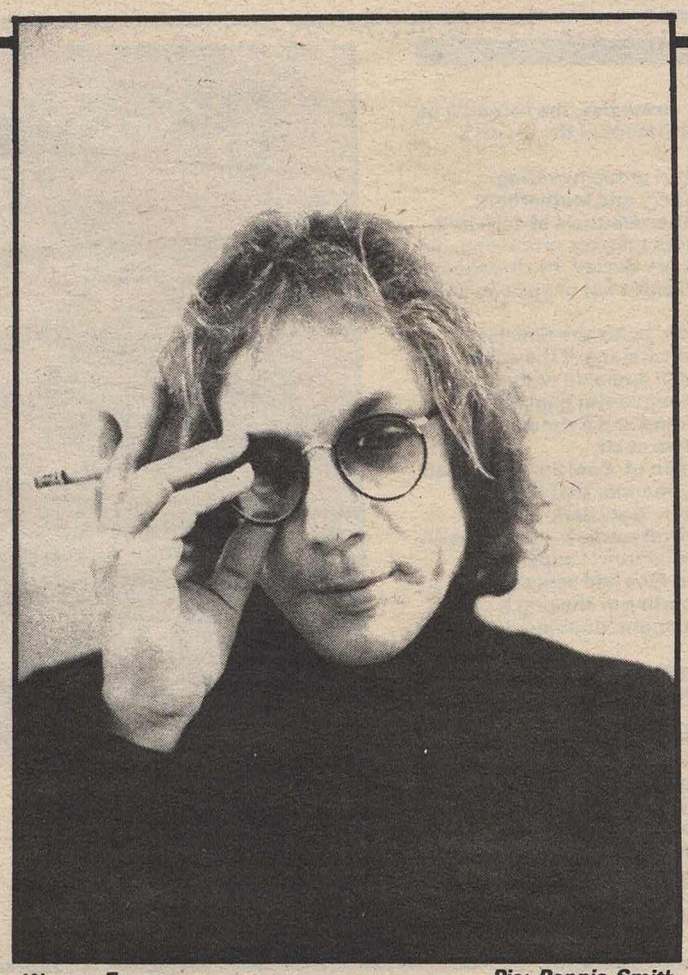
In fact, the record's impact is weakened by its erratic temperament. 'The Hula Hula Boys' is an oddly attractive, rueful ballad about a partner lost to the natives; 'The Envoy' itself, a prescriptive resume of global unrest, and 'The Overdraft' are terse and severe works of heavy build and light substance; 'Jesus Mentioned' is a soliloquy on Presley of precisely chiselled irony, and 'Let Nothing Come Between You' finds a note of almost jaunty determination — a lovers' optimism. That's the first side.

The second has the sharpest and deepest moments. 'Ain't That Pretty At All', an assurance that nothing's any good, is the one moment on the LP that revives the crazed and drooling atmosphere of 'Werewolves Of London': Zevon's wild-eyed roar and braying synthesiser are perfectly in synch with this hedonist manifesto. The following 'Charlie's Medicine' is its eclipse — this is one of the finest things he's ever spawned.

Songs, for Zevon, are the twilight of feelings worked through or the frame for a half-seen episode that promises something far uglier underneath. In 'Charlie's Medicine' little enough is admitted. A dealer is murdered by a *"respectable doctor from Beverly Hills"*; Zevon is informed by his sister, and he goes to settle an unpaid bill. Sisters, pharmaceuticals, debts: everything is a smidgeon askew, as warned by the sour edge to the music, and motives and consequences are resigned to the imagination. Zevon, who's in excellent vocal form throughout, sings it with an eerie seriousness.

He chooses to close, surprisingly, by reprising the upward gaze. 'Never Too Late For Love' is rather too easy a resolution — *"You say you're tired / How I hate to hear you say that word"* — for its content *is* a tired filling from a complex and demanding songwriter. If Zevon can't quite bring himself to deliver a whole record in the vein of 'Charlie's Medicine' then at least 'The Envoy' does offer his best (worst) side a fair showing. One day he should really unburden his conscience — then we'd hear something.

Richard Cook



Warren Zevon *Pic: Pennie Smith*

CHARLY'S ANGELS

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Southern Soul Belles (Charly)

Stan's Soul Shop (Charly)

SSS Soul Survey (Charly)

Sehorn's Soul Farm (Charly)

Gaz's Rocking Blues (Chiswick)

New Orleans Rhythm & Blues (Krazy Kat)

LEE DORSEY

All Ways Funky (Charly)

HERE'S A triple order of southern deep-fried grits'n'soul from Shreveport Louisiana and Nashville Tennessee; a double shot of rhythm and blues of finest New Orleans vintage; a lashing of dancing sauce from the hand of a master DJ; and a garnish of rough, tough Lee Dorsey, also of the Crescent City.

All are strictly *a la carte* creations from small labels whose love of music exceeds their profit margins by a long hop. Take Charly Records: the company seem to whomp out another dozen titles of their vast R&B series every time your back's turned, and have now built up a formidable catalogue of prime post-war black music, much of it previously neglected.

The quartet of soul compilations here are showcases of songs and artists originally committed to vinyl in the steamy southern states by small labels like Jewel, Paula, SSS, Silver Fox and Sansu in the late '60s and early '70s.

It was a time when the pioneering labels and names of '60s soul — Motown and the Soul Clan — had mostly ossified into cliche. Those that hadn't were busy innovating to catch up with/cash in on the fresh inventions and subject matter of rock, an era when Norman Whitfield, Sly Stone and James Brown were making the running.

Down south they stuck to their horn sections and extrovert vocals and continued to refine the R&B and gospel traditions of soul in a more conventional way. No 'Psychedelic Shacks', no 'Sex Machines' — just deeper and deeper into the dark pool of love, romance, heartbreak and devotion. They wrote and recorded songs with titles like 'One Way Love Affair', 'Take This Hurt Off Me', and 'I Get My Groove From You', sung by artists with exotic names like Reuben Bell and Shay Holiday.

For the most part these were men and women forced to make a living outside of music, and they fairly wrung their beings dry for their intermittent or solitary excursions onto vinyl. Though most don't bear the regal stamp of a Marvin, Curtis or Aretha, the performances here all fairly drip with feeling, be it the unexpended passion of a broken love affair or the simple exhilaration of a night out. Some went on to become regional hits, a few sold a million, most vanished in the market place or became collector's items in faraway Britain.

Tommie Young

Each compilation gives you a sample of all sorts. 'Southern Soul Belles' is self-descriptive — sixteen powerful performances by seven queens of hearts, heartbroken, philosophic, venomous and slinky by turns — and is probably the sturdiest collection of the four. Betty Lavette is the stand-out name, but check Tommie Young's Aretha-styled 'Do You Still Feel The Same Way' and Shay Holiday's 'Fight Fire With Fire', tough talking and hard horns slugged out in the manner of Anne Peebles.

'SSS Soul Survey', the Shreveport collection, features the astonishing 'Crying In The Streets' by George Perkins, a haunting falsetto elegy for the slaughtered Martin Luther King, which sold a million and, according to the liner notes, inspired no less than 17 cover versions. Eddie Giles and Reuben Bell justify their cult status with the 'Keep The Faith' crowd, otherwise it's one testimony after another to the influence of Otis 'Sad Song' Redding.

'Stan's Soul Shop' is out of Nashville, a cooler and quieter draught of deep soul and flickering, naked torch ballads. Highlights include Roscoe Robinson's dance hit, 'That's Enough', and The Soul Stirrers' 'Stand By Me', a gospel classic where the ghost of Sam Cooke may plainly be heard.

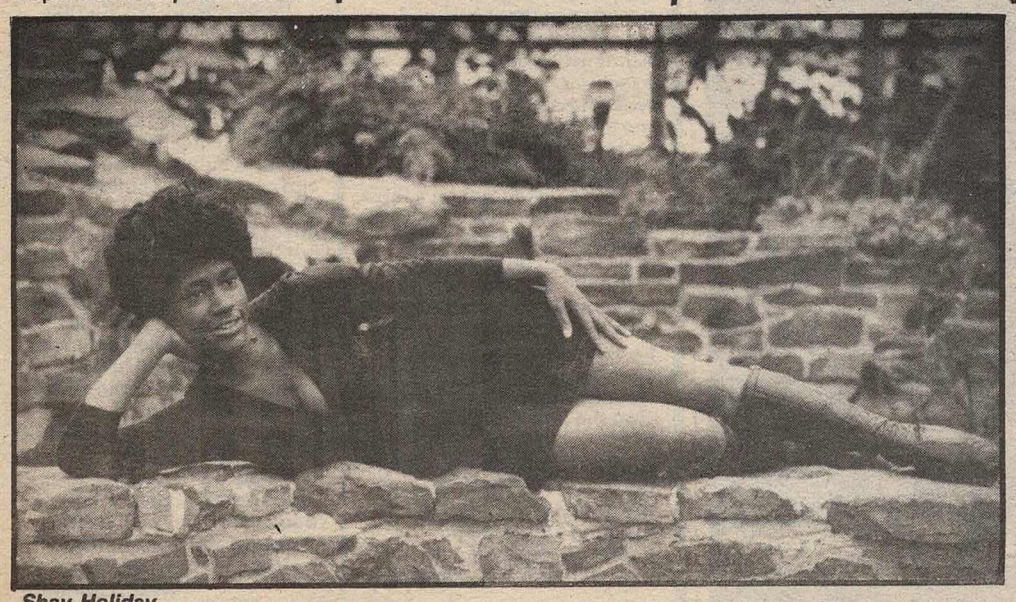
'Sehorn's Soul Farm' is a slightly different bag, a collection of tracks produced by New Orleans maestro Allen Toussaint for Marshall Sehorn's label, and as much R&B as gospel in style. Veteran names include Ernie K Doe, Benny Spellman, Earl King and Aaron 'Tell It Like It Is' Neville, who turns in the LP's outstanding cut with 'Hercules', an early '70s social awareness outing to rank alongside 'Inner City Blues' or 'Superfly'. Otherwise there's Warren Lee's 'Star Revue', as rowdy a '60s dancefloor stomper as you might fancy.

New Orleans' most celebrated soulster, Lee Dorsey, gets his own album on 'All Ways Funky'. This is really one for the collectors and not to be sought until you at least own the man's top work on Charly's 'Gonh Be Funky' set.

'New Orleans Rhythm 'n' Blues' on the tiny Krazy Kat label highlights the rich background to Dorsey and Toussaint's work, collecting together the city's tribe of musicians from the '50s and '60s with a bunch of their lesser known tracks. Professor Longhair, Lloyd Price, Dave Bartholomew, Chis Kenner and Huey Smith are among those present and correct with a variety of rock, boogie, jive and shuffle of timeless appeal.

'Gaz's Rocking Blues' is another bundle of delights, the result of Chiswick letting celebrated young London club DJ Gary Vincent loose on their truly ace Ace catalogue. Gaz deals a mean hand of vintage R&B sides centering on the hard uptempo styles of the late '40s and early '50s, all honking saxes, express train drum rhythms and hollered vocals, the stuff that Elvis tuned in to on his Memphis bedroom radio and Bill Haley successfully diluted. BB King, John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Witherspoon and Elmore James are all represented but it's Etta James' 'Good Rockin' Daddy' that steals the honours for grit, humour and, yes, soul. It's always been there, even when it wasn't called that.

Neil Spencer



Shay Holiday

ONE SIDE ORDER

INFA-RIOT

Still Out Of Order (Secret)

THIS PACKAGE comes branded — a band with the wrong name, a sleeve with the wrong artwork, a record with the wrong production . . . What better recommendation is there?

Try this: Infa-Riot are radically different, too good to be wasted, too sharp to be ignored, a long way clear of all this dross, all this aimless, hopeless, reactionary schtick. The good 'uns are everywhere — 'Still Out Of Order' and 'Five Minute Fashion' heckle with conviction and even 'Friday Oh Friday', Infa-Riot's attack on discos, does at least attack with *humour* (they ridicule with neat observation, not crude generalisation) — but the toughest gem is the last on the list.

'In For A Riot' is big and brash and boastful, an anthem that chides and brags and has the two crucial ingredients: the vocals soar and the guitar soars too. These are moments to savour — when Lee spits his words and Barry plays climbing guitar, sad and tingling like inane Shelley lead lines. The pity is that Infa-Riot don't capitalise on their strengths *more*. Side one shines bright, but side two, ideas sound tired and the production's jarring and, jeez, Infa-Riot could be so much *stronger* . . .

They need to break clean of all the complacent lameness that surrounds them and exploit Barry Damery's inspiring lead lines and Lee Wilson's cocky West Country brashness to the full. The details are important — the fact that these rebels aren't ashamed to use their brains, the fact that half the band comes from Plymouth, not stale old London, means that they think differently from all the sham punk bands around them. The attitudes that keep them apart are the qualities that *set* them apart.

X. Moore

THE GO-GOS
Vacation (IRS)

LIKE ALL too many old world rock strategies, the actuality of The Go-Gos is such a feeble diminishment of the idea it's worthless.

The notion in this case — an all-girl group hovering between imitative hard rock thumpery and featherlight, candy-toothed pop, drawing on the credentials of each and mixing up something different —was scarcely promising, but in 'We Got The Beat' and 'Our Lips Are Sealed' the manoeuvre did at least coax a certain flesh and spirit out of an echo from Joe Meek's haunted juke box.

Nothing, but *nothing* on 'Vacation' holds the flimsiest bookmatch to even those skimpy diversions. If the collective writing talents of the five women can come up with nothing stronger than 'Girl Of 100 Lists', a tongue-out jingle of infidelities dressed in a harpy's colours and a simulated swagger, then there is no talent there at all.

Possibly the worst track is a version of 'Cool Jerk' that's so prissily simpering it's offensive in a manner that the other groups songs are too dozy to muster. 'Cool Jerk' is customarily a macho player's show-off routine — one that an addle-brained virtuoso like Todd Rundgren is superbly capable of covering — and if The Go-Gos had scraped together a suitably flagellatory expertise in shaking it up it might've operated as vengeful statement, double-edged barb into braggart consciences...

No such cigar. It dribbles out, leashed to Belinda Carlisle's dreadful whimper. This is no alternative to the lugubrious Raincoats at all.

It was amusing to see them chalk up their huge American hits off their last record. With this one, their chance at transcending the omniscient managerial grip and the expected batch of inbred, duplicative gestures is irredeemably blown. All 'Vacation' does is massage a dream of beat parties and summery romances too tiresome to populate with truth or beauty. The Go-Gos act as kid sisters to Asia in the family business that shouldn't be running American music. From its dire cover (Busby Berkeley on water skis) inwards, this is women in rock — literally.

Richard Cook

Belinda Carlisle *Pic: Lynn Goldsmith*

REAL STRENGTH THROUGH JOY

VARIOUS ARTISTS

• *Soweto (Rough Trade)*

ONE SUNDAY afternoon, musicians arrived at South African playwright Julius Levin's tiny studio at the back of a deaf old watchmaker's shop. When they started playing their sizzling instrumental, with the bass leaping like a frog on hot bricks, and the mouth organ blaring like the horn section of a big swing band, crowds gathered round in the street outside, practically stopping the traffic.

Everybody knew they were breaking the law on several fronts. The South African Sunday Observance Law states that you can't do anything on Sunday; but as all the musicians worked all week, there was no alternative. Apart from that, Administration Board rulings mean that a black can only *stand* in front of a white. Some musicians were standing, others were sitting, but some were so bold as to lie on the floor, playing their instruments as if energy was being pumped up from the earth's core, through their bodies, and out through their instruments — as if they and their instruments were a volcano, letting off deep-buried steam.

It was no surprise when the cops arrived to break up the party. Uninvited uniformed guests beating and arresting were such a regular occurrence that Levin had actually telephoned the Administration Board for exact legislations — which is when he discovered that in the townships of Soweto, the Jo'burg black labour camps, a black person can't be served food in a restaurant on a table, it's against the law — but s/he is legally permitted to be served food on the floor.

But this Sunday, when the police struggled their way through the sweating, swaying, clapping, hooting crowds in the street, their leader held up his hand to stop the other cops from beginning to bash heads. He wanted to wait till the end of the song — the groove was too good to stop. And when the song ended, all the policemen held off again — they were too busy clapping, and hot to hear what came next.

No-one was arrested that day. In fact, some of the same policemen stopped by the record shack next day to pick up a few tunes. Rough Trade didn't want to put all the information about the circumstances under which this music was recorded on the sleeve. They could well be right; the story is so dread that people might be put off buying the LP, fearing dreary political polemic.

True, the music on this sampler album — some by unknown artists, so unregimented was the to-ing anf fro-ing at Levin's tiny studio — is a result of extreme, barbaric, inhuman pressures.

But the musicians on this record — like The New Lucky Boys (whose leader Simon Ngubane is still a cleaner in a block of flats — the big record company that signed them up only did it to sit on their music so as not to endanger the chart supremacy of their own longer-established groups), Kid Bera-Bera and Mister King Jerroo, Saul Malapane the master multi-instrumentalist (last seen hitching off round Europe via Israel, escaping the angst — please contact Rough Trade if you read this, Saul) don't play their blues. In reaction against their blues, they play joyous, bouncing, madcap music to bring carnival and instant party into your living-room.

These groups get sounds that multi-million dollar studios would love to re-create. The horns blare rough, tuneful and free. The guitars really do float like a butterfly, sting like a bee. And that drum sound! You can try and capture it by building your own kit with cardboard boxes and beaten-flat oil cans, but I don't think you'll get that Kid Bera-Bera swing.

Aren't we lucky. Regardless of colour, we can buy this record and go wild and dance, shake our hips and hands and prance, dash out in the street and take a chance on romance, fuelled by the furore of the seaside keyboards on S. Tshabalala's 'Bonakele' or the super-pump of Saul's bass on 'Saulsville' — we get all the pleasure, and none of the problems (comparatively).

Vivien Goldman

ROGER'S SAME OLD FACETS

ZAPP
Zapp II (WEA/German Import)

SHARON REDD
Redd Hot (Prelude/Import)

KENI BURKE
Changes (RCA)

DAYTON
Hot Fun (Liberty/Import)

DON'T PUSH Flash 'cos he's close to the edge, Brother D is all fired up and can't take no more, Ron Banks' Dramatics telling me *"enough is enough, it's time to get tough"*, money's too tight for The Valentine Brothers to mention, and so the beat goes on. The ghetto whisper is rising to a scream . . .

Something's happening.

There's got to be another side to it though, a yang to Flash's yin, something to make the struggle worth it in the end or just something to tune in to when you've got a night off from the barricades. Here are four albums by artistes and bands whose street cred remains completely intact, but who've chosen a path other than direct confrontation.

Take Zapp first, if only to get it out of the way quickly! Zapp is just one more facet of Roger, the young man who scored heavily with a very different sounding album late last year. Zapp is practically the same band, and 'Zapp II' is practically the same album.

It starts by ripping off the best track from 'The Many Facets Of Roger' and calling it 'Dancefloor', and from there goes nowhere. Without Bootsy, who was involved with 'Zapp I', this band seem a little short on ideas. I think the plan is to go on playing — even if it is the same tune — until the record company stops sending them sequins to wear on the album sleeves!

On to better things. Even if the title of Sharon Redd's new set shows little more imagination than 'Zapp II', thankfully the music does. Ms Redd, who showed great potential with the 'Can You Handle It?' single last year, never quite realised it with her debut album. 'Redd Hot' does her much more credit: it's very much in the D.Train mould, mostly rockers using plenty of electronic trickery and synthesised handclaps (doubling them up *a la* Flash from time to time), and although the sleeve doesn't credit them it's probably the same musicians.

She falls down on her handling of ballads though, playing them too straight. As a couple of tracks show, her gritty voice is natural for spoken introductions and interludes, which could perhaps have lifted her slower material out of the rut it now gets caught up in.

Still, the funky stuff — in a style fast catching on as The Sound Of New York '82 — takes her clear of much of the opposition.

Keni Burke, whose bio claims he's sung with more bands than I care to list, is another who's never quite done what he's always threatened to. In fact, his firat two solo sets verged on the tedious. 'Changes' makes up for all that, however.

Burke himself wrote, arranged and produced it, and besides singing, plays bass, rhythm and all manner of keyboards. Songs written by bass players always seem to have a much better grasp of the fundamentals of the groove, and Burke is no exception: his tunes are built squarely around a bass line that never lets up but never overdoes it. His high voice is the perfect complement to that, balancing it out in all tempos and styles. For the most part he includes a strong rock influence, with dynamic results: a potential avenue for US black music well worth encouraging.

Finally, Dayton: a band that are more in the straight funk tradition. This is their third album, and at last the band led by an ex-partner of the great Junie Morrison seem to be hitting the right notes.

Bootsy guests on a couple of tracks — something which seems to be the vogue for struggling funk bands — but they don't really need him. The set opens with a respectable cover of Sly's 'Hot Fun In The Summertime', and keeps it going with 'Krickety-Krack' and 'Meet The Man', showing that their own stuff is just as good.

At first I found Dayton a little too fresh-faced and Shalamarish, but they seem to get better with every playing, revealing quite a depth of invention, until 'Hot Fun' has become quite my favourite album of this month. Check them out, support them, It'll do you (and them) good.

So there it is: maybe a little insignificant compared with the street warriors who put their every feeling on plastic, but nevertheless important, because if all US black culture went along the same line, it would be too easy to defuse or divert. And anyway, it's fun!

Lloyd Bradley

Minny Pops ***Illustration: Ian Wright***

NETHER NEVERLAND

MINNY POPS
Sparks In A Dark Room (Factory Benelux)

NASMAK
4our Clicks (Plurex)

A BLAZE COLOUR
(Against The Dark Trees Beyond) (Plurex 12")

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Hours (Plurex)

GOING ON the available evidence the Dutch label Plurex is to Factory what Woody Allen is to Ingmar Bergman: a nervously funny, original talent suffering from an immense inferiority complex and a ridiculous yearning for someone else's credibility. This longing is so overpowering it stifles better instincts. The pupil adopts its mentor's haughty ethics and even wears the same clothes. Some might call it homage. I just say it's silly.

Especially as such aesthetic servility is a comparatively recent development. Like Woody Allen, Plurex artists had a flourishing life before they became obsessed with the idea of looking like someone else. The artists now suffer, it seems, from having to conform to a specific label identity.

Going by its artwork, it falls somewhere between Factory's austerity and Crepuscule's impressionable brightness. And though it would dearly love to be the former, it can only get a hotline to lesser relations New Hormones anyway. Which isn't to deny Plurex's ambition. Their European compilation 'Hours' features Section 25, Manchester's Dislocation Dance and Eric Random alongside their own A Blaze Colour, Nasmak and Minny Pops, and Hamburg girls X Mal Deutschland extend the international flavour.

They were all invited to contribute mood musics to suit different times of day. Nice idea but ever fancied rising at 6.55am to Eric Random and The Bedlamites? That's not the shock it would have been once when Eric was working awesome slabs of sound into a fusion of Duane Eddy and musique concrete. As it is The Bedlamites' '6.55' is a mildly buzzing accompaniment to the dawn chorus — slightly refracted muzak.

Section 25 meander aimlessly through the early hours; Dislocation Dance pretend to be French on a late Sunday afternoon; X Mal Deutschland's 'Too Young Too Old' doesn't really know what time it is and is all the better for it. Which leaves the Lowlanders . . . Nasmak's unassuming 'Roger, Bill Iceberg' is magic compared to their second LP '4our Clicks', but that could be because it's over faster. '4our Clicks' is a disappointment from its sub-Peter Saville sleeve inwards. The most defeated record of the moment, it's a collection of feeble token strivings of five weary intellects who seemingly glanced at the world outside the cloistered confines of their mind one morning only to decide it wasn't worth getting involved.

Their narrow music for monasteries has the stubborn resigned quality of people numbly participating in rituals they've long since forgotten the meaning of. The rhythm section trudges in ever diminishing circles, which the other players are content to blindly follow, when once they might have attempted to shift its axis with playful sideways leaps. All their earlier joy in experiment has gone, leaving the impression that music-making is an unpleasant duty — one they begrudge doing because it doesn't bring them any reward.

Minny Pops don't do a lot more than Nasmak, but at least they undertake that little with purpose and pleasure. Theirs is also based around tight, slight rhythm figures, out of which half melodies and exquisite synth lines spring. Once you get over the vocalist's gregorian moan, which contributes to the overall aridity, you'll sense the sort of subtleties in Minny Pops that makes minimalism the worthwhile thing it is. On the other hand 'Blue Roses' has the lush lurch — or should that read lurch of a lush? — of Simple Minds at their grandest and best.

The Belgian A Blaze Colour's Plurex 12" takes Gary Numan's reading of Erik Satie's 'Gymnopedies' as a starting point for their best song 'Through With Life' — few notes rotated over a syndrum with a speech impediment — otherwise they alternate shrill electropop with variations on a shade of grey.

Which on present showing makes them the perfect Plurex pop group. This hasn't always been the case. Along with Kremlin Products, Plurex used to be Holland's most pioneering independent label. As that reputation was founded on Nasmak's fresher experimental period, the label's current identity crisis could be down to Nasmak turning up a Mancunian cul de sac. For the moment divert yourselves with Minny Pops, Plus Instruments or, better still, The Nits.

Chris Bohn

(Plurex address: Harinpakkerssteeg 10-18, 1012 LR Amsterdam, Holland)

Sparks ***Pic: Paul Cox***

NO FLAWS IN THEIR DRAWERS!

SPARKS
Angst In My Pants (Atlantic)

YET ANOTHER Sparks album, and yet another new label for them: they seem to change record companies with every release, an occurrence as regular as the slag-offs they get from British reviewers. Not from this one, though: for, however off-putting the Sparks eccentric pose, and however flat their deadpan humour falls, they always maintain a certain level of entertainment.

'Angst In My Pants' may not be the greatest album the Mael brothers have ever done — there are better individual tracks, like 'When I'm With You', on their previous three albums — but it does have a fair amount to offer, once you get past the rather listless production by Mack — of ELO and Queen fame. In fact many of the songs, especially the wicked title track, don't get the packaging and delivery they deserve.

Although Mack works for Moroder, Sparks have broken with their late '70s meta-disco touch — 'Number One Song In Heaven' was ahead of its time — in favour of something slightly rock-ier. At root, though, the outfit are kinky pop: numbers like 'Eaten By The Monster Of Love' and 'Moustache' know all about melody, hooks, ridiculous falsetto, and a masterly use of crescendo, subsumed by a biggish beat. So does 'Nicotina' — and who else but Russ and Ron could write something both jokey and metaphysical about smoking? Nobody, apart from French poet Mallarme, which is maybe why Sparks are so popular in France.

Typically, 'Nicotina' is so self-consciously trivial that it becomes an act of intellectual contempt, just as in other songs Sparks' bad taste, zaniness, and cultivated infantilism functions as a mask of almost aggressive superiority. As Americans, natives of the New World, this puts the Maels out on a limb, and reveals that they have a very old world streak: they're dandies.

Even so, Sparks' very special brand of camp — and I don't agree with Barney Hoskyns in his stimulating review of BEF's 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' or Susan Sontag in one of her essays that for camp to work it has to be unwitting — can get too obsessive, empty and silly. Take a listen to 'Mickey Mouse' and 'Tarzan And Jane' where the band avidly swop their sophisticated trivialisations for the obvious old trash aesthetic. 'Sherlock Holmes' and 'The Decline And Fall Of Me' are even worse. But I don't care too much: I'm a fan, and I'll be listening to the next album.

Paul Tickell

Adrian Lee

The Magician

SOLO ALBUM
LIMITED EDITION 'MAGIC' PICTURE DISC

DJM RECORDS AND TAPES

NEWS tour

EXTRA ROXY, BOW WOW DATES

ROXY MUSIC have added a second Birmingham show to their UK tour, announced last week — at the National Exhibition Centre on Sunday, September 26. Tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50, and they're available by post only from Roxy Music Concerts, National Exhibition Centre, Birminham B40 1NT — make cheques and Postal Orders payable to "NEC Ltd. (Roxy Music)", and enclose SAE.

A second show has also been added at the Royal Dublin Society on August 13 (tickets Irish £9, £8 and £7 from the box-office). Roxy's concert at Brighton Dome on September 28 is now sold out, but there won't be an extra date at that venue. Don't be surprised, though, if a third night is added at Wembley Arena.

BOW WOW WOW have now confirmed a second London date, in addition to their concert at Hammersmith Odeon on August 21, reported last week — it's at the Hammersmith Palais the following night (22), and all tickets are £3.50. And the group build it into a mini-tour by setting two other dates — at Manchester Hacienda Club (August 19, £2.50) and Southampton Top Rank in association with the *Radio 1 Roadshow* (20, £3.50). Promoter is Steve Hedges of the Station Agency.

CABARET VOLTAIRE, whose Rough Trade package '2 X 45' topped the indie charts last month, have finally set their long-delayed hometown date — they play Sheffield Lyceum Theatre on August 27, and this marks the official re-opening of that venue for rock events. The band are currently completing work on their next studio album, and will shortly be releasing a 90-minute video.

THE LAUGHING CLOWNS are a five-piece Australian outfit formed by Edmund Kuepper, who was previously with The Saints, and they've just arrived in London where they'll base themselves for the next year. Their first date is as special guests of The Birthday Party at London Victoria The Venue tonight (Thursday), and they're also set for London Covent Garden Rock Garden on August 25, with other gigs currently being arranged. They release their single 'Mad Flies, Mad Flies' this weekend on their own Prince Melon label, with distribution by Rough Trade and Virgin Megastore, from whom their current album 'Mr Uddich Schmuddich' is also available.

DELTA FIVE, now sporting a line-up of Jacqui Callis (vocals), Graham High (guitar), Simon Fish (drums) and twin bassists Bethan Peters and Ros Allen have lined up gigs at Sheffield Limit Club (August 5), Leeds Warehouse (11), Glasgow Nightmoves (12), Manchester Hacienda (13), Liverpool Warehouse (14) and Birmingham Holy City Zoo (16). The band's new single, a double A-side, 'Powerlines' and 'The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter', gets a release on the PRE label on August 6.

AVANT GARDENERS, Troy Tate, Flying Lizards, Neo Naturalist Cabaret and Biting Tongues are among those appearing at the Why-Fi/B2 Event to be held at London's Wapping Wall this Saturday (7). The event, claimed to be of an experimental nature, marks Troy Tate's first public appearance since his departure from Teardrop Explodes. Doors open at 9.00pm and admission is set at £3.50.

RONNIE HAWKINS And The Hawks, 'Party Doll' man Buddy Knox and legendary female rockabilly Janis Martin top the bill at a rock 'n' roll shindig being held at Ladbroke's, Perran Sands, Cornwall over the weekend of October 8, 9 and 10. Chalet or caravan accommodation for the shindig, which will also feature 25 British bands, costs £35 per person and further information, plus order forms, can be obtained by sending a SAE to Tonal Records, 24 Church Road, Roffey, Horsham, Sussex RH12 4NQ.

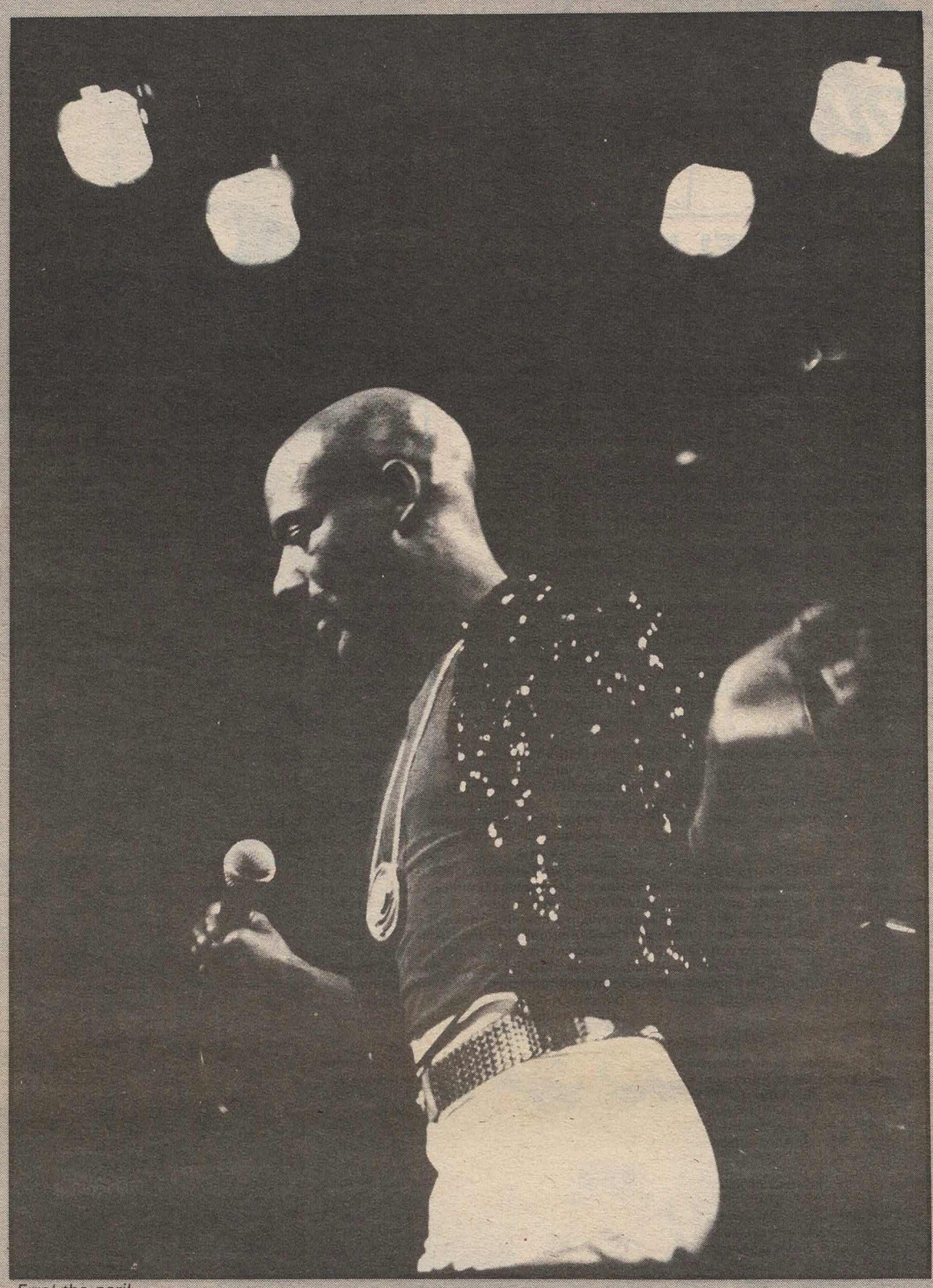
ROBYN ARCHER'S one woman show, 'A Star Is Torn', moves into London's Wyndham's Theatre on August 3, following a season at Stratford East's Theatre Royal. The show remembers some of the great all-time female singers, ranging from Bessie Smith and Piaf, through to Billie Holiday and Janis Joplin.

ANNETTE PEACOCK, who recently appeared at the WOMAD Festival, makes her first London stage appearance in two and a half years, when she plays The Venue on August 19. Performing with her on the show, which will be recorded for release on the Ironic label, will be freeform percussionist Roger Turner. The performance begins at 9.30pm and there will be no support act.

ALLEN EAGER, one of the early bebop tenor-men, brings his sax to London's Covent Garden Canteen this week for a season that runs through to August 28, Sundays excluded. Also on the same bill will be Jon Eardley, the trumpet star who came to fame with Gerry Mulligan's Sextet during the mid-'50s.

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS flee their Glasgow home to play the ICA's 'Joy Of Mooching' show in London on August 10. (And tickets for *all* these ICA shows are now available from Bonaparte and Rough Trade, as well as the ICA). Coinciding with this visit the Impressionists will also be playing the opening night of A Club Called Style, based at Legends, Burlington Street, on Thursday, August 12. Admission to this new gig will be £3.00.

YR AN HREFN, The Rejected, Pretty Pretty, Green, Malice, Y Blodau, Minor Details, The Subversitives, Dean Poole, Robert Lawrence, Simon Crabtree and Stoned Rayzens are among the acts playing at the annual Welsh Underground Festival, which is being held at Meiford, near Welshpool on Saturday, August 21.



Errol the peril — *Pic: Steve Emberton*

Chocolate troupers

HOT CHOCOLATE — now enjoying a new lease of chart life after a long lean spell, with their current hit 'It Started With A Kiss' following hot on the heels of 'Girl Crazy' — have announced plans for a massive UK tour. It starts next weekend and runs through into October, taking in nearly 40 dates — and with double performances on some nights, this means around 50 concerts. The tour is promoted by TBA, and the schedule comprises:

Kendal South Lakeland Leisure Centre (August 14), Southport Theatre (15), Batley Frontier Club (16), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (18, 19 and 20), Blackpool Pavilion Theatre (22 and 23), Chippenham Goldiggers (27 and 28), Poole Arts Centre (29 and 30), Ipswich Gaumont (September 1), Coventry Theatre (2), Oxford New Theatre (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Croydon Fairfield Hall (5), Reading Hexagon (6), Sheffield City Hall (8), Middlesbrough Town Hall (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Dundee Caird Hall (11), Edinburgh Playhouse (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Warrington Spectrum (17), Stoke Burslem Queen's Theatre (18), Manchester Palace (19), London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (24 and 25), Bristol Hippodrome (26), Brighton Dome (27), Portsmouth Guildhall (30), Eastbourne Congress (October 1), Basildon Festival Hall (2), Preston Guildhall (3), Bradford St. George's Hall (4) and Scarborough Futurist Theatre (5).

Tickets are on sale now, but prices vary from one venue to another, so readers should enquire at individual box-offices for details.

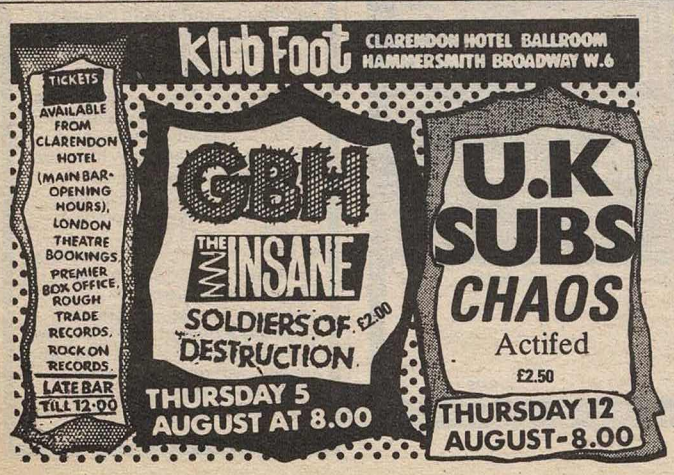
RUTS DC are playing a series of gigs, their first for some time. They re going on the road with three additions to their line-up — David Winthrop (sax), Mitt (harmonica and guitar) and Rachel (bass and percussion) — to enable them to feature tracks from their new album of dance music 'Rhythm Collision' on Bohemian Records.

They play London Westbourne Park ZigZag Club (tomorrow, Friday), Hitchin The Regal (August 13), Dudley J.B.'s (14), Liverpool Warehouse (18), London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer (20), Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall (21) and Nuneaton Riversley Park Community Festival (22).

CHAS & DAVE, currently extolling the virtues of 'Margate' on the latest single, have now lined up a tour of summer sunspots. So far set are Jersey Fort Regent (August 11), Felixstowe Spa Pavilion (12-14), Gt Yarmouth Wellington Pier Pavilion (15), Margate *Radio 1 Roadshow* (16-18), Camberley Lakeside Country Club (19-21), Blackpool Opera House (22-24) and Margate Winter Gardens (25-28).

JOHN MARTYN has added another nine dates to his early autumn tour schedule, for which 18 have already been announced. The extra shows are at Malvern Winter Gardens (September 19), Nottingham Rock City (October 5), Lancaster University (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (7), Leeds University (9), Durham University (12), Bradford University (13), Cardiff University (16) and Norwich East Anglia University (19). Another six dates have still be be confirmed for the tour, which opens at Southend Cliffs Pavilion on September 17 and climaxes at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 22.

Now fully recovered from his recent accident, Martyn will be accompanied on the tour by Jeff Allen (drums), Danny Cummings (percussion), Alan Thomson (bass) and Jim Prime (keyboards). The outing is preceded by the August 27 release of his new album 'Well Kept Secret' on WEA Records.



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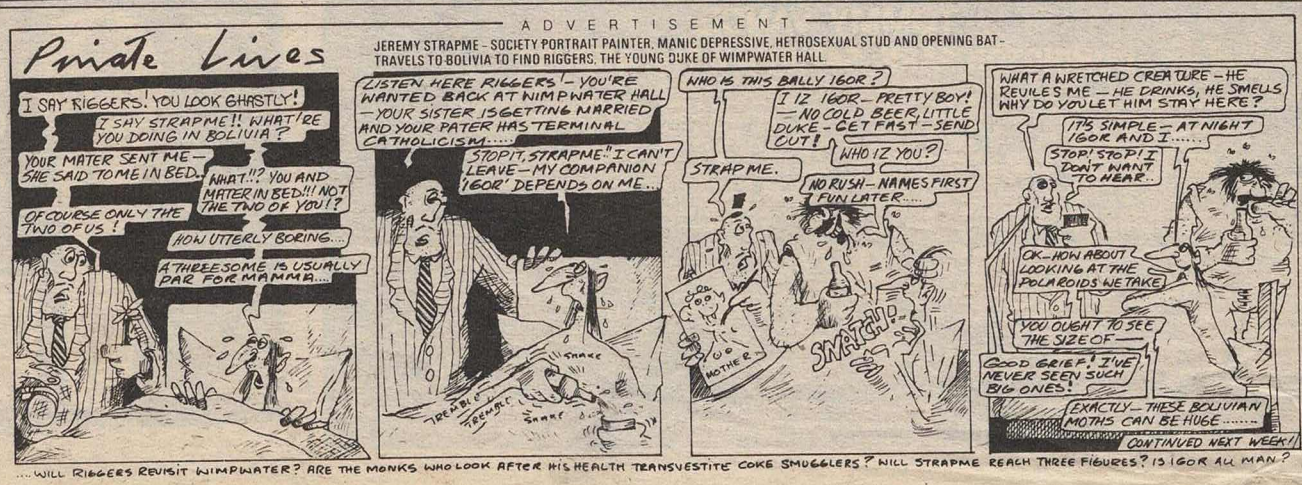

Private Lives
JEREMY STRAPME – SOCIETY PORTRAIT PAINTER, MANIC DEPRESSIVE, HETROSEXUAL STUD AND OPENING BAT – TRAVELS TO BOLIVIA TO FIND RIGGERS. THE YOUNG DUKE OF WIMPWATER HALL.
I SAY RIGGERS! YOU LOOK GHASTLY!
I SHY STRAPME!! WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN BOLIVIA?
YOUR MATER SENT ME – SHE SAID TO ME IN BED..
WHAT!!? YOU AND MATER IN BED!!! NOT THE TWO OF YOU!?
OF COURSE ONLY THE TWO OF US!
HOW UTTERLY BORING...
A THREESOME IS USUALLY PAR FOR MAMMA...
LISTEN HERE RIGGERS! – YOU'RE WANTED BACK AT NIMPWATER HALL – YOUR SISTER IS GETTING MARRIED AND YOUR PATER HAS TERMINAL CATHOLICISM.....
STOP IT, STRAPME!" I CAN'T LEAVE – MY COMPANION 'IGOR' DEPENDS ON ME...
WHO IS THIS BALLY IGOR?
I IZ IGOR – PRETTY BOY! – NO COLD BEER, LITTLE DUKE – GET FAST – SEND OUT!
WHO IZ YOU?
STRAP ME.
NO RUSH – NAMES FIRST FUN LATER.....
SMACK!
WHAT A WRETCHED CREATURE – HE REVILES ME – HE DRINKS, HE SMELLS WHY DO YOU LET HIM STAY HERE?
IT'S SIMPLE – AT NIGHT IGOR AND I.....
STOP! STOP! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR..
OK – HOW ABOUT LOOKING AT THE POLAROIDS WE TAKE
YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE SIZE OF —
GOOD GRIEF! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BIG ONES!
EXACTLY – THESE BOLIVIAN MOTHS CAN BE HUGE.....
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!
....WILL RIGGERS REVISIT WIMPWATER? ARE THE MONKS WHO LOOK AFTER HIS HEALTH TRANSVESTITE COKE SMUGGLERS? WILL STRAPME REACH THREE FIGURES? IS IGOR ALL MAN?

record NEWS

TRIO, CARMEL LPs

TRIO, who recently reached No. 2 with their single 'Da Da Da', now have their debut album released by Mercury. It carries their name as its title, and you won't be surprised to learn that it includes their hit single.

● **Carmel** has now come off the road until late October in order to write and record an album, together with her backing musicians James Paris and Gerald Darby. Meanwhile, she has a six-track mini-LP issued by Red Flame this month — including a live version of her single 'Storm', recorded at the Hammersmith Palais.

● **Michael McDonald,** singer and keyboards player with The Doobie Brothers since 1975, has his debut solo album 'If That's What It Takes' issued by Warner Brothers on August 13. Out on the same day and label is a new **Patty Weaver** single titled Shot in The Dark'.

● Mid-August sees the release, in both 7" and 12"m of a new single by **A Certain Ratio** titled 'Knife Slits Water' on Factory Records.

● **Holly Beth Vincent** (formerly of Holly & The Italians) has a new single issued by Virgin on August 20, 'Honalu' / 'Revenge' — both tracks taken from her upcoming album, still untitled but due in the autumn. It's been produced by Nike Thorne of Soft Cell fame.

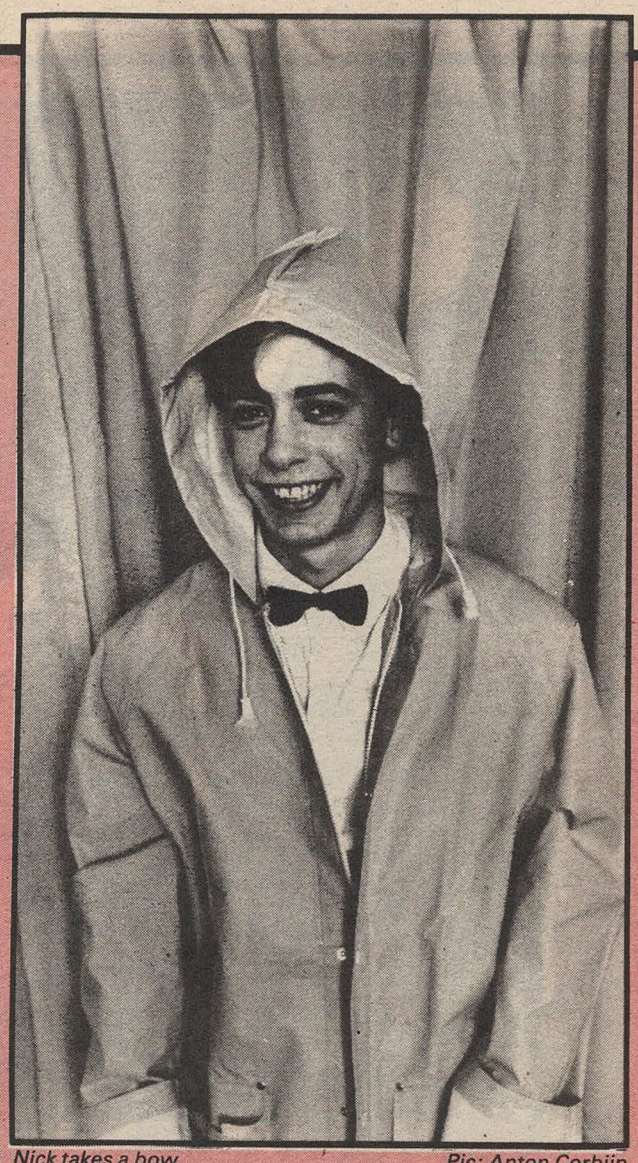
● **Narada Michael Walden** has a new single called 'Summer Lady' issued by Atlantic Records this weekend, taken from his latest album 'Confidence'. He also wears his producer's hat on the new album by label-mate **Stacy Lattisaw,** titled 'Sneakin' Out'.

● Leading Australian band **The Church,** whose second album 'The Blurred Crusade' was well received by the critics when it was released last month, now have their single 'Almost With You' issued by Carrere this week.

● Electronic musician **Richard Bone's** debut album 'Digital Days' was well received by the critics, so now his 12-inch single 'The Beat Is Elite', is being released by Survival Records.

● Essex band **Swimming In The Sea** release their first single 'Hero For The Heroine' / 'The Presents' on their own Squanderlust label. While a distribution deal is negotiated, it's available at £1.25 from 22 Hythe Hill, Colchester, Essex.

● **Crossfire,** the six-piece band from Down Under who claim to be "the second largest selling jazz group in Australia" (though they don't say who's the first), have their album 'Hysterical Rochords' released by WEA Records this week.



Nick takes a bow *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

100 deny folly

HAIRCUT ONE HUNDRED, newly returned from a highly successful Stateside tour, have a new single released by Arista on August 13 — titled 'Nobody's Fool', it was written by Nick Heyward and produced by Bob Sargeant, and it's coupled with a band composition called 'October Is Orange (Day 1 And Day 2)'. The single comes in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter featuring extended versions of both songs, and there's also a limited edition of poster bags for the 7" only.

The band are now taking a short break to recover from the demands of the US circuit, prior to going into the studio to start work on their second album. This should be released later in the year, hopefully to coincide with a string of British dates, currently being pencilled in for the late autumn.

THE FOUR TOPS have their new single 'Sad Hearts' / 'I Believe In You And Me' issued this weekend by Casablanca in both 7" and 12" formats — and both tracks are lifted from their upcoming album, due out later this month. The group will be touring here for four weeks, starting in September.

STEVE MILLER BAND have a second single lifted from their hit album 'Abracadabra', the first having been the title track. This new one is 'Keeps Me Wondering Why', and it's released by Mercury tomorrow (Friday).

SMOKEY ROBINSON has his single 'Cruisin' reissued by Motown on August 13., Originally released in 1979, it was a No. 1 hit in the States, but failed to make much impact over here at that time. It's now being reactivated, says the company, "because of Robinson's recent success".

DEPECHE MODE have their sixth single issued by Mute Records on August 16 titled 'Leave In Silence', and it's coupled with 'Excerpt From "My Secret Garden" ' — distribution is through Rough Trade and Spartan. The band are now putting the finishing touches to their second album, due out in autumn.

MADNESS now have their current single 'Driving In My Car' available as a limited edition 12-incher, with the B-side comprising 'Animal Farm' and 'Riding On My Bike', the latter featuring lead vocals by flying sax-man Lee 'Kix' Thompson.

● The new single from **The Sugarhill Gang** is 'The Lover In You', written by Pete Wingfield and issued this week on the Sugar Hill Label (through PRT).

● **Atlantic Starr's** 'Love Me Down', **Magic Lady's** 'Sexy Body', **Howard Johnson's** 'Keepin' Love' and **Jeffrey Osbourne's** 'Eenie Meenie' are the singles chosen to spark the revival of A&M's Funkamerica label, when the label makes its reappearance on August 20.

● **T. Rex's** 'Get It On', **Dionne Warwick's** 'Walk On By' and **Joe Cocker's** 'With A Little Help From My Friends' figure among the 15 golden oldie singles released by Dakota Records this week. The series, titled Backtrackin', also includes releases by **Procol Harum, The Shirelles, Gene Pitney, Johnny And The Hurricanes, John Kongos** and **Lloyd Price.**

● Los Angeles outfit **T.S.O.L.** have a four-track EP out this week, with their name as its title — and the name stands for True Sounds Of Liberty. It's on the Alternative Tentacles label, through Stage One and the usual indies.

● Latest hard rock compilation to emerge from Carrere Records this weekend is 'Heavy Metal Thunder'. It features three tracks by **Saxon,** and two each by **Rose Tattoo, Rage, Demon** and **Dokken.**

● **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band** will finally have their delayed album 'Uptown Zydeco', originally planned for May release, issued by Sonet Records next week.

● Magnum Force Records are to represent the Laser Records catalogue, consisting mainly of reggae material. First release is the **Dennis Brown** album 'Words Of Wisdom', which includes his hit single 'Money In My Pocket, and that's on the Magnum Force subsidiary label Blue Moon.

● **The Swinging Laurels,** who guested on the recent Fun Boy Three single 'The Telephone Always Rings', have signed a long-term deal with WEA Records. Their first release via this outlet will be a single at the end of this month.

● **Atomic Rooster** have undergone a line-up change, with John Mizarolli (ex-Jody Street and Ginger Baker's Energy) replacing John DuCann on guitar. He joins Vincent Crane (vocals and keyboards) and Paul Hammond (drums), and they are about to start work on a new LP. Meanwhile, Mizarolli's debut solo album 'Message From The 5th Stone' is released by Carrere on September 3.

● **Uropa Lula** are the first major signing to Arista Records since Haircut 100, and they have their debut single issued this week in both 7" and 12" — titled 'Our Love Has Just Begun'. It was written by the band's lead singer, guitarist and keyboards player David Lloyd, who also co-produced it with engineer Phil Thornalley.

● New five-girl group **Toto Coelo** now have a 12-inch version available of their debut single 'I Eat Cannibals' on Radialchoice Records — and it adds over three minutes to the original seven-inch recording.

● **Modern English** release a remixed version of their frequently requested song 'I Melt With You' on 4AD Records this weekend, with a new band composition titled 'The Prize' on the B-side. They showcase it when they play London Victoria The Venue next Tuesday (10).

● **Gillan** have a new single issued by Virgin on August 20 — the day before their appearance in this year's Castle Donington event. It's their version of Stevie Wonder's 'Living In The City' coupled with 'Breaking Chains'. They're now finishing work on their latest album, for release to coincide with their autumn tour, details of which are expected shortly.

● After selling out its initial pressing, the compilation album 'Flowmotion' is now available again through Red Rhino and Rough Trade. It features **Chris & Cosey** (formerly with Throbbing Gristle), **Eyeless In Gaza, Legendary Pink Dots** and **T.L.A.,** among others.

● **Judie Tzuke** takes another stab at the charts with her single 'Late Again', issued by Chrysalis this week. It's coupled with 'Water In Motion', and comes in a picture bag.

● **Big View** is the name of the newly-formed group launched by ex-Thompson Twins Peter Dodd and John Roog. Completing the line-up is a girl vocalist known simply as T. Their first single is the self-penned and self-produced 'August Grass', issued this weekend on the new Point Records label. The band will be playing live during the autumn, details to follow.

● **Dolly Mixture,** who provided the back-up vocals on Captain Sensible's No. 1 hit 'Happy Talk', now have the compliment returned on their own new single. Titled 'Everything And More', it's released this week on Respond Records (through Polydor). It was co-produced by the Captain, who is also featured on backing vocals and teeth!

● Detroit singer and guitarist **Marshall Crenshaw** has his self-titled debut album issued by Warner Brothers this week. It was produced by Richard Gottehrer, of Blondie and Go-Go's fame.

● New band **Vega** — comprising two girl lead singers, one of whom doubles on electric violin, plus three male musicians — have their debut single 'Nostradamus' released by Red Bus Records tomorrow (Friday). It's also available as a 12-inch.

● East London rockers **Erazerhead** have their second single issued by Flicknife on August 13 — it's a revival of 'Teenager In Love', originally a million seller for Dion & The Belmonts in 1959. The band are now working on their debut album for release in October, when they'll be touring to promote it.

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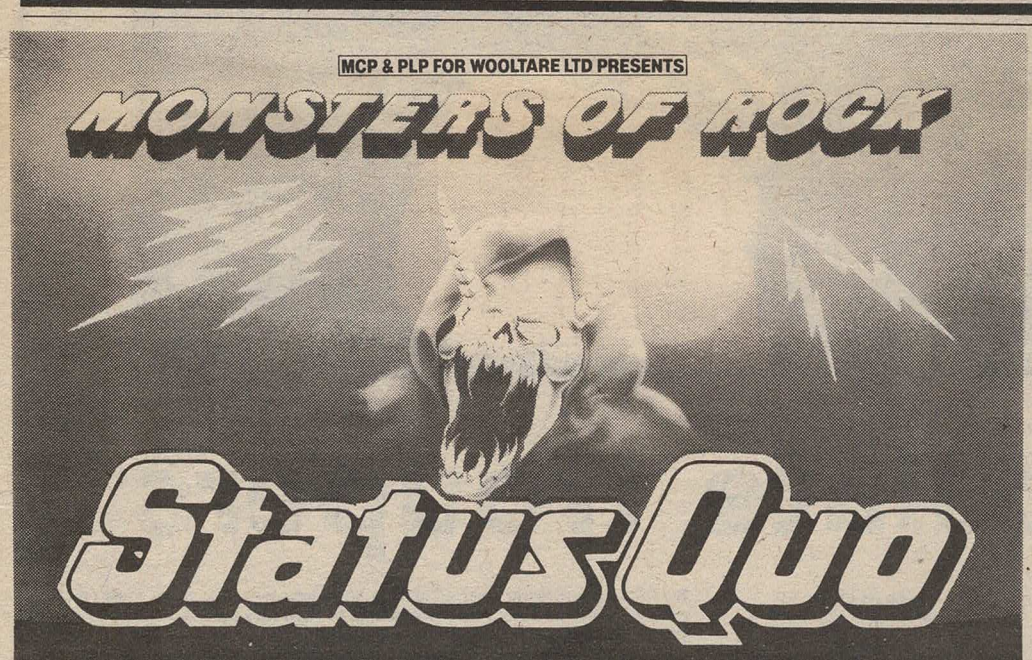

Status Quo

Gillan

AXON

HAWKWIND

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TOMMY VANCE

DONINGTON PARK SATURDAY 21st AUGUST

Tickets are now available from the following outlets :-

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BLACKBURN: King Georges Hall
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CARLISLE: Pink Panther Records
COALVILLE: Randles
CHESTER: Penny Lane Records
COVENTRY: Apollo Theatre
DERBY: R. E. Cords
DUNDEE: Cathy McCabe Records
EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre
EXETER: HMV Records
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MANSFIELD: Revolver Records
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MIDDLESBROUGH: Town Hall
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SOUTHAMPTON: Virgin Records
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The bard at Battersea

Pic Pennie Smith

nationwide GIG GUIDE

MOST of this week's action is concentrated upon London, and certainly the most spectacular event is the all-star Mencap benefit on Monday, which is being staged under the Big Top in Battersea Park — with **JOHN COOPER CLARKE, THE INMATES, ALEXIS KORNER,** the **ALBERTOS, THE COMIC STRIP, ALEXEI SAYLE** and many more, including surprise guests.

The ICA Theatre in The Mall is presenting another of its specialised seasons, this one called "The Joy Of Mooching". It opens on Thursday with **C.P. LEE** presenting his one-man show, paradoxically supported by three bands — and among other acts on view this week (see under daily listings for exact details) are **ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE, DESIGN FOR LIVING, THE REPUBLIC, THE THREE COURGETTES** and Dudu Pukwana's **ZILA.**

Two one-off concerts of significance in the capital mark the farewell of **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY** (The Venue, Thursday) before they take up residence in Berlin, and the return of **999** (Lyceum, Sunday) after a long stay in America. But as far as the provinces are concerned, it's pretty thin — apart from the continuing **JOE JACKSON** and **BUCKS FIZZ** tours, and a one-off by **FASHION** in Coventry on Monday.

thursday 5th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies / Intensive Care**
Canterbury Alberry's: **The Flyboys**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **The Grip**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Pzazz**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Hoochie Coochie Band**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Modern Romance**
Hitchin The Regal: **Blue Feather**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Amazulu**
London Battersea The Latchmore: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Uno Rufo**
London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer: **Apocalypse**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Any Trouble / Airport & Dean**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Slim Sam**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Triple Echo / Gary Clark Band**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira & Friends**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Straight Eight / Afghan Rebels**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Deleted / Kwest / London PX**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bottles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scarecrow / Double Agent**
London Hammersmith Claredon Hotel: **The Higsons / The Dancing Did (Club Foot); Stampede (The Broadway)**
London Hammersmith Ravescourt Park: **Julie Amiet & Trio**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Major Minor**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Zen Attack / Stranger Comfort**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Thunderstick / The English Rogues**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Loose Talk**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **007 / Downbeat**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Sid Presley Experience**
London Putney Half Moon: **Johnny G Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Polytechnic Theatre: **Andy Smith / Martin Carthy**
London Southall White Hart: **Chinatown / Burnz**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Flying Pigs / Van Ordinaire**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Birthday Party / The Laughing Clowns**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Transporter**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **Blancmange**
Maidstone Queens Head Hotel: **Silent Rooms**
Newcastle City Hall: **Joe Jackson Band**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Soldier**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Southport Follies: **Desolation Angels**
Tobermory Aros Hall: **Battlefield Band**
Wellingborough Annabelles: **Liquid Gold**

friday 6th

Aberdeen Hotel Metro: **Phoenix / John Trowsdale**
Ash Chequers: **The Flyboys**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situtation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Desolation Angels**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Bitter End**
Bristol Western Star: **Juan Foote'n'The Grave**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **The Swinging Laurel**
Cardiff Nero's: **Roots & Branches**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Shakatak / Steve Wright**
Coventy Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry The Woodlands: **Speech Majors**
Dudley J.B's Club: **Pictures In A Dark Room**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Rhythm Legacy**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **The Grip**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **It Hz**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Hurrah!/ The Dainty's**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Johnny Silvo**
Kingston The Swan: **Brutal Attack / Alternator**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Kristo Hughes**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **24 Hours**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Vetoes / Dangerous Visions**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Stolen Face**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Silverwing**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Rhetoric**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Transporter**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Any Trouble**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Radi Stars / Naughty Thoughts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **I Am Alone / Lost Loved Ones**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Design For Living / Worried Parachutes**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs / Intensive Care**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Spys**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Dirty Strangers / The Fan Club**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Inversions**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Toyko**
London Plumstead The Ship: **HG & The 100 Years**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Blue Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Putney White Lion: **The Business / Actifed / Urban Dissidents**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Polytechnic Theatre: **Andy Smith**
London Southall Americas Club: **Liaison**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand The Coal Hole: **High Tide**
London Trafalgar Sq St Martin's Centre (under-25s only): **3 Pin Din**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **CP Lee / Drinksville Quartet / Scream And Dance / Peking Opera**
London Victoria The Venue: **OK Jive / My Silent War**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Buck Fizz**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Ore**
Preston Clouds: **Blue Feather**
Rochdale Lancashire Lass: **The Pistons**
Rugby Grady Boys Centre: **Neat Neat Neat / Baroque / Business In Asia**
Strontian Village Hall: **Battlefield Band**
Wells-next-the-Sea The Wells Centre: **Robin Williamson**
Winchester Theatre Royal: **Grand Prix**

saturday 7th

Aviemore Osprey Rooms: **The Grip**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Canon Hill Park: **Ruby Turner Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Prediction/Crizette/The Letters**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Desolation Angels**
Bristol Granary: **Grand Prix**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Swinging Laurels**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Joe Jackson Band**
Folkestone Marine Pavilion: **The Monochrome Set**
Glasgow Dian Inn: **Pallas**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Hull Wellington Lane Community Centre: **Bushfire/Tee Hee Hee**
Kingston The Swan: **Middle Earth/Separate Energy/The Fenders**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Vtang Tumblers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Poacher/Raymond Froggatt/Mike & Griff / Barbary Coast / The Duffy Brothers / Highway Shoes / Jenny Peters**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinairies**
London Battersea The Pavillion: **Moontier**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Cover Version**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Laverne Brown Band / Menage A Trios**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band / J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Subtitles**
London Covent Garden Basement Club: **Portion Control / Bonadish / Solid Space / C. F. Kites**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Cayanne**
London E.11 Bush House (noon-8pm): **Wasted Youth / Mikado / Design For Living / Red Shift / Jimmy Riddle**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates / The Hamsters**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park: **Harry Gold & His Pieces Of Eight**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hote: **Shea Ramah/My Silent War**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean / Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Any Trouble / Rhetoric**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **The Strike/T.D.A.**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Rattlers / Tyger Tyger**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Bac Band / Looking For Prudence**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Jump Squad / Aquilla**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Soho Polytechnic Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap/Tony O'Malley & Friends**
London Southall White Swan: **Exhibit 'A' / Dick Cox**
London Stockwell Old Queens's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pagausu: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Animal Nightlife / The Three Courgettes / Luke Lanelli**
London Victoria The Venue: **Talisman**
London Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens (noon-6pm, free): **Blue Midnight /Impossible Dreamers/Hamburger Allstars / Instant Automatons etc.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lot 49 / Red Banner**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Luton Guildford Street Arts Centre: **Lol Coxhill**
Manchester The Unity: **Blue Feather**
Norwich Arts Centre: **Robin Williamson**
Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: **The Dynamite Band**
Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: **Alton Ellis / Sir Coxsone / Quaker City**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Racing Cars**
Oxford (West Witney) Sports & Social Club: **Trixta**
Portree Drill Hall: **Battlefield Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **Cheetah / The Bailey Bros.**
Rhyl Poppeys Country Club doubling Llandudno Speakeasy: **Kelly Marie / Splashdown / Marsha Raven / Roy Hamilton**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Hoglands Park (noon-6pm): **Here & Now / Ebony Rockers / Laughter In The Garden / St. Mary's Looselife / Bob Pearce Blues Band / Jonathan Brainless**
Wishaw Crown Hotel)lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 8th

Banff Fife Lodge Hotel: **The Grip**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Desolation Angels**
Blackpool Opera House: **Chas & Dave**
Blackpool South Pier: **Bucks Fizz**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Western Star: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Coventry Spencer Park: **April 1st Movement**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Joe Jackson Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Irvine Amanda's: **Pallas**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime) / Kristo Hughes (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Paul Lacey Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals (lunchtime) / Tex Axile & Los Incognitos (evening)**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Fan Club**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The 01 Band / The Committee**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Cayenne**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Sons Of Jah / Seventh Heaven**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hinckley's Heroes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Studio Two/Barbed Choir**
London Gloucester Rd, The Stanhope: **25th Street**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Tropical Fish / Map Of Africa**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Crux**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Ensemble**

■ CONTINUED OVER

nationwide GIG GUIDE

In the Mall: Animal Nightlife — Pic: Peter Anderson

■ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Putney Half Moon: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Steve Waller & Stevie Smith**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakfast Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **999 / Tenpole Tudor / Stolen Pets**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tower Hamlets Air Day Festival: **Orchestre Jazira**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Silverwing**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Pitlochry Festival Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Neil Lewis**
Redhill Lakers Music Club: **Test Pilots / All Hell / Richard Coppelli**
Strood The Stable: **English Rogues**

monday 9th

Altringham The Unicorn: **The Relatives**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Grand Prix**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham The Junction: **Ubik**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **Fashion**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Stu Burns Band**
Hertford The Woolpack: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **The Aemotii Crii/Eaten Alive By Insects/To Be Continued**
Lochcarron Village Hall: **Battlefield Band**
London Battersea Big Top: **Alexis Korner/John Cooper Clarke/Alexei Sayle/Kevin Turvey & The Comic Strip/The Inmates/Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Naughty Thoughts/The Rimshots/Short Commercial Break**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Bow Wow (from Japan)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Tunnel Vision**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Silverwing/Spiteful 9th Child**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allen Eager-Jon Eardley Quintet (for a week)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The London Apaches**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle/Tempa Red**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Only After Dark/The Ghosts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dangerous Visions**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Zephers/Great Divide**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: **Richard McKane**
London Putney Half Moon: **Prelude**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Myst**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **God & The Supreme Beings**
London Victoria The Venue: **Menage A Trois**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Any Trouble**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda Club: **The Decorators/Top Secret**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Syncopation**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Gonzalez (for a week)**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday)**
Stafford Malt & Hops: **The Quartet**
Stockport Cobdens Place: **The Enthusiast**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Shakatak (for a week)**

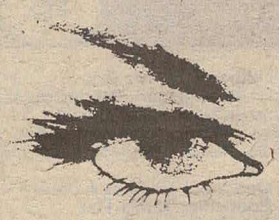
tuesday 10th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Rampats**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Grand Prix**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Charge**
Bristol Locarno: **Joe Jackson Band**
Chester Edwardians: **Press Release**
Delny Jackdaw Hotel: **Battlefield Band**
Kingsthorpe Old Five Bells: **Tobruk**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Streetwalker**
London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer: **Achilles Heel**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Eureka/Sammy Mitchell Band**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Zero Option**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dangerous Visions**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **I Am Alone/Staggering Monkeys/The Hamiltons**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Blue Condition**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Transporter/Karl Whitworth**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Any Trouble**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Robin Jones Quartet**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Stolen Face/The Flyboys**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E-Types**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **20th Century Blues**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Will Gaines/Design For Living/The Flying Pickets/The French Impressionists**
London Victoria The Venue: **Modern English/The Room**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack/The Escorts**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A Go Go: **Chris Cullen Band**
Portree Drill Hall: **Robin Williamson**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**

wednesday 11th

Archiltibuie Village Hall : **Battlefield Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Grand Prix**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Dudley The Crown: **Sears/Death Rattle**
Horsham Hornbrook Club: **English Rogues**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Delta 5**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Heyday**
London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer: **Zeitgeist**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dennis Bovell Dub Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Heart Patrol**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Silverwing/ Destroya**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ambatone**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pencils**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Arbandis / S.U.S.**
London Highate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Kathy Bowes Jones / Bernard Puckett**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Helicopters**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Animal Noises / The Up-Sect**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Spider**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Pizzaz**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Satanic Prayer / Triarchy**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Tilt / Blues Train**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip-Shop Bar Show**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila / Swamp Children / The Republic**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mouse & The Underdog**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
London W1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **I Am Alone**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **The Desolation Angels**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Gary & The Moondogs**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Prelude**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)



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Rock Band
Friday 6th August
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GERALD TOLAN QUINTET
(Lunch Time Jazz)

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DENNIS BOVELLS DUB BAND
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with D.J. & Toaster RANKING DREAD
At the IMPERIAL CINEMA, MOSELY ROAD, BALSALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM
On FRIDAY 6th August
8.30 pm Till Midnight
Admission (At Door Only) £2.50 Waged £2.00 Unwaged With UB40

ONLY AFTER DARK
Mon 9th August CLARENDON HOTEL, HAMMERSMITH
Mon 16th August GREYHOUND, FULHAM
Thur 26th August PAVILLION, BATTERSEA
Wed 1st September AD-LIB CLUB, KENSINGTON
Mon 6th September RED LION, HOUNSLOW

DUDU PUKWANA
FUNKY AFRO JAZZ SOUND
ZILA
100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST
FRIDAY 6th AUGUST
SATURDAY 25th SEPTEMBER
8pm-1am £3 (£2.50)

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 4th August £1.25
THE HELICOPTERS
Thursday 5th August £1.25
TONY POOLE & IAIN WHITMORE
(Ex Starry Eyed & Laughing)
Friday 6th August £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE
Saturday 7th August £1.50
T.B.A.
Sunday 8th August £1.25
LAVERNE BROWN
Monday 9th August £1.25
DANGEROUS VISIONS
With Keith Hale
Tuesday 10th August £1.25
ANY TROUBLE
Wednesday 11th August £1.25
THE HELICOPTERS

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is—
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
Thurs Aug 5
STRAIGHT 8
"Friendly rock ranch from London's old west REO Speedwagon sound cutter but Straight 8 play harder."
Fri 6
TRANSPORTER
American, Claire Hamill steers her band through only a set of mainly self-penned stuff — very listenable, lots of vaguely familiar riffs . . . not what you'd call heavy, more powerfully mellow.
Sat 7
CAYENNE
Having toughened their chops in jazz & disco/funk bands of the 70s, this multi-talented bunch of musicians now serves up their satisfying own blend of salsa. Recommended.
Sun 8
01 BAND
+ THE COMMITTEE
Mon 9
SILVERWING
+ Spiteful Child
Tue 10
I AM ALONE
+ Staggering Monkeys
+ Academic Hamiltons
Wed 11
AMBATONE
Thurs 12
DESIGN FOR LIVING
"Sometimes it's jazz & funk, sometimes it's Irish pipe music . . . the effect is chaotic, exciting & confident."
Sounds.
THE DOORS OPEN 7-30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN ITS 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
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THE JOY OF MOOCHING!
Fri 6 Aug CP Lee's Lord Buckley Show — Drinksville Quartet — Scream & Dance — Peking Opera
Sat 7 Aug Animal Nightlife — Three Courgettes — Luke Lanelli
Tue 10 Aug Will Gaines — Flying Pickets — French Impressionists — Design For Living
Wed 11 Aug Dudu Pukwana's Zila — Swamp Children — The Republic
Thu 12 August Allez Allez — Hermine — Afro Toshiba
Fri 13 Aug Animal Magic — Kray Bros. — Da Gamba
Sat 14 Aug Eric Random — Biting Tongues — Household Name
Also in yer peepers will appear Guest MCs DJs, a SMASHING stage set by Steve Smith (Neo-Broadway Constructivist?), what else do you need — the Bar?
Sponsored by Capital Radio
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The Mall London SW1 — 01 930 3647

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
GEORGE BENSON OCT 20, 21

AUGUST
5 GBH
8 999
15 Joe Jackson
21 Status Quo, Gillan etc (Castle Donington)
21,22 Bow Wow Wow
27, 28 Jethro Tull
27, 28,29 Reading Rock Festival

SEPTEMBER
12 Tygers of Pan Tang
12 King Crimson
12 Simple Minds
16 Mike Oldfield
16, 17, 18, 19 Blondie
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
19 Gloria Gaynor
23,24 Roxy Music
24 25 Bob James
26,27 Neil Young
27, 28, 29, 30 Shirley Bassey

OCTOBER
3,4 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
4 Toto
6 Neil Sedaka
8, 9 Saxon
18, 19 AC/DC
21, 22 George Benson
22 John Martyn
24, 25 Depeche Mode
24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Inglesias
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens

NOVEMBER
11 Shakatak
12, 13 Hawkwind
17, 18, 19, 20, 21 Japan

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DEREK BLOCK presents
THE UNDERTONES
PLUS GUESTS
MONDAY 16th AUGUST 8pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50
Available in advance from National Club 01 328 3141, Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office & all usual agents.

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1
Phone 468287
Tuesday August 3rd
THE THREE COURGETTES
Wednesday August 11th
DELTA 5
Late bar 9-2 am

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
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Thursday 5th August (Adm £2.50)
The Mask Returns
THUNDERSTICK
English Rogues & Jerry Floyd

Friday 6th August (Adm £2.00)
DEMON
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 7th & Sunday 8th August (Adm £3.00)
Welcome return of
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 9th August (Adm £2.00)
SEX GANG CHILDREN
The Ritual & Martin Ball

Tuesday 10th August (Adm £2.00)
From Japan
BOW WOW
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 11th August (Adm £2.00)
August Residency
SPIDER
Buffalo & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 12th & Friday 13th August (Adm £2.00)
Return by public demand
MARILLION
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
Camden Lock. Chalk Farm Road. London NW1.

Thurs 5
ANY TROUBLE
Support by Airport & Dean £2.25
Fri 6
The Vetoes
Supported by Dangerous Visions
(Electro duo/new) £3.30

Sat 7
Laverne Brown
Supported by Menage A Trois
Blues £3.30

Mon 9
Mighty Thoughts
The Rimshots
Short Commercial Break
Rock £1.75

Tues 10
Eureka
With Chris Jagger, John Potter
+ The Sammy Mitchell Band
Rock/Blues £2.00

Wed 11
Reggae night
DENNIS BOVELL & THE DUB BAND
+ Support
£3.00

Thurs 12
The Electric Bluebirds
+ Rye & The Quaterboys
Cajun Blues/soul £2.25

The LYCEUM

DEREK BLOCK presents The Strand, London WC2

999 NINE NINE NINE

Temple Tudor

stolen pets
SUNDAY 8th AUGUST 7pm
ALL TICKETS 3.50 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 836 3715
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

FAC 51

THE HAÇIENDA

Wednesday August 11th
ALLEZ ALLEZ
Friday August 13th
DELTA 5
SECRET SEVEN
Saturday August 14th
BAUHAUS
Tuesday August 17th
RIP, RIG & PANIC
Thursday August 19th
BOW WOW WOW
Saturday August 21st
JAZZ DEFECTORS
Wednesday August 25th
THE ASSOCIATES

11-13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester
061-236 5051

Derek Block presents

BOW WOW WOW

PLUS

THE ELECTRIC GUITARS
SATURDAY 21st AUG 7.30pm
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TICKETS £3.75 £3.25

THE HIGSONS
THE DANCING DID
SUNDAY 22nd AUG 7.30pm
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
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THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 5th August £3.00
BIRTHDAY PARTY
+ Laughing Clowns

Friday 6th August £3.00
O.K. JIVE
+ My Silent War

Saturday 7th August £3.00
TALISMAN
+ The Impossible Dreamers

Monday 9th August £2.00
MENAGE A TROIS
+ BOYS IN DARKNESS
+ THE RED BANNER

Tuesday 10th August £2.50
MODERN ENGLISH
+ The Room

Wednesday 11th August £2.50
EYELESS IN GAZA
+ PALE FOUNTAINS
+ MIGHTIER THAN KONG

Thursday 12th August £3.50
PRINCE LINCOLN THOMPSON AND THE ROYAL RASSES

COMING SOON

Friday 13th August £3.00
MATCHBOX + COAST TO COAST
+ Special guest Kirsty McCall

Saturday 14th August £3.50
KOKOMO + Jive Marines

Monday 16th August £2.00
SHEA RAMAH + R.S.V.P.
+ BONE STRUCTURE

Tuesday 17th August £2.00
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
+ TREATMENT

Wednesday 18th August £2.50
BLURT + DRINKSVILLE QUARTET
+ HARRY AND HILARY

Thursday 19th August £3.00
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69 Dean Street, W1
Cochrane Promotions Present

RICHARD STRANGE
OSCAR McLENNAN
JOOLZ
EVENT GROUP
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Sat 14th August 8.30pm
Tickets £2.50 available in advance from 01-263 1902
Also AVAILABLE TICKETS FOR MASONIC LODGE 23rd-29th AUGUST FOR EDINBURGH FRINGE FESTIVAL

WHITE LION

14 PUTNEY HIGH STREET, SW15 01-788 1540
(Putney Bridge Tube — Buses 14, 22, 30, 37, 74, 85, 93, 220)

Thurs 5th Aug £1.50
STRESS
+ RUDIMENTRY PENI
+ FRIENDS
PUNKS ONLY!
Ring for confirmation

Fri 6th Aug £1.50
PUNK SPECIAL
THE BUSINESS
+ FIVE-O

Sat 7th Aug £1.00
DOUBLE VISION

Sun 8th Aug
Rock 'n' Roll Special
CRAZY CAVERN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

BON-TON-ROULET

PEGASUS
109 Green Lanes N16. 226-5930.

Thursday 5th August £2.00
HANK WANGFORD
Friday 6th August £1.50
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Saturday 7th August £1.50
BIG CHIEF
Sunday 8th August £1.30
BREAKFAST BAND
Monday 9th August £1.00
MYST
Tuesday 10th August £1.00
20TH CENTURY BLUES
Wednesday 11th August £1.25
CHIP-SHOP BAR-SHOW

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THE PIED BULL

1 Liverpool Road Angel N1 (Angel tube)
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Thursday 5th August £1.00
MAJOR MINOR
Friday 6th August £1.00
SPIES
Saturday 7th August 30p or 70p
MOVEMENT
(Gay disco)
Sunday 8th August £1.00
STEVE HOOKER & THE SHAKERS
Monday 9th August £1.00
RIOT CLONE
+ Supports
Tuesday 10th August £1.00
THE ROBIN JONES QUARTET
Wednesday 11th August £1.00
WILD WAX SHOW
(Rock 'n' Roll disco)
Thursday 12th August £1.00
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OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM

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LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS
NEW YEAR'S EVE
EVERY MONDAY
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Cabaret – Prizes – Balloons
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight
Admission £2.50

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60's Soul Night
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's
JAMES HAMILTON
plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY 5th AUGUST
LIVE MUSIC
FROM
BLANCMANGE
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.30 pm
THURSDAY 12th AUGUST
TO TO COELO

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
OWEN WASHINGTON
INVITES YOU TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH HIM AND HIS SPECIAL GUESTS

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

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SOURCE ABC JAN/JUNE 1982

MOONLIGHT

100 West End Lane
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sundays 7.30 — 10.30

Wednesday 4th August £1.50
SLAM
+ The Great Divide
+ Special Guests
Thursday 5th August £1.00
TRANSPORTER
+ Support
Friday 6th August £1.75
MAD SHADOWS
+ Splash
Saturday 7th August £1.50
LOT 49
+ Red Banner
Sunday 8th August £1.25
SILVERWING
+ Spiteful Child
Monday 9th August £1.50
ANY TROUBLE
+ Airport And Dean
Tuesday 10th August £1.50
THE MYST
+ Shea Ramah
Wednesday 11th August £1.50
STOLEN PETS
+ Mouse and the Underdog

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Derek Block presents

JOE JACKSON

in concert

No Support - Joe Jackson On Stage 8.15 pm (with interval)
SUNDAY 15th AUGUST
TICKETS £4.00, £3.50 Doors Open 7.30p.m.
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748-4081 and USUAL AGENTS

KINGS HEAD

4 Fulham High St. SW6 736 1413

Thursday 5th August £1.50
BBQ Night — Bring your own meat
LAZLO AND THE LEOPARDS
Friday 6th August £1.50
THE SNORKELS
Saturday 7th August £1.50
RED BEANS AND RICE
Sunday 8th August £1.00
THE HAMER/HUNTER BAND
Monday 9th August £1.00
THE DIRECTORS
Tuesday 10th August £1.00
LAZLO AND THE LEOPARDS
Wednesday 11th August £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

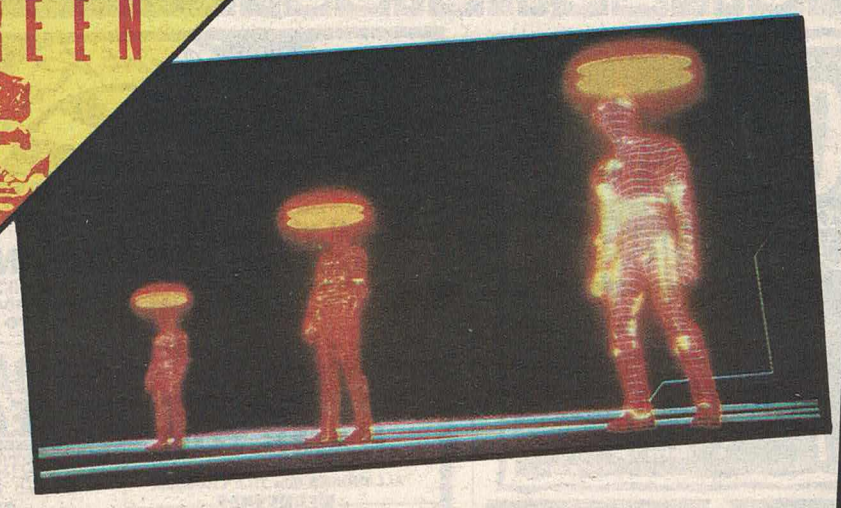
Thursday 5th August £1.00
STAMPEDE (ex Wild Horses)
Friday 6th August £1.50
I AM ALONE
+ Lost Loved Ones
Saturday 7th August £1.50
SHEA RAMAH + My Silent War
Sunday 8th August £1.50
TROPICAL FISH
+ My Silent War
Monday 9th August £1.25
ONLY AFTER DARK
+ The Ghosts
Tuesday 10th August 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real ale served 7.30 pm — 11.00 pm

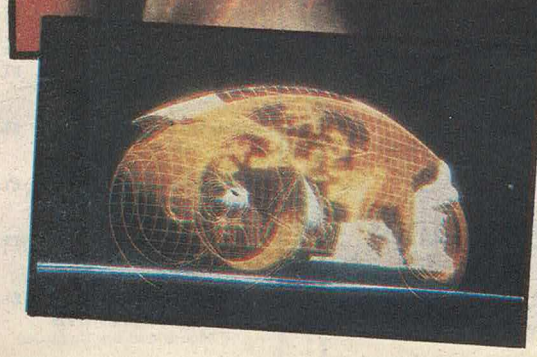
THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

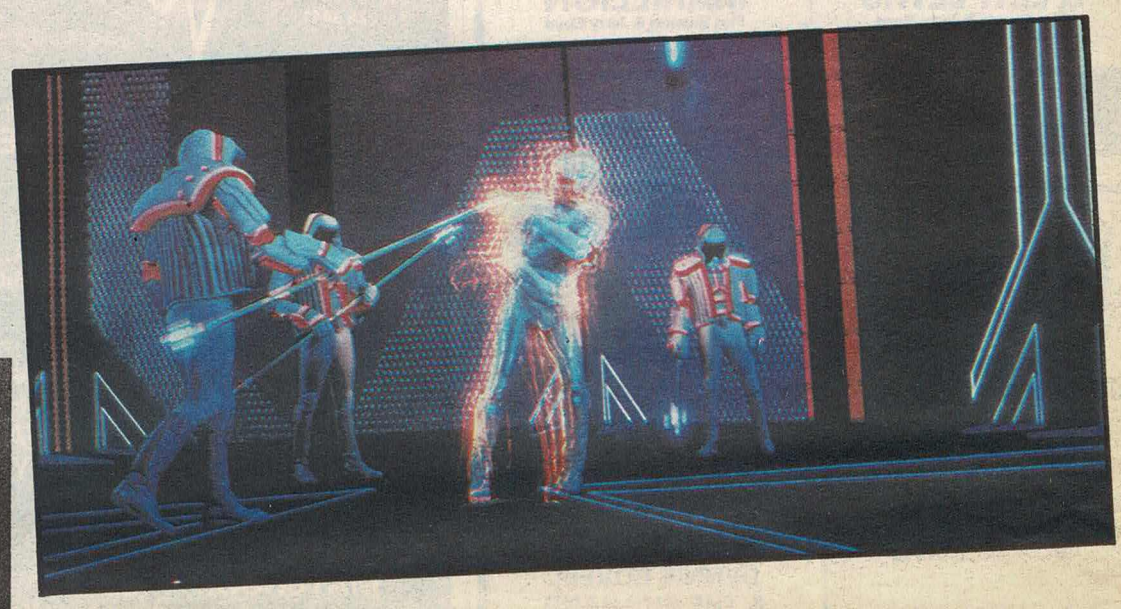
Thursday 5th August Sole London Date: £1.25
SCARECROW
+ Double Agent
Friday 6th August £2.00
RADIO STARS
+ Naughty Thoughts
Saturday 7th August £2.00
THE INMATES
+ The Hamsters
Sunday 8th August £1.00
STUDIO 2
+ Barbed Choir
Monday 9th August Special Birthday Party Nite £1.25
AUNTIE & THE MEN FROM UNCLE
+ Tempa Red
Tuesday 10th August £1.25
TRANSPORTER featuring Claire Hamill
+ Karl Whitworth
Wednesday 11th August Hard Rock Night £1.25
LEGAL TENDER
+ Support

SILVER SCREEN

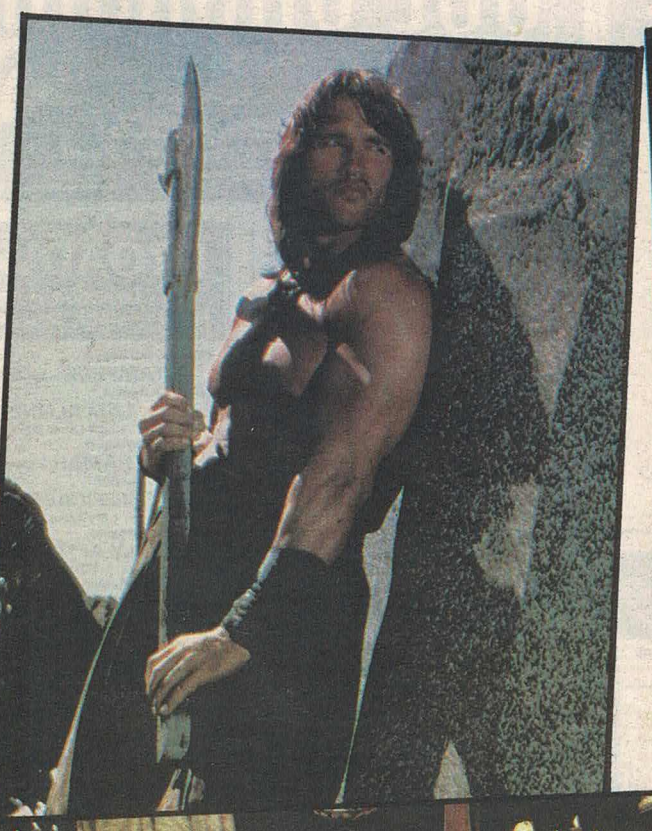


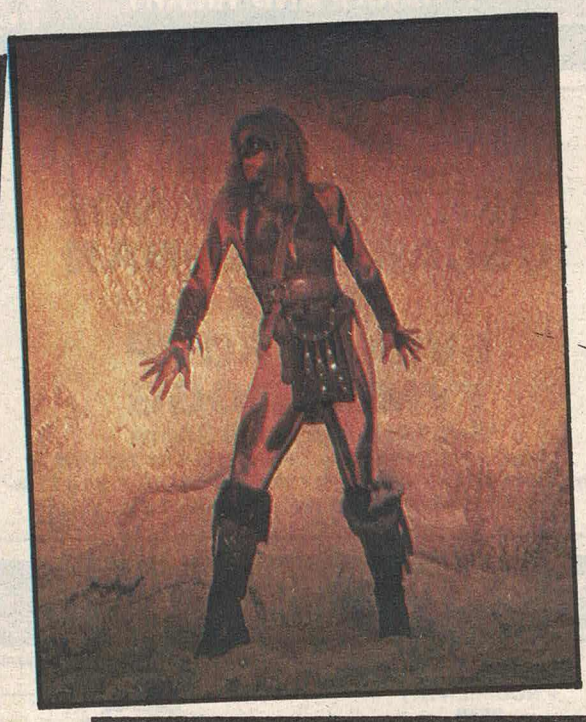


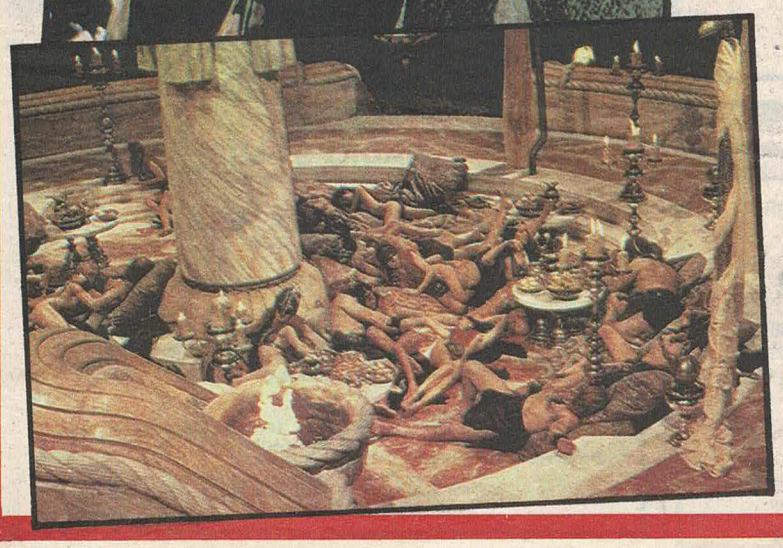
TRON: Visions of the future from inside a computer. David Warner (top right) is the baddie, just like he was in Time Bandits. Bruce Boxleitner (centre right) is the rebellious video warrior who's just made a bad mistake: "Got a light, mate?"



CONAN IN THE WORKS SPECIAL TRON







CONAN THE BARBARIAN: Images of a mythological past. Arnold Schwarzenegger is Conan, and (clockwise) Sandahl Bergman as Valerie, Cassandra Gaviola as the Witch, Conan crucified, warriors at work, the Children of Doom at 'play': "Cannibal soup, anyone?"

☐ **THE ELECTRONIC fantasy world of *Tron*, a futuristic adventure set *inside* a computer grid, sees the Walt Disney studio going where no man has ever doodled: *Tron* and its characters are set in landscapes that could not physically exist in the real world, landscapes created by computer animation. Computer graphics were first applied to aerospace and scientific research in the 1960s, when methods of simulating objects digitally in three dimensions proved as effective as building models. It was out of director Steven Lisberger's passion for computer games that the idea for *Tron* grew; in *Tron* the video warriors come to life. "A vision of the movies' future," wrote Richard Schickel in *Time* magazine. "Offering sights that no eye, no camera has ever before held, *Tron* represents an unprecedented orchestration of this relatively new technology (computer animation). It thus stands in relationship to what has gone before as *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs* did to conventional animation when it was released in 1937 and as *2001: A Space Odyssey* did to optical-effects pictures when it was released in 1968." Steven Lisberger, a 31-year-old New Yorker previously known only for the animated feature *Animalympics*, remains modest about his achievement with *Tron*: "I'd recommend a 'Child Guidance' rating," he says. "If you're over 17, take a kid with you." *Tron*, starring Jeff Bridges, David Warner and Bruce Boxleitner, opens in mid-October.**

☐ **THE EPIC fantasy world of *Conan The Barbarian*, a brutal adventure set in an ancient mythological past, sees John Milius come of age as a film-maker. Milius, the man who wrote (with Michael Cimino) *Magnum Force*, who directed *Dillinger*, who produced Paul Schrader's *Hardcore* and Steven Spielberg's *1941*, has at last made (in his own words) "the picture I've always planned to make, about pagans and pantheists, about the purity and glory of battle, the strength of the individual, about myth. The project was offered to me at the right time as I'd been developing ideas along similar lines, like a Viking picture or an epic about Genghis Khan, who is one of my greatest heroes. The stories (by Robert Howard, who wrote for *Weird Tales* magazine in the 1930s) weren't set in any particular place or time, though I see Conan living in the 9th century in the area now called Afghanistan, which gives us a reason for the mix of Oriental and Occidental characters." Starring ex-Mr Universe Arnold Schwarzenegger in the title role, *Conan* has been three years in the making on a budget of $20 million, which is what passes for reasonable these days. "Making the picture was like walking through mud. We seemed to be staging the same battle every day for months, with hundreds of Spanish extras, horses, camels, snakes. One of the reasons for the film's slight delay is that I've had to trim some of the violence and the ratings board took exception to a love scene." Even so, Milius remains enthusiastic: "*Conan* is just the kind of movie that I'd like to see tonight." *Conan The Barbarian*, starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, James Earl Jones and Sandahl Bergman, opens at the end of August.**

IN THE WORKS

☐ DUSTIN HOFFMAN is apparently being paid $4½ million for acting in **Tootsie**. Perhaps he deserves it, for cheek alone: in a film co-starring Jessica Lange and Teri Garr, Hoffman is playing a woman. Each day he spends three and a half hours in make-up. The production company wonders why *Tootsie* keeps slipping behind schedule. Director Sydney Pollack explains: "Dustin's breasts fall down. The high heels hurt his feet. The make-up causes pimples, and the heat makes his beard show through after a couple of hours. We never anticipated all this." Pollack should've guessed there'd be problems — directors Hal Ashby and Dick Richards had both long since quit the project. "Why is he playing a woman?" asks a passing Chris Bohn. "For $4½ million," I answer, wondering how much Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon got for *Some Like It Hot*.

☐ RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER's last film is based on Jean Genet's *Querelle De Brest*, an autobiographical novel written in prison when the author was serving time for petty thieving and prostitution. The book, notorious in its time (1947), has an explicit homosexual bent, as it were, and the German Film Promotion Board weren't entirely happy about granting Fassbinder financial aid: "The special style of this director . . . gives ground for fears of superficial hyperbole." Rainer's probably laughing in his grave at that remark, expecially since the book's sailor 'hero' is bisexual and fascinated by "murder as an erotic mutation." In Fassbinder's **Querelle**, subtitled *A Pact With The Devil*, Brad Davis (the young American in *Midnight Express*) takes the title role. "It's important to realise that *Querelle* is not a picture about crime or homosexuality," says Brad. "Rainer says it's a film about identity."

☐ RICHARD PRYOR and Dudley Moore are currently vying for the title of World's Busiest Actor Ever Ever Ever. With *Some Kind Of Hero* and *Live On Sunset Strip* already on release, Pryor is also working on **Superman 3** (as the villain), **The Toy** (with Jackie Gleason), **Ain't No Heroes** (with Richard Dreyfuss) and **Malcolm X** (taking the title role, to be directed by Sidney Lumet). Dudley seems almost slothful by comparison: all he's got going is the role of a New York psychiatrist in **Lovesick**, the directorial debut of Woody Allen's longtime associate Marshall Brickman; **Six Weeks** with Mary Tyler Moore (and who wouldn't want six weeks with etc etc); and **Romantic Comedy** (I'm guessing, but that's probably a working title) with Mary Steenburgen.

☐ DUCK, YOU SUCKERS: Mondo disgusterama rammalammadingdong dead stupid horror films continue unabated over the water. The latest late-night monstrosity in New York is **Dr Butcher MD**. Here are the ad lines: "He is a depraved, sadistic rapist. A bloodthirsty, homicidal killer. And he makes house calls." Andy 'I've seen the Bob Hite' Gill says: "Ummm, can't wait!" The MD, by the way, stands for Medical Deviate (they think that's terribly funny) . . . If you can't wait for that, hold your nose for **Basket Case** (shortly to be released by Palace Video), which *Village Voice* assures us is "More disgustingly human than the E.T." Excuse me while I go and throw up on Ian Penman's pointed shoes . . .

Monty Smith

The Great Owl, grumpy as usual

Jeremy the crow in danger from Dragon the cat

BRIGHT AND BRISBY

The Secret Of NIMH

Directed by Don Bluth
With the voices of Elizabeth Hartman, Dom DeLuise, Derek Jacobi and Hermione Baddeley (UIP)

THIS IS REALLY something to be excited about, all you devotees of paintbrush fantasy. *The Secret of NIMH* is an animated feature that fields the most enthralling sequences of classical cartoon since Disney's greatet days while suggesting a deeper imaginative strain that hikes Don Bluth's film beyond simple confection.

On this evidence Bluth is the most interesting American animator to appear in years. Groomed for stardom at Disney itself, he quit after finding their plans not sufficienty in tune with the studio's cartoon heyday; and *The Secret of NIMH* is almost a tribute to the intense detail and scrupulous glow that imbued masterworks like *Fantasia* and *Snow White*. Nowhere has Bluth skimped on resources: every twig on every tree stands out, although the frames are characterised essentially by a warm softness.

The story tempers a pastoral setting with overtones of an uglier (though hardly less harsh — one of Bluth's strengths is his recognition of nature's amoral way of life and death), modern, human world on the outer fringe. Its principal is the mouse Mrs Brisby and its concern is her attempts to shift her field home from the deadly path of a farm plough.

Though aided by the spectacularly clumsy crow Jeremy (Dom DeLuise in ideal voice) and the crotchety but resilient Aunt Vole (Hermione Baddeley) it is only when she enlists the aid of the rats in the rose bush that hope glimmers — for they have been mysteriously gifted with an exceptional intelligence. The reason is the secret of NIMH itself.

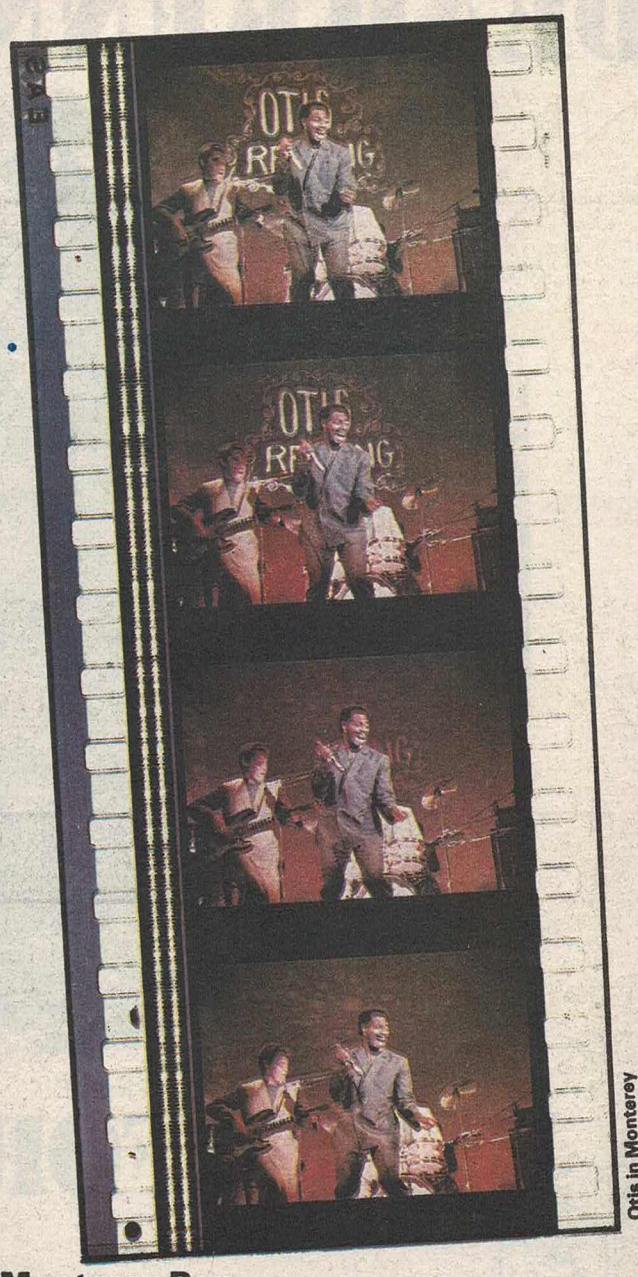
In a bald description the tale sounds distressingly like a sticky stew of Tolkien and Beatrix Potter, but Bluth's adaptation matches its deeper spiritual bent to Jeremy's misanthropic anarchy with rare judgement. Excellent dialogue which averts runaway cutesiness further stiffens the picture's backbone. And the necessary humanising of the creatures has been effected without neutering the animals' characters.

Above all, the visual style is positively radiant. Bluth's use of a multi-plane camera to deepen the perspective of the scene — a technique long abandoned by Disney because it's so agonisingly laborious — gives this cartoon world a presence otherwise lost forty years ago. Seeing Mrs Brisby travel pendulously down in a well bucket to seek aid or creep trembling into the lair of the awe-inspiring Great Owl is to find yourself in a place where shadow and colour assume mystical identities; where the significance of the tiniest beings in wholly altered.

In some respects *The Secret Of NIMH* is regressive. Bluth's work, however, is no mere recreation; rather it draws on the most timeless strengths of the animator's art. A beautiful and entrancing film.

Richard Cook

Mrs Brisby goes to see the family physician



Otis in Monterey

Monterey Pop

Directed by D. A. Pennebaker
Starring Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, The Who, Janis Joplin and Jackie Pallo (Blue Dolphin)

ROCK 'N' ROLL . . . PHEW! What a scorcher!!! Monterey was the Big Daddy of them all, a veritable Shirley Crabtree of a pop festival. We were all there: Jimi, Oti, Monti, Mick McManus, and Roy Carr recording everything in sight on his trusty Uher. Anton Corbijn, only seven at the time but already nudging six foot, pointed his Pentax at the golden haired hippie maidens 'relaxing' on giant haystacks *(What is this with the gratuitous wrestling remarks? — Kent Walton)*. When Hugh Masekela broke into 'Bajabula Bonke' everyone went home happy. Postscript for pop pedants: *Monterey Pop*, Pennebaker's visual record of the 1967 'event', is re-released with a brand new stereo print on August 12.

Monterey Smith

Richard Pryor
LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP X

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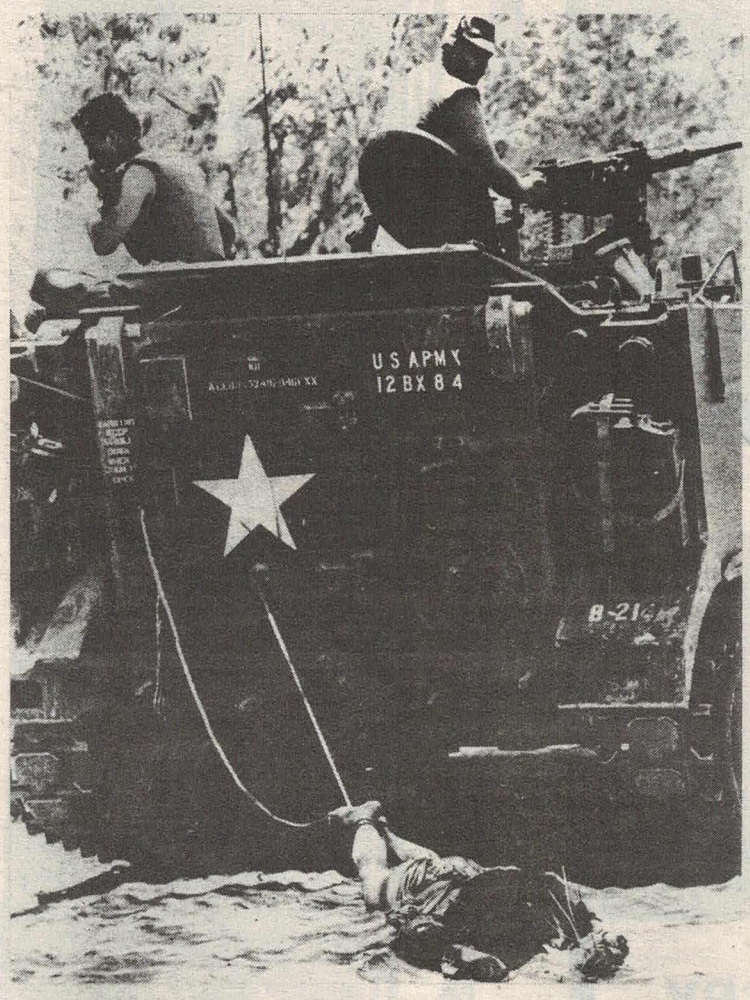

THE NEW SINGLE

BLEED FOR ME

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IN THE CAN

Death Vengeance (Lewis Teague). Corman graduate gorges already derivative project — so what's new *(nothing)* — with feckless abandon and oh so splendidly graceless gore, hack pace, lack of foibles, lack of interest (contd Scala programme March 1987). Notable only for fleeting glimpse of miscast Yaphet Kotto. Otherwise, dumb violent crap of the worst order — stuff that gives pseudo-sensitive bores the 'basis' for giving USA cinema a bad name. **(EMI)**

Fitzcarraldo (Werner Herzog). Wernie's latest epic psycho-drama is probably not the story of 'mad' Irish video baron Andover Gill's mission to transport a bratwurst delicatessen — lock, stock and indeed barrel — over the mountainous landscape of Peru. But it well could be for all I know (or care)! No, seriously, Chris Bohn and Andy Gill say it's brilliant so who are we to guffaw in dissension? **(Artificial Eye)**

Bob Geldof as Max Wall, subject of a lengthy analysis in this week's Can. (Isn't this a still from the new John Milius film? — Ed.)

Grease 2 (Patricia Birch). Snazzy enough direction from choreographer Birch (the opening set-piece is a peach) but there's no Travolta and even less of Liv, and the chewns aren't much cop, and there's not even a proper plot, and . . . and even so it's an amiably dumb romp that's frowned upon for all the wrong reasons. *"We loved it!" — NME.* **(UIP)**

Missing (Costa-Gavras). Tendentious and turgid, and that's just the credits! But I'm in a minority with regards to this one because this Chile recipe (© A. Hack up against a deadline) has gone down very well with real film fans like Tony Stewart, Anthony Bruno and Andy 'No More References To My *Enormous* Bust, *Please'* Gill, not to mention all the anti-Americans at the Cannes festival. **(UIP)**

Rocky 3 (Sylvester Stallone). Flash, bang, wallop, it's all over in 96 extremely fast minutes. Thank God. Still, ephemera hasn't come this painless since *On The Waterfront (Shurely shome mishtake? — Ed.)* **(UIP)**

The Wall (Alan Parker). And just for a change, a film from UIP. **(UIP)**

Monty Smith and Ian Penman

ON THE BOX

Ian Penman, the free-thinking person's Jonah Junor, Louella Parsons and George Bataille — all rolled into one little bundle!!! — suffers the continental dross of few, and video-tapeable genius of others. *(Well, that's open to censorship, as regards our first entry. Hrrm, hrrm. — Monty 'I'm not so much anti-camp, as—' Smith)*

Thursday August 5
All That Heaven Allows (Douglas Sirk 1955). Will you stop interrupting Monty? (*Funny* name, that.) This is one of *the* great Sirks, expertly programmed by those nice people at the BBC (Welles, Ford, Hitchcock — whoever next? John Waters!!!??) to coincide somewhere in the region of my birthday. 'All That I Desire'?! Well, I'll be out tonight — but 'There's Always Tomorrow' when you've a VHS!!! *(Get on with it — M.S.)* OK: *All That Heaven Allows;* the prototype for Fassbinder's *Fear Eats The Soul;* Rock Hudson as the prole, Jane Wyman his rich employer; complicated and socially unacceptable desire the subject. Lushly photographed, magnificently, lightly obsessed observation. *(Or complete and utter crap, depending on who's 'editing' this section, heh heh. — 'Mighty Miffed')* **(BBC2)**

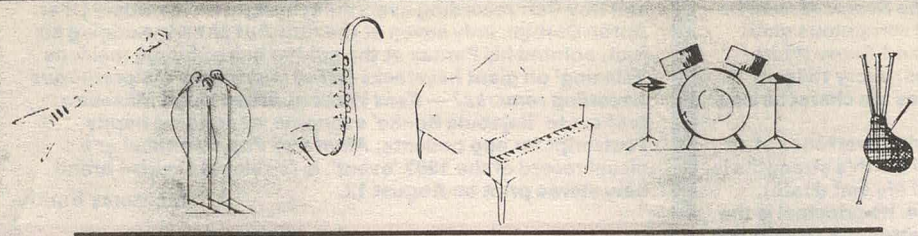
Saturday August 7
The Road To Corinth (Claude Chabrol 1967). Jean Seberg the only feature(s) worth your time in another overrated, dull-as-can-be Chabrol con-job. **(BBC2)**

Notorious (Alfred Hitchcock 1946). Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman and Claude 'It Never Pours But It' Rains spying and plotting about in Rio after John Milius 'style' Nazis (Only kiddin', John!). Hitchcock makes other TV look worse than (Summer) ever. He's not bad, is he? **(BBC2)**

Sunday August 8
Shakespeare Wallah (James Ivory 1965). More boring than Claude Chabrol!!! In this heat whaddya expect — a social worker? **(BBC2)**

Jezebel (William Wyler 1938). Infinitely preferable, hard '30s Warner Bros melodrama. Anyone who caught *Little Foxes* recently, dig in — Bette Davis and William Wyler teamed again; here it's all ringing Southern belles in Noo'Awleans. Also starring Henry Fonda and various original sins. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday August 10
The Sun Shines Bright (John Ford 1953). Notable for apparently being Ford's own favourite direction, a story of post-Civil War Southern political intrigue. **(BBC2)**



TDK

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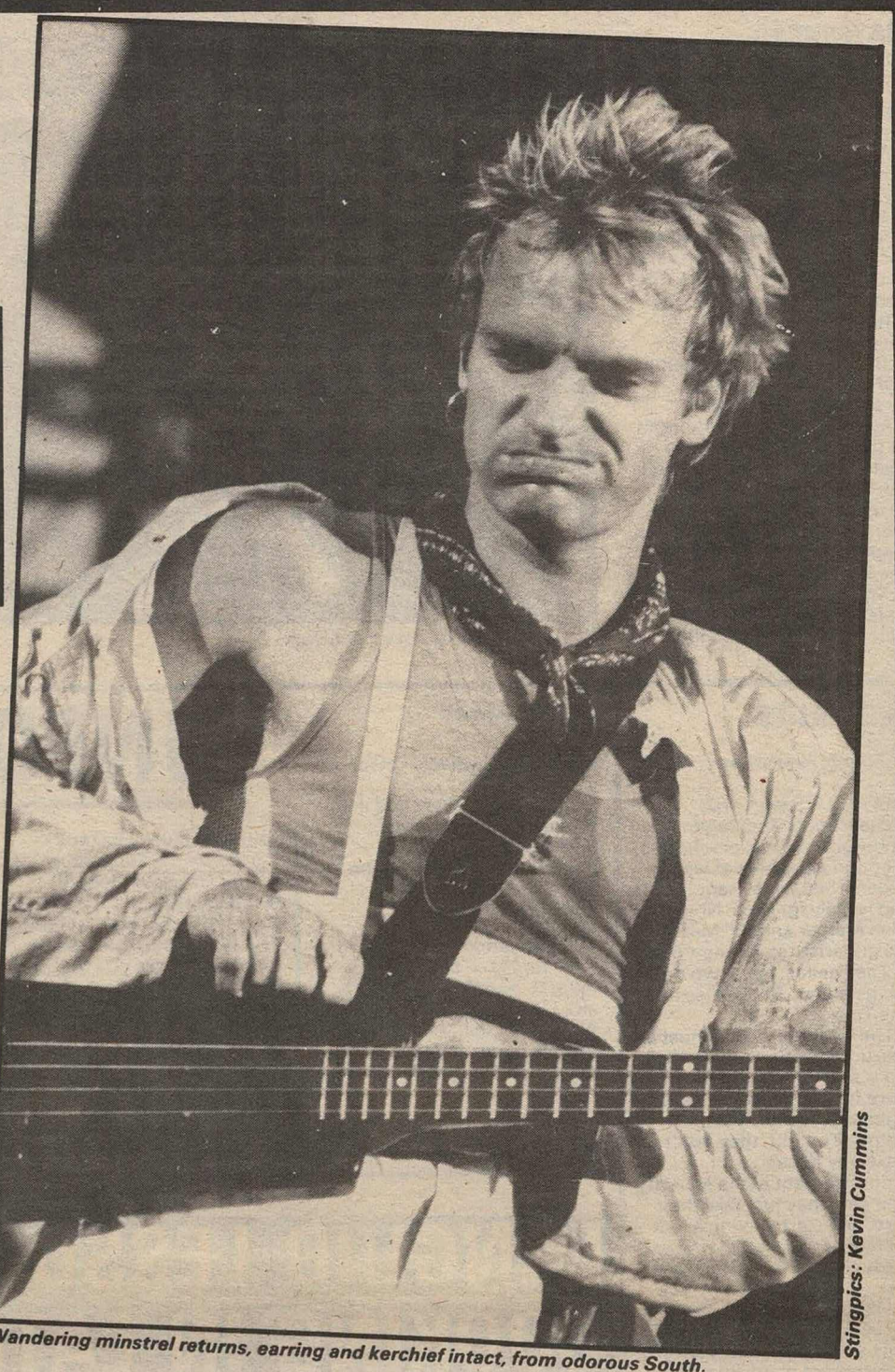


Wandering minstrel returns, earring and kerchief intact, from odorous South.

Stingpics: Kevin Cummins

THE POLICE
U2
THE BEAT
GANG OF FOUR

Gateshead

1000 METRES.

BREATHE two, three, Gang of Four. Charge the pace, lead the pack. Gateshead. Lead the pack. Warm 'em up. Three, four. And there goes Jon King on a spurt — running to a burnt out beat. Cinders with no fairy Godmother (not even Sara Lee) to invest metamorphic properties into the set.

When Gill shouts "Let's regress to our childhoods!", he means it. The **Gang of Four** have regressed to a pre-natal state, an incubatory existence that is suffocating in its security.

The funk trappings become a womb-warm enclave of safety/predictability that blankets the tracks in much the same way as the clouds smother the stadium with their cloying, concrete grey.

The workers on stage failed to control the means of production — if they had the workers on the floor would have shown solidarity (and clapped).

The hotch-potch audience seemed more intent on the local ales than on the imported victuals. In fact by the time **The Beat** came on the stadium seemed to be emptying — at its peak the audience may have reached 9000 which was poor by any standards.

But who cares about the crowd? When Roger and Wakeling take to stage, they push the pressure so high that the clouds disperse and the Gateshead stadium wraps up in a Wizard of Oz whirlwind and lands in the West Indies with a thud and a toast.

New tracks spun around the stadium at breakneck speed, 'Ackee 1, 2, 3', a searing, calypso dance of strength: The Beat bring 'Unity Ina Community' to Gateshead. The Beat lose the tongue, rock the mike, shuffle your feet and move your mind. There were cries for 'Stand Down Margaret' — a call that was answered with venom.

'Get A Job' could have been the theme for this most depressed of areas. The lack of crowd, the thousands that couldn't afford the tenner to get in, The Beat shouted the message to them. "That likkle woman by the name of Margaret" should listen to this hottest of toasts.

It was sad in the light of the performance to see The Beat playing second steppers to **U2**. It was a shock to see the usual musical hierarchy so inverted — musically it was a gross mistake as The Beat easily outshone Bono's Emerald Express.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness (and Bono obviously feels very close to God). The pomp and ceremony of U2's pseudo-religious rock filled the arena. Through the echoing love psalm 'Gloria' to an overdrawn over-played 'An Cat Dubh', U2 wowed the crowd. 'I Will Follow' led the audience into their own promised land — but Bono had better watch his step because he's walking on thin water.

Throughout the set we were treated to Bono's own brand of Christian peace politics: "The only flag I believe in is a white one," "Give peace a chance" and an authentic "God bless you."

Bono's friendly and mutually returned gifts of peace and love were in sharp contrast to the rantings of an enraged Sting. **The Police** had arrived — the return of the prodigal son. This boy is a Local Hero. Local enough to waffle on freely about his childhood. Local enough to be one of The Boys. Star enough to kid the crowd into believing him. Amongst family and friends Sting showed us a tantrum — and gave all of us a lesson in propaganda, and how to use a gig as an organ for your own personal rantings. "For the avid readers of *The Sun* that are here — tonight's mystery blonde is Andy Summers!" *"The Daily Mail* — the nosy bastards!".

Sting wasn't a Brendan Foster on this running track — more a bad boy Steve Ovett. Two, three, four . . . keep your head above water, keep the Press machine churning.

When Sting says: "I'm singing this in French, because it's about er . . . how can I say it . . . er . . . FUCKING . !" you are shocked into laughter. Sting, whatever the Press would have you believe, is about as controversial as Page Three. They have christened and wet the head of their new Jagger.

□ RUN/OVER

VIOLENT VOICE RIPS THE VEIL ON THE MYSTIC

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

Elephant Fayre, Cornwall

"FOLLOWING the footsteps of a rag doll dance we are entranced. Spellbound."

As legions of bristling spikes and glistening chains, outlandish pyramid cones and scanty leather minis are unloaded onto the stone cold slab that is Plymouth railway station, I begin to wonder why Siouxsie And The Banshees continue to inspire such blind fanaticism from a tribe they've long since outgrown.

From Doncaster to Dumfries, they've travelled in their thousands, drawn inwards on a pilgrimage to a most unholy cause. But then I realise the futility of attempting to conceptualise that instinctive hold, the natural magnetism that Siouxsie oozes. Following the mystic veil that cloaks The Banshees' calamitious wail, we are entranced. Spellbound. So let me tell you what happened at the Elephant Fayre instead.

As we wander through an intricate maze of guidelines and tent pegs, the festival looks like a far more civilised affair than its Somerset counterpart (Glastonbury). The biggest noises come from the barn dances and helter skelters of other such rustic gigs (like drug tents! . .). The punks and the hippies are getting on great . . . but will it last?

At the focal point of the festival, a massive tent on the peak of a gentle hill, John Cooper Clarke digs another nail into the coffin of rock poetry as attention takes a drastic upward bent. A chapter of Hells Angels have arrived and, from what I can gather, they intend to make their presence known in their own inimitable fashion. The security seems haphazard to say the least, as one 'controller' said, "The only thing we've done right all day is to let the band in."

And speaking of which: *"From the cradle bars comes a beckoning voice/It sends you spinning/You have no choice."*

After considerable pre-show discussion as to whether the band would be introduced as Bonnie Tyler And The Banshees, Siouxsie opens what will probably be their only UK appearance this year, in majestic form. Strutting and hopping, raucous and lacerating and flowing like liquid glass, the Banshee queen sneers and scowls at suspicions that she would be restrained. The essence of The Banshees relies on that metallic beauty far too much for it to be harnessed and controlled. And Sioux knows the charms of her irresistible hiss as she dances recklessly around the stage, clutching the precious microphone so close to her mouth. Dressed all in white she cuts a perverse persona.

In the confines of the Fayre, all that sensationalised 'medical advice' is thrown into the Cornish wind as, at one point, she even stoops/stops to cackle hoarsely through a grin: "I'm sorry I can't speak to you. I've lost my voice you know."

But the voice is simply a part of The Banshee spirit. Severin, McGeogh and Budgie perform their role with an equally ruthless efficiency. Severin cuts a cool, arrogant figurehead in his smart grey suit and perfectly arranged blond hair — give him a Lambretta and he'd look right at home in *Quadrophenia*. The bass guitarist picks out those enticing Banshee intros with an air of graceful detachment.

Beckoning voice drowned in anger . . . Siouxsie Sioux *Pic: David Corio*

McGeogh's pony tail swings in time as he blurts out the frenzied guitar. Budgie, you know all about Budgie. Thump. Thump. Thump.

The Banshees' set has changed considerably since the last time I saw them — their infatuations with all things occult moving to the fore with ever-increasing steps. The magic of 'Ju Ju' blends in with the new songs and some old hits. But I ought to mention the trouble.

When you get twice as many people as humanly possible in the front half of the tent, and punks, angels and bikers all pissed together, there's going to be trouble.

The Banshees start up another subtle intro, the band begin that familiar low, mesmerising dance. The band speed up and the neo-pogo lunatics take control. There's nothing to do but dive out of the way as the bodies start flying. A bouncer gets attacked and uses his topless attacker as an ashtray. The 'controllers' remove a whole section of the audience through a side opening only to end up in a mass scrap outside. You've seen it all before but it isn't easy to accept.

Back inside, 'Happy House' takes on a new, more insidious meaning. WE'RE ALL INSANE. What exactly are we doing here? Listening to 'Voodoo Doll', 'Arabian Knights' and 'Spellbound' and and more fireworks. Some people fainted, others decided it was time to leave. I was one of them. Who needs encores?

Amrik Rai

GATESHEAD

□ RUNNING/ON

Let's talk mega-star and gossip column.

Think of a Police single, times it by two, add a figure between nine and 15,000 and the Police played it (and the audience sung it). The word for the crowd to move in came with an SOS and a bottle. The spell continued with 'Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic' and 'Spirits . . .'

But live, the Police depend not upon the individual strength/genius of their singles but upon the strength of their sound. The totality of their lumbering dubbing and the fluidity of their delivery coupled with the back chat from archangel Sting leads to a spoon-fed adulation from the devoted.

The Police sound the depths of familiarity with such aplomb that the overkill of Summers guitar is unnoticed by the less discerning 'pop' fan. In places the excess is of Stones-ian proportions. At other times the most subtle, simple, beautiful flashes of purity shine through — Sting almost whispering over a faded echo of 'The Bed's Too Big' or a rousing 'Invisible Sun' that showed that all the light had come from the stage not the sky.

Before we left tired and blinded (by the spot lights) we were treated to a couple of encores and a couple of those rants. 'Don't Stand So Close To Me' was preceded by some angst ridden sloganeering: "Body Mist Stinks!", "The legal process stinks!"

The crowd loved it. The Press loved it. Sting's bank manager loved it. The rain had held out. The audience had held out. Sting had held out. The Police had weathered operation Country man.

David Dorrell

Bono leads the laying on of hands *Pic:Kevin Cummins*

HOT FOOT

Birmingham

BEFORE DUMA EXPRESS opened two weeks ago, nightclubbing in Birmingham was like everything else about the city: tepid — cool's not in it. Once blotchy Barbarella's shut down, only the jazz club Opposite Lock and, later, footballer Andy Gray's tiny snug-cum-club Holy City Zoo presented live music with any regularity. Otherwise the closest Birmingham got to a scene was the crush of new romantics that clustered around Duran Duran at their management's Rum Runner.

Though I hate to admit it, your much-travelled nocturnal correspondent once resided in the second city, indeed saw out a 21-year sentence here. During that time I wouldn't have gone anywhere out of choice just to be there. Then, many feel the same about London clubs. The Duma Express, though, promises to be just the sort of place to go regardless of who's playing or what's happening.

The Duma convenes every second Thursday at the normally staid, rally coat stuffed Opposite Lock with a view to creating an atmosphere somewhere between Vic Godard's Club Left's blue melancholy and Cabaret Futura's revolutionary spirit. In other words, anything goes, but in a relaxed sort of way. Cheap to get in, dearer at the bar, it's thus far pulling well and from a wide circle — a few dreads, coupla mutant teds, zoots, vests, vamps, beehives.

The DJ alternates hot and cold: Lounge Lizards' fake jazz with the real thing, Kid Creole, Sinatra, electronics, pop. Poets rant in the adjacent bar. Some people actually listen. The sudden availability of an open house has drawn Birmingham's well kept secret freaks out of the woodwork, knowing their respective quirks will meet an initially receptive audience. After that it's up to them. Tonight a torchy vocalist Steve Duffy masquerades as a cheap singer, with a fetching reedy voice, supported on this one by Fashion's Mulligan and a Bureau percussionist. Of his two songs 'Kiss Me' should be a hit if anybody cares to pick it up.

A jazz pianist trills fills, followed by local favourites Swan's Way, an initially intriguing trio featuring a standing (tall) girl drummer, a singer/saxist who looks like Kirk Douglas, and a bass player. The line up's inherent limitations makes for a repetitious occasionally hypnotic 40 minutes of tail chasing jazz — sort of Lounge Lizards jamming with Blurt — with a few transcendent moments.

It is great to go out to a club and be surprised again. The biggest surprise is it could happen in Birmingham.

Nocturne

THE WILLIES

Hoboken, New Jersey

THE FEELIES were true successors to The Velvet Underground and precursors, in sound and style, of New Order. They were magnificent and largely ignored. Now Glen Mercer and Bill Million, the guitarists and songwriters of The Feelies, have two new things going, The Willies and The Trypes.

The Willies are an almost all instrumental band (just a few *'oo's'* and *'ah's'* sung here and there for melodic emphasis), a flight into delicious sonic realms. Tonight, they don't make any formal announcement of the start of their set. They just take their seats and start playing a soft, tinkling, airy music that very gradually starts making its presence more strongly felt.

Glen and Bill sit on chairs at the back of the stage, next to a table set with a homey lamp and a potted plant. Just like sitting in their living room. To one side is a drummer, to the other side two percussionists (one of whom is the mighty Anton Fier of Feelies, Lounge Lizards and Pere Ubu fame) who are soon setting off peels of thunderous rolling rhythm.

From a gentle beginning, The Willies' set curves, rises and falls, snakes around and climbs into a vividly imagined

'A REMINDER OF SIMPLE TRUTHS AND BRAVERY'

place all its own. The sound is vaguely New Order-ish in ways — the drums banging like steel traps, the swirling, entrancing guitars, the chant-like vocals, very sparingly used.

But really The Willies are unique, sublimely off in their own world. No debts. A structure so perfectly tight it's liberating. Two guitars and a percussion earthquake make a profound ripping, a tearing in the air. The guitars fuse in ringing moments of amplifier alchemy, and the simple melodies take ingenious turns and lift off. The Willies may be shy and not much to look at, but their music is unclassifiable, mysterious and beautiful.

In another incarnation, with some added players and a singer, Glen and Bill have The Trypes, who have a demo tape with a very addictive song on it called 'A Plan, Revised'. It's made up of acoustic guitars, flutes, tambourines, keyed to an other-worldly and wise chorus.

The song is about love and the way it gets us through in this world. The song is delicate and lovely and reminds me of simple truths and bravery. It's uplifting. I play it often, right next to 'Temptation', and it helps get me through.

Richard Grabel

UNFORG-ETTA-BLE!

ETTA JAMES

Dingwalls, Camden Town

ETTA JAMES, drenched in sweat, prowls the stage, punches the air, growls, pouts, sneers, belts out the blues with a voice like Joshua's trumpet.

"I feel alright — oooh oooh. Feel alright — oooh oooh. Alright, ALRIGHT, ALLLRRRIGHTTT!" Awesome just wasn't in it. The walls tumble down and you glimpse the naked heart of rhythm and blues.

Etta James live is all about power and humour. She did a couple of bluesy ballads — 'Sugar On the Floor', 'I'd Rather Go Blind' defied disaffection — but the bulk of the set was primetime R&B, dished out with the socking emotional force you'd expect from a 25-year veteran of Chess and Muscle Shoals soul.

'Can't Turn You Loose', 'Something's Got A Hold On Me', 'Respect Yourself' hit hard and righteous, Queen James version; and what made it all the more entertaining is that she's a merciless piss-taker, chiding the audience for being "cool" and "bourgeois" and poking fun at herself, deflating the extravagant gestures with sudden beaming grins.

Towards the end, Mick Taylor guested on slide guitar and was instantly forgettable as James drove into 'Piece Of My Heart', conducting us through the chorus, and turning the song into a kind of celebratory communion — she's a walking tower of power, and her energy crackled out inexhaustibly. Then a final soulful romp through 'Miss You', knocking the Stones into a cocked hat, and it was all over. We clapped and stamped and yelled for a full five minutes, drowning out even the Dingwalls' disco, but there was no second coming.

"Sometimes I get a good feeling, yeah." Yeah, yeah.

Graham Lock

LANGUID LESSONS FOR COOKING IN LATIN

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK

Peppermint Lounge, New York

"KID CREOLE does it better" . . . "Fashion clones" . . . "They have a long way to go" . . .

Blue Rondo manager Graham Ball says he prefers the hostility to being ignored. I feel their reception here, while not hostile, was a fair index of the band's quality: joyous enthusiasm in the front ranks, tapering to languid bar-chatter in the rear guard, seemed deserved for a band which was exciting but not yet good enough.

Clearly though, there is an element that plainly dislikes Blue Rondo, claiming (a) they're not very good musically (b) they're superficial dandies (c) they try to play Latin without Latin chops.

All somewhat true. Yet I can't bring myself to dislike them. Their musicianship is enjoyable enough: not top-grade perhaps, but certainly passing, particularly since their sound depends on clean tight playing, with no avant-garde noises behind which to hide musical ineptitude. However I do wish they could play tighter, smoother — more commercial even — when they break into something like pop samba, a sound that requires a custard creaminess.

The hostility the band's fashion fastidiousness elicits is more telling of its critics' neurotic clinging to the odious Puritan ethic than of anything else. Sharp clothes plus sharp sounds are a double treat. It's the carnival spirit: seize the time and dress high. Plenty of time for drabness when you're dead. And, do they sound Latin? *Weeell*, not really. Still, I welcome their salsa *raprochement*. Stuff the purists, let all musics flow into a savoury gumbo, and if you stay out of the kitchen you'll never learn to cook. Blue Rondo are mere apprentices to Latin tropical music.

What do they need to learn? 1. The *clave*. Can they swing within the confines of the 123/12 clave or not? Can't tell from what they play, but I suspect not.

2. The *tumbao*. The Afro-Cuban conga beat any street musician can drum out on an orange crate.

3. The *Montuno*. This downhome piano riff is repeated over and over in salsa. Like the clave and the conga, there ain't no salsa without it.

4. The *soneo*. Blue Rondo's vocals aren't powerful enough for the drive their Latinate rhythms evoke. A good listen to old-timey, nasal Cuban singing may give them some interesting idea. Something, I believe, is always gained in the translation.

5. The music. A good listen is what Blue Rondo need most. It's fine to mix genres, but first you must know what is what. Understand, for example, the chemistry that has kept salsa, samba, reggae and funk from mixing.

What Blue Rondo are doing with Latin music is unavoidable. The era of benign neglect is over and tropical music is being discovered in the only way anything is discovered — by the blessedly ignorant. What will come of these musical safaris? A cultural rip-off? A Golden Age of Latin music? Right now I'm betting, perhaps foolishly, on the latter.

Det Enrique Fernandez (NYC Salsa Squad)

Blue Rondo brew a savoury gumbo, shaken not stirred. *Pic: Joe Stevens.*

SICKLY SWEET SMELL OF WAR

MY SILENT WAR

Barracuda Club

You wouldn't believe . . . the sort of *place* the Barracuda is, the sort of *people* The Barracuda involves, the sort of *ideology* Barracuda represents. I don't. It's all a question of money, little ones; if you haven't got it, you know the answer.

The crack is this: not the price of admission into a lifestyle of morbid frivolity but the cost of *living* it. And, oh yeah, if you can spot an exclusive club by the time it closes then this place *stinks* of privilege.

So long as you're on tap water and don't mind walking home, 'sfine (but if you come from Neasden or Dagenham, don't bother). Mebbe Le Beat Route, which we're assured cleans up on the terraces of White Hart Lane, shuttles the holligan peacocks back to the estates in a fleet of funky football coaches . . .

The Barracuda is strictly peroxide 'n' dark roots, money 'n' muzak, a paradise for culture pimps and not the place for Mysilent War, a messy rash of messy rhythms. The singer jumps about too mucj and the band . . . the band . . . mess things up just fine.

My Silent War upset the neat clientele, niggle the DJ and slap the nut on the pinky blue ambience. They rush around, all hot 'n tribal, dropping gert gauche ones, asking *questions* about the Falklands War, heckling and baiting while stray Barracuders hang around soppily, flyposted to the pillars.

My Silent War were fine and the Barracuda is all hell . . .

Take a look at the other side, the West End, best end, ersatz sex side, sure — just don't expect to be able to buy any of it.

Dagenham? It's a million miles away. Believe me.

X. Moore

Dear Pop Cohorts,

Just a line to impart some good news. In a tongue-in-cheek (and heart-in-mouth) gesture to up-end all notions of hip obscurity versus rockland sloth, *the* dance ensemble Pride played the Marquee!

Darkest memories of the repellent venue were confirmed and re-iterated but, I'm happy to report, Pride overcame the traumatic surroundings with consummate panache. The songs shone brighter than ever, the sound bouyant and refreshing, and the girls (well, I think I'm in love!). Despite the odd comment from some jaded seen-it-all-befores, Pride are measuring up to produce some positively Big Vinyl.

Wish you'd been there!

Yours James T. Kirk

SET THE CONTROLS FOR PLANET EUPHORIA

SUN RA AND HIS ARKESTRA

Venue, Victoria

"WHEN THE world was in darkness, and darkness was ignorance, along came Ra-a-a."

The lights dim as the chant begins; from the band, already in place, comes a ripple of unearthly noise. A portly figure appears, leading a phalanx of dancers and bodyguards, swaying ceremoniously in his glittering robes and wrap-around shades, like a cross between an eastern prince and a Mafia hoodlum.

He bows; then, in a low Southern drawl, announces: "They call me Mr Ra." Dramatic pause. "Though some have called me Mr Ree." Second pause. "And others have called me Mr Mystery." Then, as the band leap up, in a flurry of arms and robes he 'conducts' their blistering freeform fanfare.

Herman Sonny Blount, aka Sun Ra, Saturn's premier jazzman, has touched down on his first English stage for a decade with customary stylish panache.

For the next *three* hours, we are treated to the magical Mr Ra tour of jazz history and future: the rampaging big band tributes to Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson, the squawking freeform scurries, Ra's bluesy piano and earth-shaking synth solos, sexuality and satire from three rubber-limbed dancers, singer June Tyson's cool waltz through 'Smile, Though Your Heart Is Aching' — and, of course, the outer space mythology, delivered with laughing, chanting fervour as the band, also robed, dance circles frontstage and clap along.

"Celestial ecstacy," chants Sun Ra. We get it, too. 'Rocket Number Nine Taking Off For Venus', 'The Satellites Are Spinning', 'Journey On The Moonship' and more, plus a wonderful funky accapella groove of *"Do the thang, do the thang, do the intergalactic thang"*, John Gilmore's lugubrious lead line echoed by the whole band as they cavort around in a weird diving dance led by the 70-year-old Ra.

The spectacle, hokum and hoolah make entrancing theatre; but the core of the show — what sustains its length and finally *does* transport you to 'Other Worlds (They Have Not Told You Of)' — are the matching assets of Sun Ra's vision and the Arkestra's brilliance. They are 11-strong this trip and include Ra stalwarts like Clifford Jarvis (one of *three* drummers), altoist Marshall Allen, and Ra's longest-serving cohort (29 years together), the Incredibly Serious Looking John Gilmore, probably the greatest tenor player alive. And arkestrating them all, standing behind his keyboards, head back and arm flung out in imperious gesture, Ra himself, captain of the spaceship, genius — and disciplinarian.

Discipline is the very marrow of Ra's music; and being in the Arkestra, even Ra has said, is like "being in gaol". The band, and the show, *are* superbly drilled: each set a non-stop 90 minutes; each player promptly adapting to Ra's merest nod and wink, one of them even turning on his synth for him. Well, he is, after all, the greatest musical innovator of the last 30 years: a pioneer of synthesizers and electronic keyboards; of modal music; of looking to Africa for inspiration — and finding chants and raps, lots of percussion, and the polyrhythmic possibilities of two or more drummers.

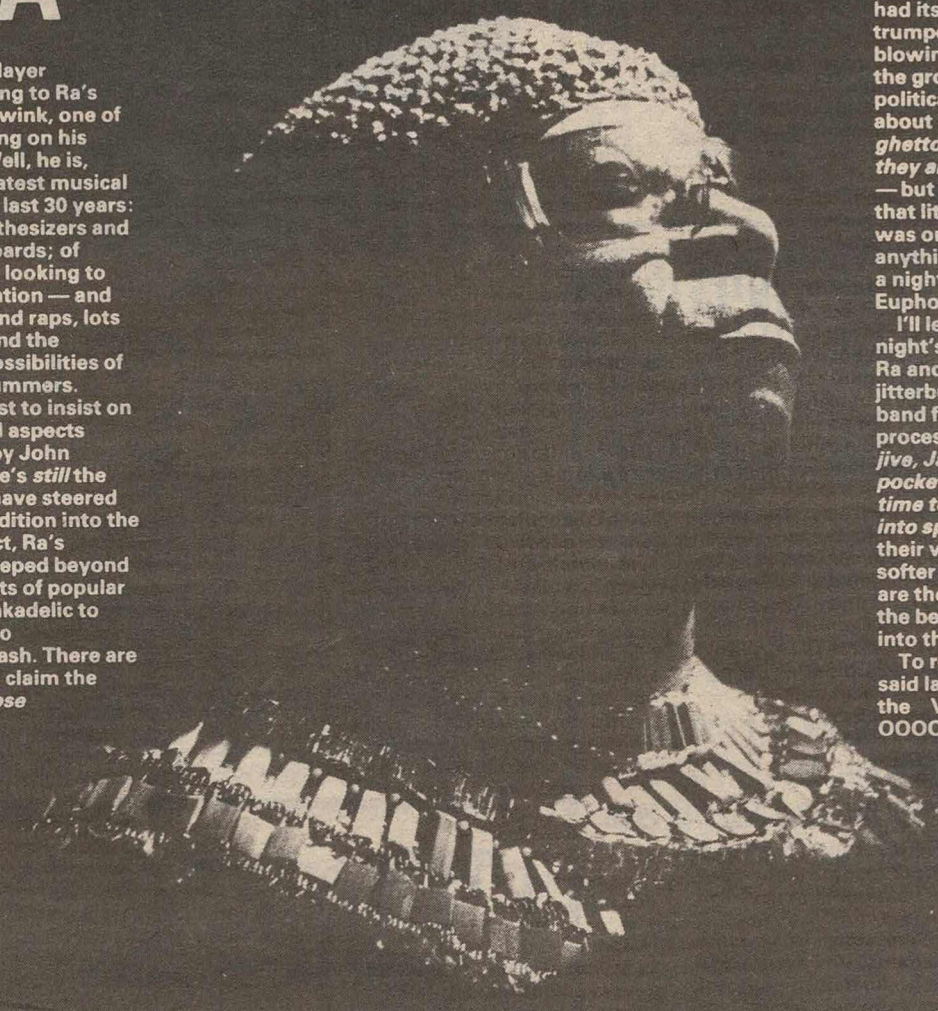
He was the first to insist on music's spiritual aspects (later taken up by John Coltrane), and he's *still* the only person to have steered the big band tradition into the space age. In fact, Ra's influence has seeped beyond jazz into all facets of popular music, from Funkadelic to Byrne and Eno to Grandmaster Flash. There are those who even claim the spaceship in *Close Encounters* was playing a Ra tune!

"We travel the spaceways, from planet to planet." Listen to his music, Sun Ra has said, and you will find "something else in it, something from another world." Wednesday had its highlights — a trumpet duel, the players still blowing as they wrestled on the ground; Ra revealing his political roots with a rap about how *"Down in the ghetto, they don't even know, they ain't got a pot to piss in"* — but Tuesday's show had that little bit extra. It really was on a different plane to anything I'd ever seen before; a night trip to the planet Euphoria.

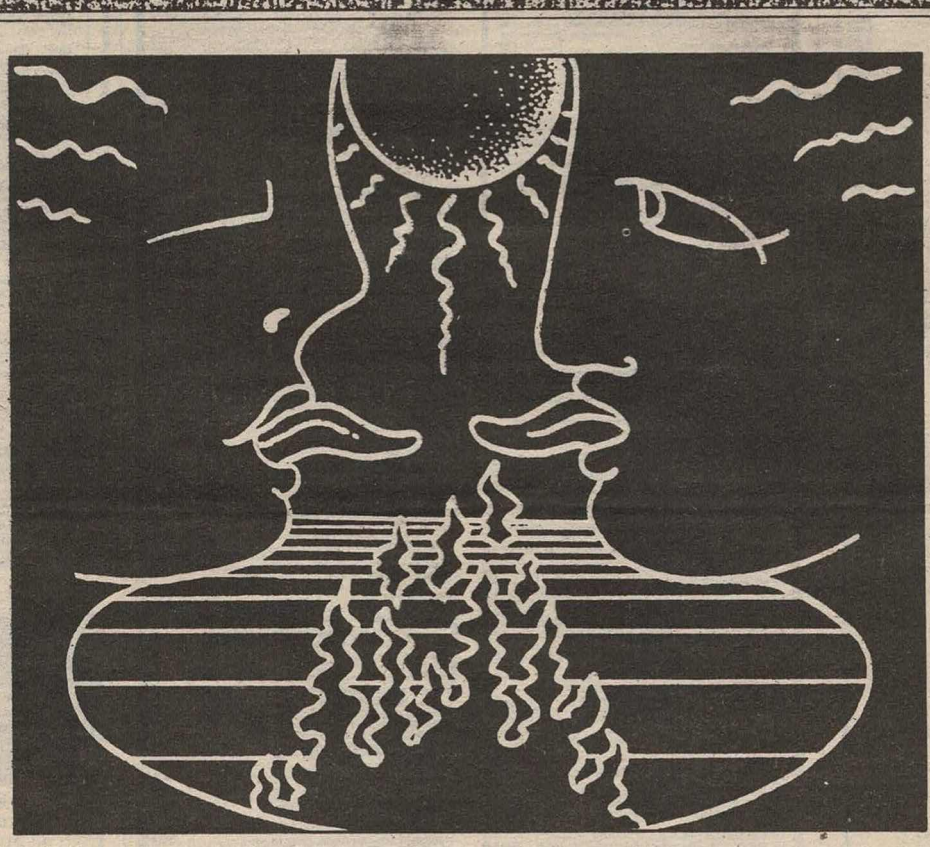
I'll leave you with that night's close, the perfect exit, Ra and June Tyson jitterbugging together as the band file out in a conga-like procession, singing *"Hit that jive, Jack, put it in your pocket till I get back, ain't got time to shake you hand, going into space as fast as I can"*, their voices getting softer and softer until all you can hear are their fingers clicking to the beat as they disappear into the dark backstage.

To repeat what everyone said later, staggering out into the Victoria night, "WHO-OOOOOOOEEEEEEEEEE!!"

Graham Lock



Pure light, raw energy at the soul of Sun Ra *Pic: David Corio*



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dinner together afterwards. *(Groans)* Can you imagine? Nausea! *(laughs)* And I loved every minute of it.

He's a brilliant actor. What did he think of it all?

Harvey really wanted to do the film, and so did I. He wouldn't half like to be a big star . . .

He already is, at least to a lot of people.

I did the film because I have very great respect for him. A nicer geezer you couldn't hope to meet, but Method Actors — avoid. They are dangerous business. They're not acting, they're being real. All the violent scenes, the fight sequences between us — I'm *really* being beaten up boys and girls. There were times when he was throttling me, and I'd look at him and think, Christ, he's actually gonna do it, I've had it! *(laughs)*.

What was the hardest thing about acting?

To me acting is being natural, and that's the hardest thing in the world to be in front of a camera with people waving lights and microphones around, particularly when you have to say these very personal things, real emotional bits . . .

All of this is far from the music business, which I'd got really depressed with. It was perfect.

(Looks at TV screen where De Niro is raging)

Yeah, I met him. Met a lot of them. They all work at the same film centre. We were going to be sharing make-up facilities with Sophia Loren until she got arrested. (On income tax evasion charges.) I was really annoyed about that. It would have been really good: *(deadpan)* Hi Sophe. Hi John. What ya do last night? Not much, same old thing. And you? *(Laughs)*

I can't help but be star-struck by all those people. Like it was, Oh, Hi Bob! from Harvey. Bob? Oh DE NIRO, and like he's standing there behind the camera as they're filming us doing something, and Y'know, it was . . . *(pulls face)* . . . Aaagh! It was bad enough playing opposite Harvey but Christ, there's like Billy Wilder, Robert De Niro, and there's Fellini walking past that way all looking at you doing yer bit and, oh fuck, I nearly died the death so many times.

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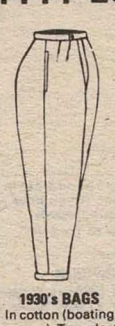

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OBSERVER: PAUL BRADSHAW

WARRIOR DUB CHARGE!

FOR MONTHS now rumours have been circulating of a new chapter In dub from the spiritual dub warrior of Sound, Jah Shaka.

I tracked down the elusive Shaka at his headquarters and office in deepest, darkest Peckham where he was enjoying a Friday night off from his residency at Phebes which is currently closed for redecoration.

On the office wall was the design of a sleeve bearing the title, 'Ten Commandments of Dub' and Shaka confirmed that the record had been mastered and should be in the shops in the very near future.

"Each chapter of dub represents a commandment," says Shaka and it will be presented on two disco 45's a la Rip Rig and Panic. All the tracks have been laid over the past six months and none have been available before. Only followers of Jah Shaka Sound System will have heard them previewed in dub and they are HEAVY!!

From his office, which Shaka intends to develop as a distribution outlet, he also plans to organise a much needed "agency" for up'n'coming artists.

He insists that, "Youth from the ghetto here will be involved in all my productions. I recognise the very high potential within the ghetto people and they should be given a chance to express themselves, not like in the past."

The line-up of musicians on the album confirms this stance and Shaka is also working with an all woman band, African Woman whom, he says, holding up their songbook, have "Great promise".

Quick to recognise the talents of homegrown bands Shaka was the only Sound to play Aswad in dub. He developed a close working relationship with Misty whom he confirmed are currently working in Africa, a trip Shaka himself had hoped to make earlier this year with 250 followers but which had to be cancelled due to lack of numbers.

"I am definitely going to Africa in 1983," he says seriously. "When I will research a further visit with the Sound."

Shaka concentrates at least 12 hours a week into studio work and besides the LP has a disco 45 entitled 'English Girl' ready for release. He works closely with Ariwa, whose studio is in the basement below the office, and has recorded all his material there.

STOP PRESS: Shaka is also due to release the Ariwa produced Sound System classic, 'Kunte Kinte', on his own label.

MS. HI-FI

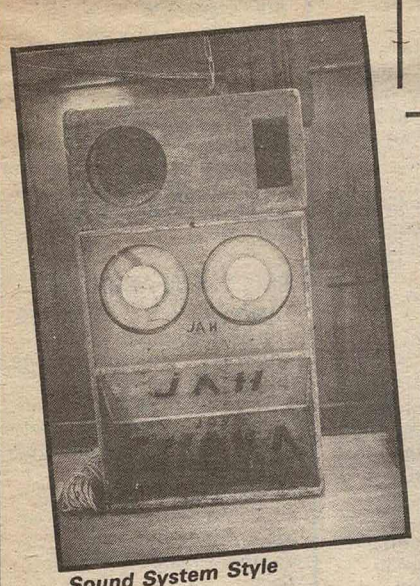
AT THE CENTRE of the creative hustle and bustle of Shaka's office is Asher who is also busy organising a "Daughter Sound System".

It has not been without its problems especially as most other sistren are busy having children or do not feel they can handle the "man's job" of carrying boxes. The latter problem Asher recognises as a question of technique but if she cannot develop a team of other women, several older brethren have volunteered their services.

Even if the men lift the boxes Asher remains emphatic that she will remain the System's controller and she is convinced that a Sound with a woman at the controls must attract a crowd.

Asher is currently in the process of acquiring a small system and ideally she would like a 1000 watt amp to power it, but it will have to be 400 watts for starters. Playing Sound for Asher is a question of "upliftment" and with the help and guidance of Shaka she hopes to be playing out and running pure dub by October.

Watch this station for further news.



Sound System Style

PROFESSING

ARIWA is a 16 and 8-track studio and the brainchild of Neil a.k.a. The Mad Professor, who along with his brother Mark he has built a solid reputation for a relaxed atmosphere and a good sound.

While upstairs reasoning with Shaka, Tony McDermott (designer of Greensleeves' best sleeves: 'How The West Was Won', 'The Lone Ranger and Tonto', etc.) was down below with one time members of Stimulin putting down a funky thang aimed at the purveyors of cultural imperialism. Assisting on backing vocals was one Vivien Goldman . . . Yeah, just runnings . . . the reggae connection.

Ariwa's reputation is also founded on a catalogue of Disco 45s with young artists like Davina Stone but in your shops now courtesy of the Mad Professor is the 'Dub Me Crazy' L.P. which said Neil, amid bouts of crazed laughter, has been selling on white label for £25 a copy.

Optimistic about the future he is convinced that Ariwa is going places. The Ariwa / Jah Shaka connection has already been fruitful and the popularity of dub of 'Dub Me Crazy' leaves no room for permission.

For more details contact Ariwa Sounds, 42 Gautrey Road, London S.E.15 (01-639 3369).

Shaka Junior

SOLOMONIC MINED

'HOOK LINE AND SINKER' is Bunny Wailer's first Solomonic release since the excellent 'Tribute' album. As indicated by his rappers single 'Back to School', included here, he continues an experiment in the soul/funk genre he began with 'Follow Fashion Monkey'.

A cursory listen reveals less than successful cover versions of 'Riding', 'Soul Shakedown' and 'Simmer Down' while new titles include 'Swop Shop' and the title track. Stand-out track is a cut of Dave Bartholomew's New Orleans classic, 'The Monkey'.

Bunny Wailer has never been known for his fear of new ideas and though 'Hook, Line and Sinker' with its snatches of rappers, vocoder vocals and fake funk is extremely patchy it's just another chapter in the development of JA's premier folk artist.

CITRUS DREAD

"ME short me no tall and me cork dance hall . . ." boasts the young D.J. who gave us the excellent 'Dry Land Tourist' and who returns to the scene with a swinging little ditty entitled 'Reggae Music A Lemon Popcycle' on the Jwyanza label.

With no lyrical connection to a certain Israeli teen movie **Danny Dread** rides the 'Hard Times' rhythm with verve and style and is guaranteed to sell along with the second vinyl outing from the up'n'coming Buru.

Currently building a reputation on sound system **Buru's** 'Modelling' is a lively affair, produced by Jonjo Lawes (again!!) and released on his Volcano label, which deal with Yard style chic and JA's answer to posing.

Lastly, on the Photographer label and with Sister Verna at the control tower it's 'Population' . . . Ribbit . . . following hard on the heels of JA's Number 1 woman D.J. **Sister Nancy,** she addresses herself to the issue of *"woman liberation"* over a spritely rhythm with some tasty sax . . . "Scang wang wang diddlee diddlee diddlee dey."

PICK of the week has to be Gregory Isaac's premier outing for Island records entitled 'Night Nurse (Disco Mix)' c/w 'Material Man'. Self produced with the assistance of the man called Flabba for African Museum productions this taster for his forthcoming L.P. stands head and shoulders above the best of the rest.

Also in your shops now are two rockers from Edi Fitzroy on the Musical Ambassador label: 'Chant It'/'Truth' — Sidney Mankind and 'First Class Citizen'/'Version' — Ringo.

A youthful sounding Peter Negus follows up his recent single with 'A Place In The Sun' on the Progressive label.

Out of Jet Star and on the Pama label (from Mr P and Carl) come two, four track disco 45's with revival selections featuring Pat Kelly and the late great Slim Smith.

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE

OUT THIS WEEK is the soundtrack to the excellent *Burning An Illusion* — so a chance meeting with its creator, Seyoun Netfa was timely.

A founder member of Cymande (remember them?), Seyoun has been working for the last two years as an engineer at Dennis Bovell's Studio 82, and through a connection with the Ras Messengers he was introduced to the film's producer Menelik Shabazz.

He recognised the value of a story which dealt with "the ordeal of everyday life for black people here in England" and set about the task of writing and arranging the theme songs and the sound montage for the film.

The album is released on the Minca label and is distributed by himself, Jah Shaka and Jet Star. He is also releasing a single from the album 'Like It Is'/'Cultural Sound'.

Seyoun is currently helping to set up the Peckham Self-Help Association which intends to promote a wide range of cultural and sporting activities for the youth as well as catering for older people. The centre at 10 Melon Road, SE15 should be open in six months and they are appealing for assistance in all fields.

WARN THEM!

MAKING his disco 45 debut on vinyl over Horace Andy's 'Zion Gate' rhythm courtesy of the man called Leggo out of Cash and Carry, is the yout' called **Bobby Culture** with 'Health And Strength'/'Buenos Dias'.

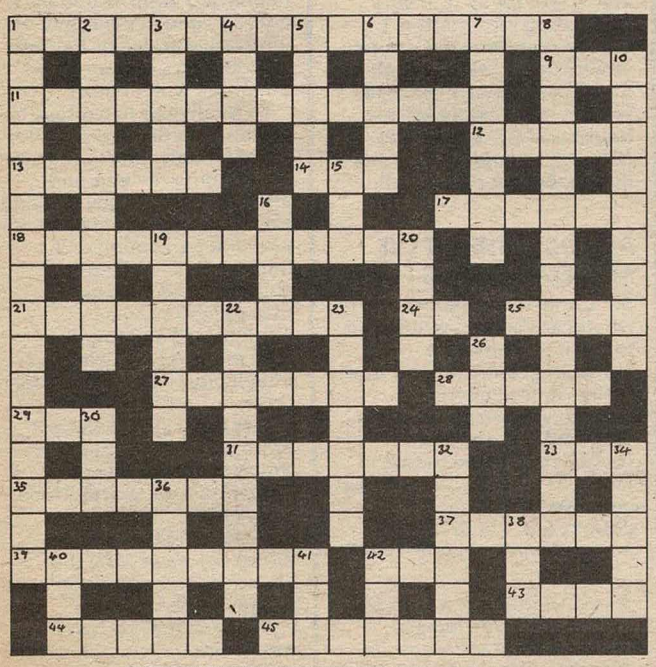
With a sound system reputation matched only by Brigadier Jerry for conscious lyricism, Bobby Culture rose to notoriety as the DJ with the Jack Ruby High Power Sound operating out of Ocho Rios on Jamaica's north coast.

"And it come to pass in these dayses, When all the DJ's rave 'bout s's/Well I'm Mr Culture with the style-sies of style-sies, The health and strength-sies/Warn them, Tell them.
Yellowman do the easies and squeezies, Seh Michigan do Jah an' his diseases/Toyan do the Shelley and Jeansies, Ran San Sammy do the prizes and surprises/But Ringo gave them the skateland skatesies, And Nicodemus with the connection of bones-sies/But this a health and strengthsiiieeees . . ."

Yeah, warn them— *"most DJs have to run out of the business, them have to sell bubblegum and Wrigley's."* A killer!

TO CELEBRATE 20 years of Jamaican Independence *and* free national music, a Musical Sound Clash is at Acton Town Hall, Uxbridge Road tomorrow (Friday), 7.30 pm - 1 am. SIR COXSONE OUTERNATIONAL with Festus and Blacker at the Controls and Bikey Dread on the mic; FRONTLINE INTERNATIONAL with Natty (controls) and Chuckie (mic), and RIGHETOUS INTERNATIONAL with Fats (controls) and Keith Judah (mic). There is a £50 prize for the best DJ combination and best presentation.

NME XPRESS WORD



COMPILED BY TREVOR HUNGERFORD

ACROSS

1 Not as big as the Forest for Cure, but more appealing (3-7-6)
9 Andy McCluskey's lot (1-1-1)
11 Dancing pair tear themselves apart (3-3-3-5)
12 'Village Green Preservation Society' and 'Schoolboys In Disgrace' were two of their earlier albums (5)
13 Eric. who was a load on the backs of the Animals? (6)
14 Formed in 1968, they released their first single in 1977 which reached the top ten (3)
17 **& 24A** Medium sized hit for the Doll in 1979 (6-2)
18 **&26D &34 D** What Joe Jackson discovered behind the bike sheds at school? (3-9-3-5)
21 They love a man in a uniform (all the nice boys love a sailor!) (4-2-4)
24 See 17A
25 They've composed some music, but didn't write *Five Go To Mystery Moor* or have anything to do with 5 down (5)
27 Siouxsie's Arabs in armour (7)
28 Denny Laine's first band took this song to number one in 1965 (2-3)
29 Eddy Grant's label (3)
31 **& 6D** *"I'm the one you're using, please don't push me aside"* — Blondie (5-2-5)
33 Short-lived early-70s band featuring Steve Hillage and Dave Stewart (3)
35 **& 34D** How the three Slits saw themselves in their mud-covered days (7-5)
37 The breaker of bad manners (6)
39 'Hey Girl' singers — or the kind of coffees slurped up in a *Not The Nine O'Clock News* sketch (9)
42 What Wigan's Ovation did in the winter (3)
43 Domino, Waller or Stan Ogden (4)
44 Founder member of 10CC (5)
45 See 4D

DOWN

1 They sound like a painful experience, especially after having heard 'Discipline' (9-7)
2 Maggie Thatcher's new national anthem by kind permission of Killing Joke (6-4)
3 A friend of Black Slate (5)
4 **& 45A** He died in 1973 after being with the Byrds and founding the Flying Burrito Brothers (4-7)
5 He sang 'My Friend Stan', but we all know he preferred Big Ears (5)
6 See 31A
7 They slaughtered 'Nights In White Satin' with a punk version (7)
8 Ronnie Rotten Biggs and his 'Punk Prayer' (2-3-2-8)
10 Song associated with both Eagles and Linda Rondstadt (9)
15 Where Bauhaus put the boot in (3)
16 U.S. group derived from Howard Devoto (4)
19 *"My grandma and your grandma, sitting by the fire"* — current single (3-3)
20 Prison sentence on the dark side of the moon (4)
22 Scritti Politti don't believe that they can do itti (9)
23 *"But then he mumbles in his coffee and he suddenly roars it's a —— —— Judy, and we've been caught"* — circa 1978 (4-4)
26 See 18
30 Cockney version of a Beatles film, or a dinosaur rock trio (1-1-1)
32 One of the first U.S. rock marketing-hypes in 1959 he was supposed to be the new Elvis (6)
34 See 18A and 35A (in the interests of economy and also due to a balls-up this completes both clues)
36 They played their farewell concert at the Albert Hall in November 1968 (5)
38 Initially the band whose symbol is the two-fingered salue (1-1-1)
40 A group in the next concert (1-1-1)
41 A variation of reggae (3)
42 Abba's mayday (1-1-1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

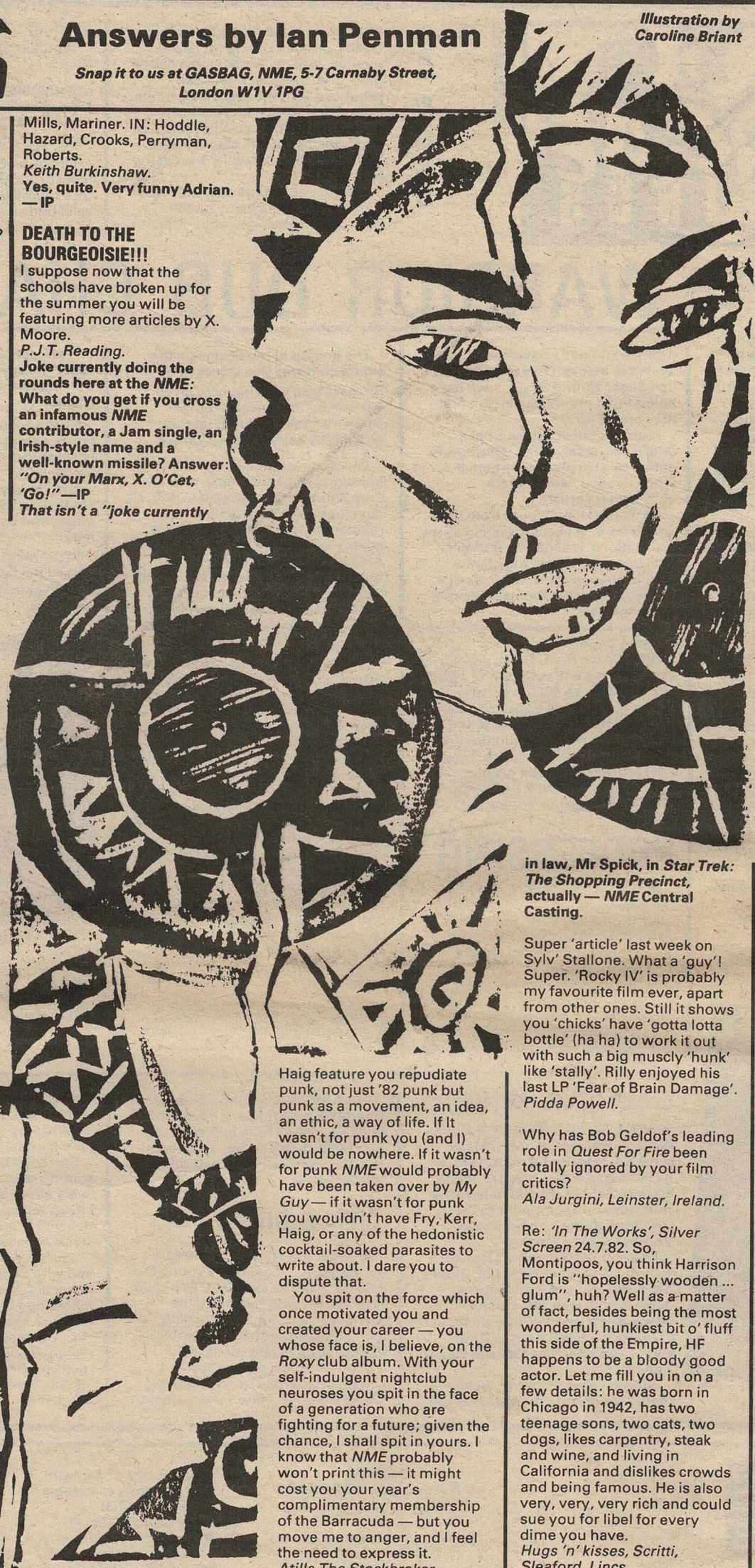
ACROSS: 1 Dig Wayne, 7 Malaria, 8 Israel, 10 East, 11 Magic, 13 Brick, 14 Fame, 16 Icon, 18 By Doll, 19 Sun Ra, 21 Billy, 23 Void, 27 Edna, 28 Casbah, 31 I.C.A., 33 Year, 34 Hero, 36 Loaded, 37 Trouble, 38 Talk, 39 Kinski.
DOWN: 1 Drummers, 2 Going, 3 Abracadabra, 4 Harrison, 5 Dalek, I Love You, 6 Martina, 9 Lab, 12 If, 15 Eboli, 17 Any, 20 Gina, 22 Yacht, 24 Ode, 25 Darnell, 26 J. Cale, 29 Scala, 30 Hide, 32 Aer, 35 Rock.

GASBAG

Answers by Ian Penman

Snap it to us at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

Illustration by Caroline Briant



LETTER OF THE YEAR

What sort of deranged nutters write to you anyway?
John, Banning
Hold onto your hats!!! — IP

IN SEARCH OF THE LOST CHORD

I've just been to New York. As a matter of fact it's only two days since I came back to Denmark. The main reason why I travelled to New York was: there has been so much talk about all the fantastic new groups, I mean New Wave groups. So I thought to myself, let's go over there and check it. I have also read a lot about American New Wave groups in your paper. So I was very excited when I stood at the airport, near New York, of course.

Well I took a taxi to New York from the Kennedy airport and booked myself into a hotel (it was quite expensive). After I have slept, I went down to the street, and bought a paper to find out where I could find these American New Wave groups I have heard so much about.

I couldn't find any.

But there was hundreds of other New Wave groups I've never heard of. But anyway I went down to a club in Brooklyn, I think, called The Box. And that was the only club I could find. I heard five different groups in that club — The Startling Five, James and The Rotten Tomatoes, Black Stan and The Burning Cross, The Disease and the reggae band Albert Lee Jones and his Funky Rastamen.

My opinion about American New Wave music is very low. I have never had such boring experience with music before in my life. Don't write any more about American New Wave groups, it's just a waste of good space, they all sound alike.

In a couple of months I travel to Germany, to check the German music scene, and then I will send you a new report about my experience with German New Wave groups.
Peter Jorgensen, Copenhagen, Denmark.
Right. I've been saying myself it's about bloody time the so-called American 'New Wave' scene was put well and truly in its place. All the times I've been to New York I've never *once* seen a 'New Wave' group! But why, we are all asking here at *NME* Editorial, why hasn't that lazy Yankee slob Richard so-called Grabel filed us an 'of the moment' report on Albert Lee Jones and his 'Funky' Rastamen? — IP

WORLD SERVICE (contd)

Ref. *NME* June 26, Danny Barker's (sic) singles review. Miguel Bose is half Italian and lives in Italy, I think. In fact, his father (who's dead) was Spanish and his mother is an Italian actress. Pino D'Angio is also Italian and sings in his mother tongue. I'm quite surprised that you find it difficult to distinguish between the two languages. Here is a practical easy rule: in Italian all names, adjectives and verbs (all words except few articles and prepositions) end with a vowel. Whereas in Spanish (which I don't know either) a lot of words end with consonants, (keep a watchful eye on the final 's'!) I'm not being pedantic, nor care I for the above mentioned singers. It's only that I'd rather you were more accurate when dealing with foreign matters.

Don't worry I'll keep on reading, I'm an *NME* addict already.
Rosetta Pacini, Lucca, Italy
FACT: Danny so-called "Barker" is currently in the island-shaped vicinity of that least "Americanized" of all holiday resorts, Hawaii, doing no work whatsoever, and rumoured to be getting even more money than usual for it. (MIAOW!!!) — IP

Can you please give me some information about the BBC TV production *The Prisoner?* Who recorded the theme of it? And is there any record available at the moment?
Michael Weick, Berlin, W Germany
"What do you want?"
"Information."
"You won't get it!" — Number Six.
***BBCTV* production? You lot behind the wall know something we don't? — IP**

NOT THE BLOODY FOOTBALL SEASON ALREADY?

With all your verbal attacks on continental football in recent weeks, I'd like to make clear that general opinion here is that England were the most boring of all teams in the World Cup Finals. Under Bobby Robson, England will be the Twits of Europe for another four years; Robson's success with Ipswich was entirely in the hand of players from Scotland and Holland (yes, we will keep on sending you the players we no longer want).
Kind regards, Rinus, Michels, Holland.
There would be a really ferociously insulting remark to the effect that Holland's performance in the World Cup was, well, to say the very least, er, hard to find . . . were our resident panellist Monty 'Bulldoggerel' Smith here with us this afternoon. Unfortunately Mr Smith is stranded in Gillingham due to the Seaman's strike. — IP
Seaman's strike??? Has anyone rung him today? — Ed.

Memo to Bobby Robson.
OUT: Wilkins, Rix, Francis, Mills, Mariner. IN: Hoddle, Hazard, Crooks, Perryman, Roberts.
Keith Burkinshaw.
Yes, quite. Very funny Adrian. — IP

DEATH TO THE BOURGEOISIE!!!

I suppose now that the schools have broken up for the summer you will be featuring more articles by X. Moore.
P.J.T. Reading.
Joke currently doing the rounds here at the *NME*: What do you get if you cross an infamous *NME* contributor, a Jam single, an Irish-style name and a well-known missile? Answer: *"On your Marx, X. O'Cet, 'Go!"*—IP
That isn't a "joke currently doing the rounds at the NME", Penman, that's one of your excruciating drawn-out "puns" you've just made up. — Ed.

Regarding X Moore's Priest album review: a thinly disguised attack on Paul Morley's pop sensibility. To X, the gift of a shiny new "I'm a Punk" badge. Who wants colour, vitality and dance when you can have bigotry, regression and 'anti system' (sic) chants. X, your simplistic politicisation of Pop is boring. How dull you seem in the light of the Majesty that is Morley. Repent now and rejoice at Paul's bold vision.
Sycophantically yours, Big Jessy, Kimberley, Notts.
Nice letter, pity about the (pseudo) name (talk about damning with faint praise). — IP

Dear Paul Morley, So you've finally done it — finally gone the whole way. In your Paul Haig feature you repudiate punk, not just '82 punk but punk as a movement, an idea, an ethic, a way of life. If It wasn't for punk you (and I) would be nowhere. If it wasn't for punk *NME* would probably have been taken over by *My Guy* — if it wasn't for punk you wouldn't have Fry, Kerr, Haig, or any of the hedonistic cocktail-soaked parasites to write about. I dare you to dispute that.

You spit on the force which once motivated you and created your career — you whose face is, I believe, on the *Roxy* club album. With your self-indulgent nightclub neuroses you spit in the face of a generation who are fighting for a future; given the chance, I shall spit in yours. I know that *NME* probably won't print this — it might cost you your year's complimentary membership of the Barracuda — but you move me to anger, and I feel the need to express it.
Atilla The Stockbroker, Harlow, Essex.
Er, excuse me Mr The Stockbroker, are you quite sure you're ranting *(sic)* on about the right article? I've just re-read Paul's Paul (Haig) piece and I can't see *what* you've got yourself worked into such a useless tizzy over. I thought you "Left Wing" chaps knew who to really direct your ire against? — IP (cleft-of-centre aspiring *autonome*).
How groovy of *NME* to carry advertising for RED BRIGADE T shirts (page 48, 24/7/82) — How very unhip of me not to realise that blowing the backs of peoples' heads off is go-go at the moment.
Andy Brice, Cardiff.

POPCORN (EMPHASISE THAT *CORN*)

Is it true that Richard Cook has signed up to be the opponent in *Rocky VIII?*
Harry Carpenter, New Barnet.
No. Spock's long lost brother in law, Mr Spick, in *Star Trek: The Shopping Precinct,* actually — *NME* Central Casting.

Super 'article' last week on Sylv' Stallone. What a 'guy'! Super. 'Rocky IV' is probably my favourite film ever, apart from other ones. Still it shows you 'chicks' have 'gotta lotta bottle' (ha ha) to work it out with such a big muscly 'hunk' like 'stally'. Rilly enjoyed his last LP 'Fear of Brain Damage'.
Pidda Powell.

Why has Bob Geldof's leading role in *Quest For Fire* been totally ignored by your film critics?
Ala Jurgini, Leinster, Ireland.

Re: *'In The Works', Silver Screen* 24.7.82. So, Montipoos, you think Harrison Ford is "hopelessly wooden ... glum", huh? Well as a matter of fact, besides being the most wonderful, hunkiest bit o' fluff this side of the Empire, HF happens to be a bloody good actor. Let me fill you in on a few details: he was born in Chicago in 1942, has two teenage sons, two cats, two dogs, likes carpentry, steak and wine, and living in California and dislikes crowds and being famous. He is also very, very, very rich and could sue you for libel for every dime you have.
Hugs 'n' kisses, Scritti, Sleaford, Lincs.
Thank you for all that very interesting information. I think we've been put entirely straight with regards to this one. How can we ever repay you? I would gladly sell my house and all its contents *(OK, OK, enough — Ed.)* — IP pp MS, Ed. (so-called) S.S.

AND NOW, THE BIT I'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!

Sir, Christ it's eye-pain whatever Penman writes, but to tart it up beneath a bloodshot centre spread was really white stick stuff.
Sincerely, Dave Id, Sheffield.
Yes, well, cough cough cough, you'd have to talk to ... TONY STEWART ... about that now, wouldn't you, ummmmm, *Tone??? — the not at all hurt and offended IP.*

So you thought it was only "pop stars" who led an exciting and dangerous life! Structuralists too live in fear of fate every day ... in recent years a number have got into serious (and fatal) nongoing situations. Nicos Poulantzas one-time leading light of politico-structuralists was hit by a truck but survived to throw himself out of a window some years back. Louis Althusser, *the* structuralist in the 1960s and early 1970s, strangled his wife and now languishes in a mental institution in France. Roland Barthes, *the* semiotian, also died recently, Kristeva (not "n" as in your misprint) married Maoist turned reactionary Christian, Philippe Sollars. Almost all the radical Maoists have now also got Catholicism ... Jaques Lacan, father of French pseudo-psycho-analysis, got Mathematics before dying recently (though he was over 90). Only Michel Foucault seems to be surviving, but how much longer in the dodgy life of Paris philosophy?

Finally, if Penman thinks he can make significant points about desire by dwelling on old '50s records and Ricky Lee Jones he is missing the point of Desire production and pleasure ... that it is bound within a cartography of consciousness which is historical, our "freedom" to go back into the past and find "pleasure" must be dissected (cue Simon Frith and Green???). Don't be a nobody be a body without organs (or synths) ... make your own pleasure not "product".
T. W. Adorno, Canterbury, Kent
(ps in every photo I've seen of her Julia K always has her hair in a Bee-hive...is this significant?)
First: the so-called "proper" spelling of names. *I* spelt Kristina's name right, it got cooked up at the prnitnesr. Otherwise *you* got "Sollars" (Sollers) and "Ricky" (Rick*ie)* wrong, matelot. As for my brilliant article — I wasn't "making" any "point(s)", only writing to show that a lyric doesn't have to be "cleverly" written for it to reinscribe the byways and bodywork of Desire(s). What have Simon Frith and Green been getting up to, though? That sounds *much* more interesting, I *must* say — IP

NME PROSE AND CONS

Thank you for an interesting and often stimulating publication — it remains one of our very few accessible links with contemporary music (and I mean the music alternative to the discardable junk that infests the hit-parades). Please don't succumb to the demands of the hordes and become another *Melody Maker* or *Face.*

Which brings me to Morley: although I occasionally find it bothersome to attempt a simulated state of alcoholic disrepair in order to facilitate some appreciation of his rather off-beat exercises (experiments?) in loquacity (eloquence?), I do respect and appreciate his delicately haphazard assimilation of emotion and intellect and his innovative audacity. Perhaps a sprinkling of constructive discipline won't harm?

I'd finally like to express my gratitude to Richard Cook for his invariably interesting and enrichening reviews and articles. He manages to blend a coruscating verbal flair with pinpoint perception and, I think a relative amount of sincerity, and in so doing manages to convey impressions and impulses with impressive clarity and intellibility — I thank you, Mr Cook.

One last humble request: more jazz articles, PLEASE ...
Yours faithfully, Hein Marais, Cape Province, South Africa.

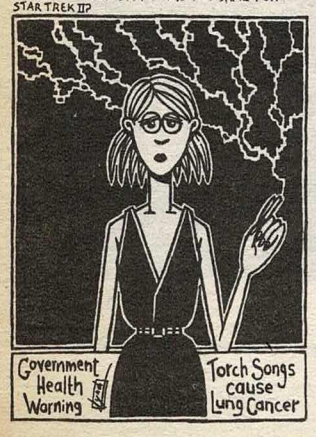
I was looking through my future copies of *NME* the other day and was astonished to see that the adverse criticism of the last two pop music writers has been totally unfounded. Oh ye of little

faith! Have they not already proved *(Sic — Biblical Ed.)* themselves? You doubting Toms have only to look at the future. There it is: Paul Morley QBE for services rendered to the Phun Thirty in the face of extreme blandness; Ian Penman, royal pat on the back, under the aegis of *Private Eye*, for a successful psycho-analytical diagnosis of the Royal Turd Burglar, and for improving back-door security at *NME*.
Congratulations, I see, will also be due to Alix Sharkey of Stimulin for becoming the Fifth Man, following months of total oblivion, absence from the face of the earth, not to mention the pages of *NME*.
But what of Hoskyns? He thinks ABC and the Birthday Party are incompatible. He will change his mind. A talk with Martin Fry will send him from one extreme to another. Time shall prove that Hoskyns and Morley can live together on the same page. 23 Skidoo on *TOTP* unites them for ever. Look and see. And I finally get my scrapbook full of Morley clippings autographed by the man himself.
The Queen's Macaw, Upper Norwood, London SE19
Are you sarcastic or sincere or what? I fear we shall never know. Barney's fine — although I must say I'm not at all sure about those flowers in his hair. — IP (whose obscure joke will soon make sense)

So Adrian Thrills discovered The Bluebells back in February, really? Was that '81 or '82? Surely not '81, after all, they've only been together for a year, so you mean 1982. Didn't Clare rave about them before Christmas? And didn't Kid (ooops) Jensen broadcast a session by the lads last Autumn? Of course he did ...
PS: Would Neil Spencer have a word in Ray Lowry's shell-like and remind him that many Scots and Welshmen have been killed or maimed in the Falklands conflict.
Robert de Bruce (again). Dundee Utd, Scotland.

What's going on? First a rave review for the album, then almost a single of the week, now a photo in *T-Zers*. Paul McCartney only needs an interview with you to make this his year.
Clive Whichelow, London SW19
Over to you Paul ...

Lloyd Bradley's low opinion of current reggae seems to be akin to "nobody makes really good singles anymore — not like the '60s." That more people are copying than originating is undoubtedly true, but there's still a good proportion of original music. Lloyd wants Sly and Robbie to be at the forefront when they already are. What's more they've really encouraged an investigation by rock and reggae addicts of each other. Sly and Robbie serve as an introduction to reggae — not the total scene. I used to be into Led Zeppelin, now I'm into Coxsone Dodd as well. (Oops, is that cool enough?)
Simon, Willesden, London.
Fine. Now to get back to Lloyd's original point, where are all today's reggae innovators? Name names — IP


BOB LYNCH
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DEAR MR. PENMAN (c/o GASBAG.)
THANKS FOR BRINGING RICKY LEE JONES OUT OF THE CLOSET. HOW 'BOUT DOING THE SAME FOR STAR TREK II?
Government Health Warning
Torch Songs cause Lung Cancer

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

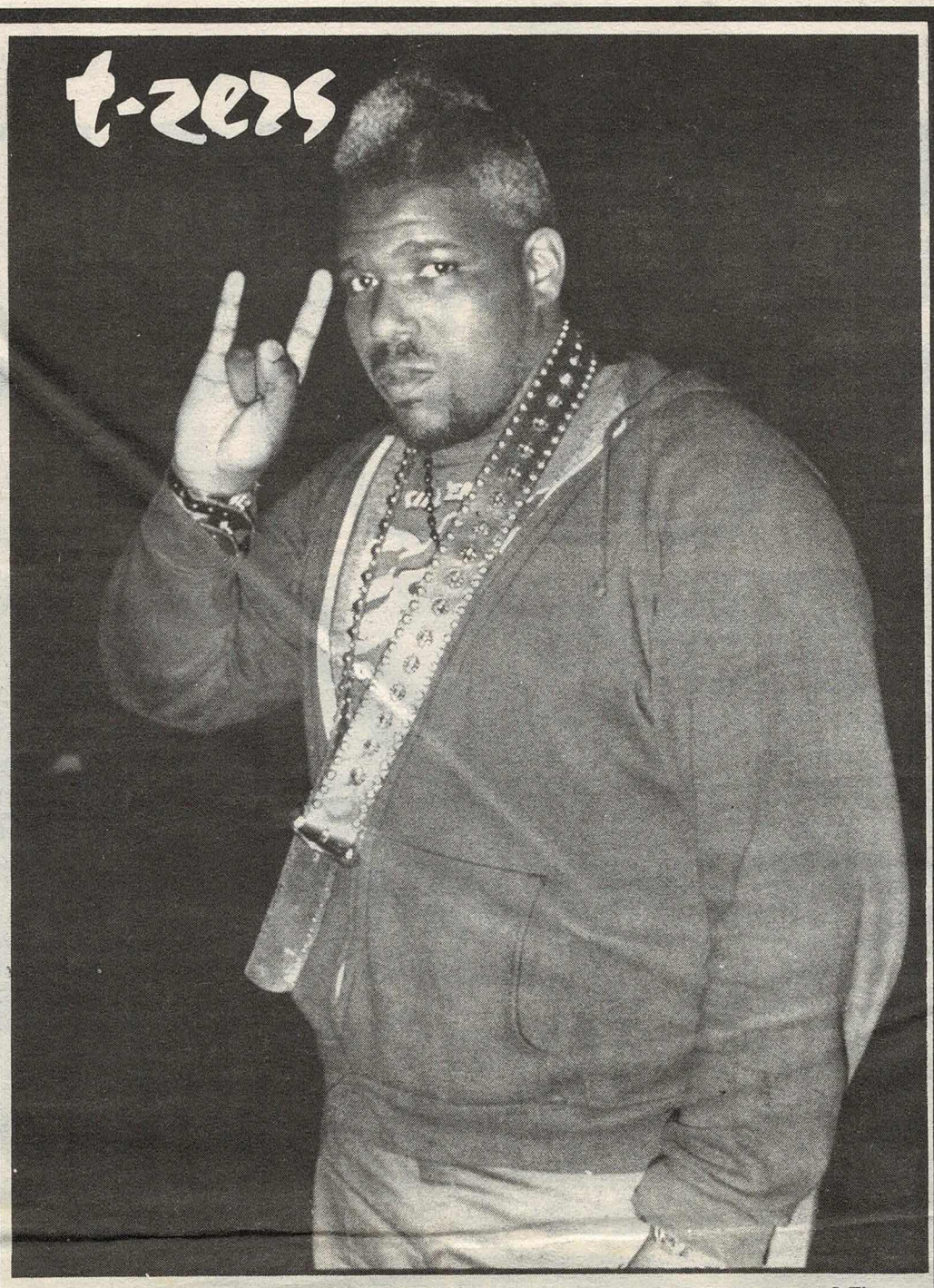
In Richard Cook's review of The Clash concert at Brixton last week he stated that Mr Joe Strummer was sporting a Mohican haircut. As a connoisseur of the coiffure I would like to point out that Mr Strummer's style is in fact that of a "Rocking Mohawk", reminiscent of de Niro's in *Taxi Driver*. The difference being that there is a wider band of hair across the top of the head than a Mohican and that the hair is cut exceedingly short at the sides rather than none at all. I believe the best exponent of the style is Mr C. Vinyl.
Teasy Weasy Sassoon, The Pedant of Norbury

I wrote a letter to *Gasbag* the other day about Annette Peacock's record output, mentioning, in a footnote, that I would like to review the new LP (some hopes!). I wrote that letter as an immediate reaction to Chris Bohn's article on this lady. Upon reading further, I then saw that Felix Jay had already reviewed it, very well, too, and so that comment is inappropriate. The again, though, 'past history' is still considered as 'I'm The One' plus two Aura studio albums. As I said in my letter, I have seven LPs by her, excluding the current one, and it is now getting ridiculous that the 1972 Polydor LP 'Revenge — "The Bigger the Love The Greater the Hate" ' is not given the credit it deserves, because no-one seems to consider that it exists. For various reasons, this omission, which I find a glaring one, had to be rectified, if only by comment. The RCA LP was merely a shift in direction, not The Start, so let's correct history as it has now, erroneously, become.
Terry Hulme, Ladbroke Grove, London W11.
What a great phrase: "history as it has now, erroneously, become". I shall have to use that. — OP

THE SHORT AND LONG-GONE OF IT

What have Bananarama got against combs?
Cyril Connolly, New Barnet
I strongly object to 'I've Never Been To Me', which in its original form was a beautiful song posing serious philosophical and social questions, now turned into a bourgeois anthem which elevates marriage above other life styles with even a spoken part to ram home the revised message. Needless to say *Radio One* and other voices of freedom have fallen over themselves to give it heavy plugging. Result: a number one hit.
Kerouac fan.

I've been watching *Crossroads* for the last few weeks and not once has Benny mentioned his old mate Pat Grogan being on *TOTP* (twice!). And now he's at No. Two and still no mention. Maybe he should sing 'Come On Miss Diane' instead.
Al K. Holic, Axminster, Devon.
I would like to suggest to *NME* readers and writers alike that they give up the silly habit of having very stupid names. It may have been funny once, but really, how many people outside of *NME* have names as ridiculous as the following: Gerpan B. Lash, Dave Domestos, Paul Du Noyer, Y. Yang, Joe Strummer, Steve Strange, Werner Herzog, Jessie Jones, Monty Smith, Amrik Rai, Richard Grabel, Mat Snow, Leyla Sanai, Anton Corbijn, Adrian Thrills, Captain Sensible, Declan McCurry. (???) I don't wish to offend these people but they should all take example from my personal heroes and get a sensible name like Mark Smith!
Anonymous.
I agree. — Lincente Pinmennelli.



Dyb, dyb, dyb . . . is it Scout week in New York City or is this member of Afrika Bambaata & The Soul Sonic Force (ya know, of 'Planet Rock' fame, the Kraftwerk rap tune) putting the hex on photographer Joe 'Captain Snaps' Stevens? And when are they going to release the damn record here?

"NAPOLEON COULD have people shot. I wish to attain a similar status." Humour him, humour him! To all the other accolades garnered in his long and distinguished career, **Malcolm McLaren** can now add that of supplying the opening quote in a *T-Zer* column. But why the megalomania? What's come over our placid, mild-mannered mastermind of pop?
The answer is **Trevor Horn,** is what. Horn, the placid, mild-mannered, spectacle-touting mastermind of pop, has been smitten with two (count 'em) cold feet over his current collaboration with Malc, having rashly agreed to produce the latter's dubious "folk-dances of the world" album.
"He's tried to leave twice," McMadman told the *Mirror,* lecturing their reporter from horseback *en route* for the Moscow winter.
"His wife's a bit conservative and thinks I'm leading him astray." Well gosh wow, well we never etc. Wherever did she get hold of that idea? . . .
Another name-check for Trev in last week's *Pseuds Corner* in *Private Eye* — thanks to a writer named **Paul Morley.** Hang on, we've heard of him somewhere before . . . "Yes!" scribbles the demented **Ray Lowry,** stationed near a TV set in Granadaland. "I saw him only the other night, murdering Janet Leigh in *Psycho.*"
When he's not busy launching scurrilous attacks on our long-lost mastermind of pop-style buddy, Ray says he's waiting with "bated breath" (so *that's* what the smell is) for your suggestions regarding a new name for his world-famous *Not Only Socks Unsold* strip . . .

Ho ho ho. Previously obscure band **The Wall** achieve instant renown and *T-Zer*-dom by telling us they're to record an EP called 'Pink Floyd' . . .
Uh-oh-oh.
Previously-renowned **Midge Ure** achieves instant obscurity for letting slip, in a *Face* interview, that the last gig he'd been to was **"The Pretenders** in Japan three months ago." What style, what panache, what *nous ne savons pas. (What what? — Ed)* Uh, we don't know . . .

DUCK! THERE GOES the **Blondie** album, currently enjoying a plummet from 33 to 106 in the US charts — which must surely qualify as "with a bullet", if only from their record company. The band's ailments don't stop there, though: as at least one date on their American tour has been cancelled due to poor ticket sales.
Dumped Blondie guitarist **Frank Infante,** meanwhile, remains "officially" (ie legally) with the group, hanging on by the skin of his contract — which also means he continues to draw a salary, although he's been replaced for the tour by **Eddie Martinez** . . .
A star is born.
Jean-Francois Desbleds — who's already famous as the guitarist of Ilford band **Beowulf** — yes, that's Beowulf, from Ilford, you must have heard of them — is now doubly famous, having just won a competition to find the best invisible-guitar player in London town. Staged at the Camden Palace (which is *still* just the **Music Machine** as far as we're concerned), the contest was judged by "axe-men" like **Pete Townshend, Andy Summers** and **Rick Parfitt** . . .
This weekend's super shindig of the century, or thereabouts, takes place at **Buzbys** in Charing Cross Road on Saturday lunchtime when **Buzzz** and **Wham** co-headline a Capital Radio disco hosted by **Gary Crowley.** That is, of course, if Wham turn up for what's scheduled to be their first ever public appearance — rather than cop out with a last minute attack of nerves, butterflies and collywobbles as they did at **Defunkt's** Hammersmith Palais bash . . .

TO NEW YORK, where assorted idle sods, including our own **Richard Grabel,** gather for the annual New Music Seminar and allegedly exchange meaningful ideas, opinions and information, then go and get pissed together afterwards.
Making the star speech this year was (oh no, it's that loony in the three-cornered hat who thinks he's Emperor of France again) **Malcolm McLaren.** Some choice extracts: new wave acts have lost all the "sex, style and subversion" that made for classic rock'n'roll. "In fact they go out of their way to declare that they have no viewpoint. In every *NME* interview, the same thing: 'we are fun'. And this word fun becomes like a grey shadow on the East Berlin wall. It's bland. It has no edges, it's just a hard block . . . **Haircut 100** are closer in spirit to **Dean Martin** than to **The Sex Pistols.** It's pre-rock-'n'roll pop. It's not even as subversive as **Johnny Ray."**
But what about the success of **The Go-Gos,** cried the US industry nobs, after his onslaught against the "parasitic" independent labels? "Just because Miles Copeland was able to get a very ordinary band like The Go-Gos to number one, it doesn't signify anything. **CBS** and **Warners** have got hundreds of mediocre bands to number one."
Grabel, meanwhile sat on the panel of experts (smirk) for the "Press" session, and found it "exhausting" . . .

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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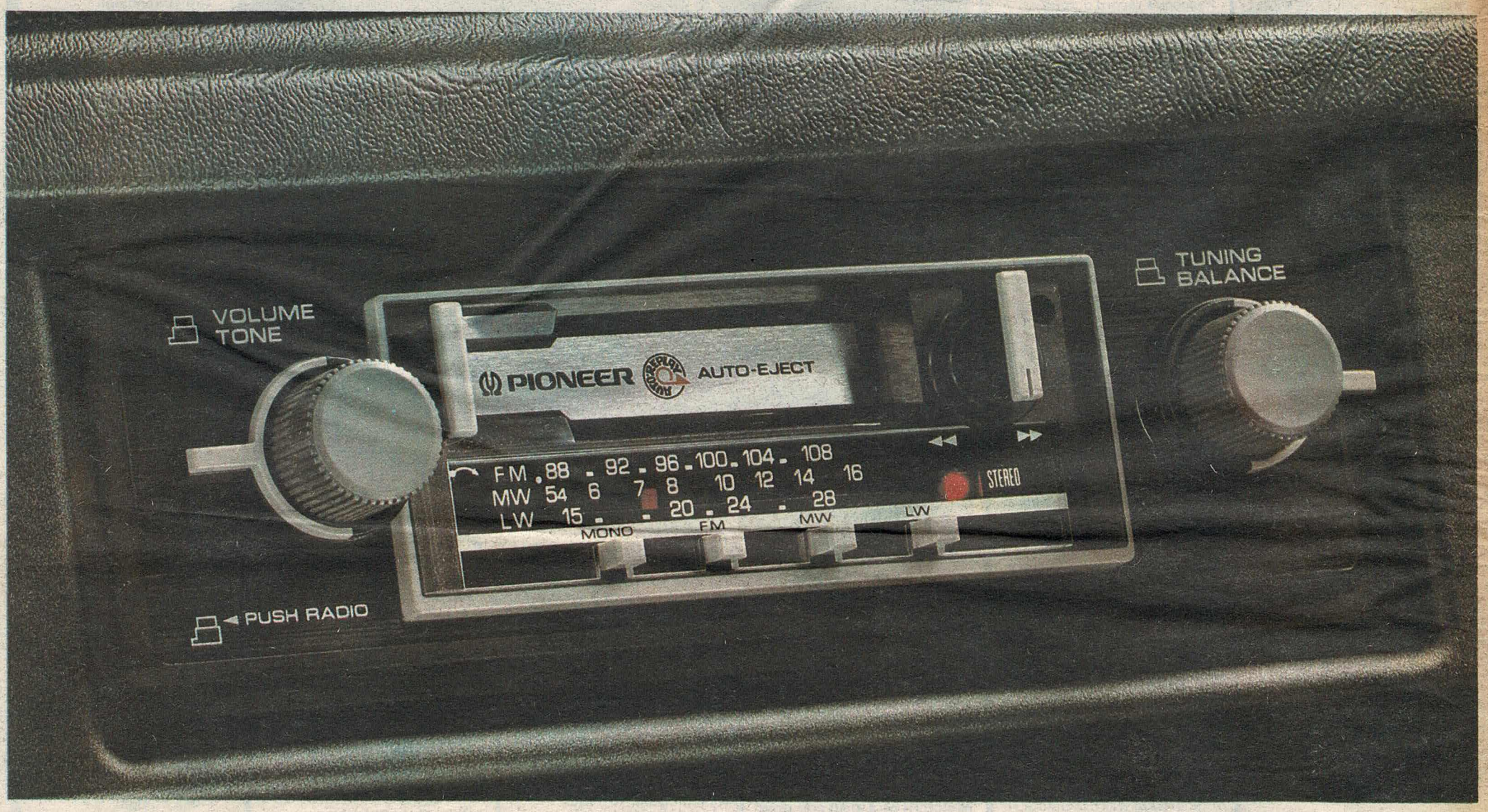

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